

OVID'S
Alexander Pope English
EPISTLES:

WITH HIS

April 23rd 1713
AMOURS.

Translated into

ENGLISH VERSE,

By the Most Eminent Hands.

1508/823

Adorn'd with CUTTS.

*Vel tibi composita cantetur Epistola voce?
Ignotum hoc aliis ille novavit opus.* Ovid.

DUBLIN:

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To the LADY

LOVISA LENOS.

MADAM,

IN moving Lines these few EPISTLES tell
 What Fate attends the Nymph that likes too well:
 How faintly the successful Lovers burn;
 And their neglected Charms how Ladies mourn.
 The Fair you'll find, when soft Intreaties fail,
 Assert their uncontested Right, and rail.
 Too soon they listen, and resent too late;
 'Tis sure they Love, whene'er they strive to Hate.
 Their Sex or proudly shuts, or poorly craves;
 Commencing Tyrants, and concluding Slaves.

In diff'ring Breasts what diff'ring Passions glow!
 Ours kindle quick, but Yours extinguish slow.
 The Fire we boast, with Force uncertain burns,
 And breaks but out, as Appetite returns:
 But Yours, like Incense, mounts by soft degrees;
 And in a fragrant Flame consumes to please.
 Your Sex, in all that can engage, excel;
 And Ours, in Patience, and persuading well.
 Impartial Nature equally decrees;
 You have your Pride, and we our Perjuries.

DEDICATION.

Tho' form'd to conquer, yet too oft you fall,
By giving nothing, or by-granting all.

But, Madam, long will your unpractis'd Years
Smile at the Tale of Lovers Hopes, and Fears.
Tho' infant Graces sooth your gentle Hours,
More soft than Sighs, more sweet than breathing Flow'rs;

Let rash Admirers your keen Lightning fear;

'Tis bright at distance, but destroys if near.

The Time ere-long, it Verse presage, will come,

Your Charms shall open in full *Brudenal* Bloom.

All Eyes shall gaze, all Hearts shall Homage vow,

And not a Lover languish, but for you.

The Muse shall string her Lyre, with Garlands crown'd,

And each bright Nymph shall sicken at the Sound.

So when *Aurora* first salutes the Sight,
Pleas'd we behold the tender Dawn of Light.

But when with riper Red she warms the Skies,

In circling Throngs the wing'd Musicians rise;

And the gay Groves rejoyce in Symphonies.

Each pearly Flow'r with painted Beauty shines;

And ev'ry Star its fading Fire resigns.



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THE Publick having encourag'd so many Editions of Ovid's Epistles, I began to think, if any thing might yet be added to the Perfection of the Work. And the greater Part of Siphon to Phaon being omitted in Sir Carr Scroope's Translation, I solicited an entire new Version of that Epistle, to render the whole Book compleat. The Author of it will have me acquaint the Reader, that it was undertaken on that Account only, and not out of any suppos'd Defect in what that Gentleman had done.

It was propos'd in this Edition to change the Method of the Epistles according to the Chronological Order, and the Connexion the Subjects often have with each other; which might have contributed to the Ease of the English Reader, by clearing some Historical Passages refer'd to in several of them. But Custom having obtain'd to the contrary, we have only subjoin'd the following Account.

The Chief of thole who undertook the Expedition of the Golden Fleece, were Hercules and Jason: Some Writers add Theseus, who was Cotemporary with them, and famous for his Victory over the Minotaur, which he atchiev'd by the Assistance of Ariadne, whom afterwards forsaking, he marry'd Phadra, who fell in Love with his Son Hippolytus. Jason as he went on the foremention'd Expedition was entertain'd by Hyppisyle at Lemnos, but deserted her for Medea, and afterwards Medea for Creusa. Hercules after his Return was poison'd with a Shirt sent by Deianira. This Hero had twice taken Troy in the Time of King Laomedon, to whom Priam succeeded, the Father of Paris, at whose Birth it was prophecy'd that he should occasion it to be destroy'd a third time. Being therefore educated among the Shepherds, he contracted a Love to Oenone, till hearing of Helena, he went to Sparta, and carry'd her from thence to

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to *Troy*. This caus'd the War of the *Grecian* Princes against *Troy*; among whom *Protesilaus* (the Husband of *Laodamia*) was the first that set foot on the Enemy's Ground, and was kill'd on the Spot. After the War had been continu'd nine Years, a Quarrel arising betwixt *Agamemnon* and *Achilles*, the latter absented himself from the Army, and the former in revenge fore'd his Mistress *Briseis* from him. When *Troy* was taken, the *Greeks* returning homeward met with many Disasters. *Ulysses* was ten Years detain'd from *Ithaca*, while his Queen *Penelope* was afflicted by the Suitors in his Absence. *Demophoon* was hospitably receiv'd by *Phyllis*, whom after he had marry'd, he left, and pursu'd his Voyage home to *Athens*. *Agamemnon* himself at his Return to *Argos* was murder'd by his Wife, whom his Son *Orestes* kill'd, who was betroth'd to *Hermione*, the Daughter of *Helena*. About the same time *Aeneas* going in search of *Italy*, was detain'd by *Dido*, who stabb'd her self upon his Departure from *Carthago*.

The rest of the Subjects of *Ovid* have no Connexion with each other, neither can their Time be certainly fix'd; only *Hypermetra* is suppos'd to have liv'd some time before, and *Sappho* long after, all the rest.



THE





The PREFACE,

By Mr. DRYDEN.

THE Life of *Ovid* being already written in our Language before the Translation of his *Metamorphoses*, I will not presume so far upon my self, to think I can add any thing to Mr. *Sandys* his Undertaking. The *English* Reader may there be satisfied, that he flourish'd in the Reign of *Augustus Caesar*, that he was extracted from an ancient Family of *Roman* Knights; that he was born to the Inheritance of a splendid Fortune; that he was design'd to the Study of the Law, and had made considerable Progress in it, before he quitted that Profession, for this of *Poetry*, to which he was more naturally form'd. The Cause of his Banishment is unknown; because he was himself unwilling further to provoke the Emperor, by ascribing it to any other Reason, than what was pretended by *Augustus*, which was the Lasciviousness of his Elegies, and his Art of Love. 'Tis true, they are not to be excus'd in the Severity of Manners, as being able to corrupt a larger Empire, if there were any, than that of *Rome*; yet this may be said in behalf of *Ovid*, that

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no Man has ever treated the Passion of Love with so much Delicacy of Thought, and of Expression, or search'd into the Nature of it more Philosophically than he. And the Emperor who condemn'd him, had as little Reason as another Man to punish that Fault with so much Severity, if at least he were the Author of a certain *Epigram*, which is ascrib'd to him, relating to the Cause of the first Civil War betwixt himself and *Mark Anthony* the Triumvir, which is more fullsome than any Passage I have met with in our Poet. To pass by the naked Familiarity of his Expressions to *Horace*, which are cited in that Author's Life, I need only mention one notorious Act of his, in taking *Livia* to his Bed, when she was not only married, but with Child by her Husband, then living. But Deeds, it seems, may be justified by Arbitrary Power, when Words are question'd in a Poet. There is another Guess of the *Grammarians*, as far from Truth as the first from Reason; they will have him banish'd for some Favours, which they say he receiv'd from *Julia* the Daughter of *Augustus*, whom they think he celebrates under the Name of *Corinna* in his Elegies: But he who will observe the Verses which are made to that Mistress, may gather from the whole Contexture of them, that *Corinna* was not a Woman of the highest Quality: If *Julia* were then married to *Agrippa*, why should our Poet make his Petition to *Isis*, for her safe Delivery, and afterwards condole her Miscarriage; which, for ought he knew, might be by her own Husband? Or indeed

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deed how durst he be so bold to make the least Discovery of such a Crime, which was no less than capital, especially committed against a Person of *Agrippa's* Rank? Or if it were before her Marriage, he would surely have been more discreet, than to have publish'd an Accident, which must have been fatal to them both. But what most confirms me against this Opinion is, that *Ovid* himself complains that the true Person of *Corinna* was found out by the Fame of his Verses to her: Which if it had been *Julia*, he durst not have own'd; and beside, an immediate Punishment must have follow'd. He seems himself more truly to have touch'd at the Cause of his Exile in those obscure Verses.

Cur aliquid vidi, cur noxia Lumina feci? &c.
Namely, that he had either seen, or was conscious to, somewhat, which had procur'd him his Disgrace. But neither am I satisfied that this was the Incest of the Emperor with his own Daughter: For *Augustus* was of a Nature too vindictive to have contented himself with so small a Revenge, or so unsafe to himself as that of simple Banishment, and would certainly have secur'd his Crimes from publick Notice by the Death of him who was witness to them. Neither have Histories given us any Sight into such an Action of this Emperor: Nor would he (the greatest Politician of his time) in all Probability, have manag'd his Crimes with so little Secresy, as not to shun the Observation of any Man. It seems more probable, that *Ovid* was either the Confi-

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dent of some other Passion, or that he had stumbled by some Inadvertency upon the Privacies of *Livia*, and seen her in a Bath : For the Words

Sine veste Dianam,

agree better with *Livia* who had the Fame of Chastity, than with either of the *Julia's*, who were both noted of Incontinency. The first Verses which were made by him in his Youth, and recited publickly, according to the Custom, were, as he himself assures us, to *Corinna* : His Banishment happen'd not 'till the Age of Fifty, from which it may be deduc'd, with Probability enough, that the Love of *Corinna* did not occasion it : Nay he tells us plainly, that his Offence was that of Error only, not of Wickedness : And in the same Paper of Verses also, that the Cause was notoriously known at *Rome*, though it be left so obscure to After-Ages.

But to leave Conjectures on a Subject so uncertain, and to write somewhat more authentick of this Poet : That he frequented the Court of *Augustus*, and was well receiv'd in it, is most undoubted : All his Poems bear the Character of a Court, and appear to be written as the *French* call it *Cavalierement* : Add to this, that the Titles of many of his Elegies, and more of his Letters in his Banishment, are address'd to Persons well known to us, even at this Distance, to have been considerable in that Court.

Nor was his Acquaintance less with the famous Poets of his Age, than with the Noble Men and Ladies ; he tells you himself, in a particular Account

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count of his own Life, that *Macer*, *Horace*, *Tibullus*, *Propertius*, and many others of them were his familiar Friends, and that some of them communicated their Writings to him, but that he had only seen *Virgil*.

If the Imitation of Nature be the Business of a Poet; I know no Author who can justly be compar'd with ours, especially in the Description of the Passions. And to prove this, I shall need no other Judges than the Generality of his Readers; for all Passions being inborn with us, we are almost equally Judges when we are concern'd in the Representation of them: Now I will appeal to any Man who has read this Poet, whether he finds not the natural Emotion of the same Passion in himself, which the Poet describes in his feign'd Persons? His Thoughts, which are the Pictures and Results of those Passions, are generally such as naturally arise from those disorderly Motions of our Spirits. Yet, not to speak too partially in his Behalf, I will confess that the Copiousness of his Wit was such, that he often writ too pointedly for his Subject, and made his Persons speak more eloquently than the Violence of their Passion would admit: So that he is frequently witty out of Season; leaving the Imitation of Nature, and the cooler Dictates of his Judgment, for the false Applause of Fancy. Yet he seems to have found out this Imperfection in his riper Age: For why else should he complain that his *Metamorphoses* was left unfinished? Nothing sure can be added to the Wit of that Poem,

or

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or of the rest : But many Things ought to have been retrenched ; which I suppose would have been the Business of his Age, if his Misfortunes had not come too fast upon him. But take him uncorrected as he is transmitted to us, and it must be acknowledged, in spite of his *Dutch* Friends, the Commentators, even of *Julius Scaliger* himself, that *Seneca's* Censure will stand good against him,

Nescivit quod bene cessit relinquere ;

he never knew how to give over, when he had done well, but continually varying the same Sense an hundred ways, and taking up in another Place, what he had more than enough inculcated before, he sometimes cloy's his Readers instead of satisfying them : And gives Occasion to his Translators, who dare not cover him, to blush at the Nakedness of their Father. This then is the Allay of *Ovid's* Writing, which is sufficiently recompenc'd by his other Excellencies ; nay this very Fault is not without its Beauties : For the most severe Censor cannot but be pleas'd with the Prodigality of his Wit, tho' at the same time he could have wish'd, that the Master of it had been a better Manager. Every thing which he does, becomes him, and if sometimes he appear too gay, yet there is a secret Gracefulness of Youth, which accompanies his Writings, though the Staidness and Sobriety of Age be wanting. In the most material Part, which is the Conduct, 'tis certain that he seldom has miscarried ; for if his Elegies be compar'd with those of *Tibullus*
and

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and *Propertius*, his Contemporaries, it will be found that those Poets seldom design'd before they writ: And though the Language of *Tibullus* be more polish'd, and the Learning of *Propertius*, especially in his Fourth Book, more set out to Ostentation; yet their common Practice was to look no further before them than the next Line; whence it will inevitably follow, that they can drive to no certain Point, but ramble from one Subject to another, and conclude with somewhat which is not of a piece with their Beginning:

Purpureus latè qui splendeat; unus & alter

Affuitur pannus:

: As *Horace* says,

though the Verses are golden, they are but patch'd into the Garment. But our Poet has always the Goal in his Eye, which directs him in his Race; some beautiful Design, which he first establishes, and then contrives the Means, which will naturally conduct him to his End. This will be evident to judicious Readers in this Work of his Epistles, of which somewhat, at least in general, will be expected.

The Title of them in our late Editions is *Epistolæ Heroidum*, The Letters of the Heroines. But *Heinsius* has judg'd more truly, that the Inscription of our Author was barely, *Epistles*; which he concludes from his cited Verses, where *Ovid* asserts this Work as his own Invention, and not borrow'd from the *Greeks*, whom (as the Masters of their Learning,) the *Romans* usually did imitate. But it appears not from their Writers,

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ters, that any of the *Grecians* ever touch'd upon this Way, which our Poet therefore justly has vindicated to himself. I quarrel not at the Word *Heroidum*, because 'tis us'd by *Ovid* in his Art of Love :

Jupiter ad veteres supplex Heroidas ibat.
But sure he cou'd not be guilty of such an Oversight, to call his Work by the Name of *Heroines*, when there are divers Men or *Heroes*, as namely *Paris*, *Leander*, and *Acontius*, join'd in it. Except *Sabinus* who writ some Answers to *Ovid's* Letters,

(*Quam celer è toto rediit meus orbe Sabinus.*)
I remember not any of the *Romans* who have treated on this Subject, save only *Propertius*, and that but once, in his Epistle of *Arethusa* to *Lycorae*, which is written so near the Style of *Ovid*, that it seems to be but an Imitation, and therefore ought not to defraud our Poet of the Glory of his Invention.

Concerning this Work of the Epistles, I shall content my self to observe these few Particulars. First, that they are generally granted to be the most perfect Piece of *Ovid*, and that the Style of them is tenderly passionate and courtly ; two Properties well agreeing with the Persons, which were *Heroines*, and *Lovers*. Yet where the Characters were lower, as in *OEnone*, and *Hero*, he has kept close to Nature, in drawing his Images after a Country Life, though perhaps he has Romaniz'd his *Grecian* Dames too much, and made them speak sometimes as if they had been born
in

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in the City of *Rome*, and under the Empire of *Augustus*. There seems to be no great Variety in the particular Subjects which he has chosen; most of the Epistles being written from Ladies who were forsaken by their Lovers: Which is the Reason that many of the same Thoughts come back upon us in divers Letters: But of the general Character of Women, which is Modesty, he has taken a most becoming Care: For his amorous Expressions go no further than Virtue may allow, and therefore may be read, as he intended them, by Matrons without a Blush.

Thus much concerning the Poet: Whom you find translated by divers Hands, that you may at least have that Variety in the *English*, which the Subject denied to the Author of the *Latin*. It remains that I should say somewhat of Poetical Translations in general, and give my Opinion (with Submission to better Judgments) which way of Version seems to me most proper.

All Translation I suppose may be reduc'd to these three Heads:

First, That of Metaphrase, or turning an Author Word by Word, and Line by Line, from one Language into another. Thus, or near this manner, was *Horace* his Art of Poetry translated by *Ben Johnson*. The second Way is that of Paraphrase, or Translation with Latitude, where the Author is kept in View by the Translator, so as never to be lost, but his Words are not so strictly follow'd as his Sense, and that too is admitted to be amplified, but not alter'd. Such is Mr. *Waller's*

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Waller's Translation of Virgil's Fourth *Aeneid*.
The third Way is that of Imitation, where the Translator (if now he has not lost that Name) assumes the Liberty not only to vary from the Words and Sense, but to forsake them both as he sees Occasion: And taking only some general Hints from the Original, to run Division on the Ground-work, as he pleases. Such is Mr. Cowley's Practice in turning two Odes of Pindar, and one of Horace, into English.

Concerning the first of these Methods, our Master Horace has given us this Caution,

Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus

Interpres-----

Nor Word for Word too faithfully translate,
as the Earl of Roscommon has excellently render'd it. Too faithfully is indeed pedantically: 'Tis a Faith like that which proceeds from Superstition, blind and zealous: Take it in the Expression of Sir John Denham, to Sir Rich. Fanshawe, on his Version of the *Pastor Fido*.

That servile Path thou nobly dost decline,

Of tracing Word by Word, and Line by Line;

Anew and nobler Way thou dost pursue,

To make Translations and Translators too:

They but preserve the Ashes, thou the Flame,

True to his Sense, but truer to his Fame.

'Tis almost impossible to translate verbally, and well, at the same time; for the *Latin* (a most severe and compendious Language) often expresses that in one Word, which either the Barbarity, or the Narrowness of modern Tongues cannot supply

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ply in more. 'Tis frequent also that the Conceit is couch'd in some Expression, which will be lost in *English*.

Atque iidem Venti vela fidemque ferent.

What Poet of our Nation is so happy as to express this Thought literally in *English*, and to strike Wit or almost Sense out of it?

In short, the verbal Copier is incumber'd with so many Difficulties at once, that he can never disintangle himself from all. He is to consider at the same time the Thought of his Author and his Words, and to find out the Counterpart to each in another Language: And besides this, he is to confine himself to the Compass of Numbers, and the Slavery of Rhime. 'Tis much like dancing on Ropes with fetter'd Legs: A Man can shun a Fall by using Caution, but the Gracefulness of Motion is not to be expected: And when we have said the best of it, 'tis but a foolish Task; for no sober Man would put himself into a Danger for the Applause of 'scaping without breaking his Neck. We see *Ben Johnson* could not avoid Obscurity in his literal Translation of *Horace*, attempted in the same Compass of Lines: Nay *Horace* himself could scarce have done it to a *Greek* Poet.

Brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio.

either Perspicuity or Gracefulness will frequently be wanting. *Horace* has indeed avoided both these Rocks in his Translation of the three first Lines of *Homer's Odyssey*, which he has contracted into two.

Dic

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*Dic mihi Musa Virum capta post tempora Troje
Qui mores hominum multorum vidit & urbes.*

*Muse, speak the Man, who since the Siege of Troy,
So many Towns, such Change of Manners saw.*

Earl of Rosc.

But then the Sufferings of *Ulysses*, which are a considerable part of that Sentence, are omitted.

[Ὅς μάλιστα πολλὰ πάσ' ἔβην :]

The Consideration of these Difficulties, in a servile, literal Translation, not long since made two of our famous Wits, Sir *John Denham*, and Mr. *Cowley*, to contrive another way of turning Authors into our Tongue, call'd by the latter of them, *Imitation*. As they were Friends, I suppose they communicated their Thoughts on this Subject to each other, and therefore their Reasons for it are little different : Though the Practice of one is much more moderate. I take Imitation of an Author, in their Sense, to be an Endeavour of a later Poet to write like one who has written before him on the same Subject : That is, not to translate his Words, or to be confin'd to his Sense, but only to set him as a Pattern, and to write, as he supposes that Author would have done, had he liv'd in our Age, and in our Country. Yet I dare not say that either of them have carried this libertine way of rendering Authors (as Mr. *Cowley* calls it) so far as my Definition reaches. For in the *Pindarick Odes*, the Customs and Ceremonies of ancient Greece are still preserv'd : But I know not what Mischief may arise hereafter from the Example of such an Innovation,

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vation, when Writers of unequal Parts to him shall imitate so bold an Undertaking. To add and to diminish what we please, which is the way avow'd by him, ought only to be granted to Mr. *Cowley*, and that too only in his Translation of *Pindar*, because he alone was able to make him amends, by giving him better of his own, whenever he refus'd his Author's Thoughts. *Pindar* is generally known to be a dark Writer, to want Connexion (I mean as to our Understanding) to soar out of Sight, and leave his Reader at a Gaze: So wild and ungovernable a Poet cannot be translated literally, his Genius is too strong to bear a Chain, and *Sampson* like he shakes it off: A Genius so elevated and unconfin'd as Mr. *Cowley's*, was but necessary to make *Pindar* speak *English*, and that was to be perform'd by no other way than Imitation. But if *Virgil*, or *Ovid*, or any regular intelligible Authors be thus us'd, 'tis no longer to be call'd their Work, when neither the Thoughts nor Words are drawn from the Original: But instead of them there is something new produc'd, which is almost the Creation of another Hand. By this way, 'tis true, somewhat that is excellent may be invented, perhaps more excellent than the first Design, though *Virgil* must be still excepted, when that perhaps takes Place: Yet he who is inquisitive to know an Author's Thoughts, will be disappointed in his Expectation. And 'tis not always that a Man will be contented to have a Present made him, when he expects the Payment of a Debt. To
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state it fairly, Imitation of an Author is the most advantageous way for a Translator to shew himself, but the greatest Wrong which can be done to the Memory and Reputation of the Dead. Sir *John Denham* (who advis'd more Liberty than he took himself,) gives his Reason for his Innovation, in his admirable Preface before the Translation of the second *Aeneid*. *Poetry is of so subtil a Spirit, that in pouring out of one Language into another, it will all Evaporate; and if a new Spirit be not added in the Transfusion, there will remain nothing but a Caput Mortuum.* I confess this Argument holds good against a literal Translation; but who defends it? Imitation and Verbal Version are in my Opinion the two Extremes, which ought to be avoided: And therefore, when I have propos'd the Mean betwixt them, it will be seen how far his Argument will reach.

No Man is capable of translating Poetry, who, besides a Genius to that Art, is not a Master both of his Author's Language, and of his own: Nor must we understand the Language only of the Poet, but his particular Turn of Thoughts, and Expression, which are the Characters that distinguish, and as it were individuate him from all other Writers: When we are come thus far, 'tis time to look into our selves, to conform our Genius to his, to give his Thought either the same Turn, if our Tongue will bear it, or if not, to vary but the Dress, not to alter or destroy the Substance. The like
Care

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Care must be taken of the more outward Ornaments, the Words; when they appear (which is but seldom) literally graceful, it were an Injury to the Author that they should be chang'd: But since every Language is so full of its own Proprieties, that what is Beautiful in one, is often Barbarous, nay sometimes Nonsense in another, it would be unreasonable to limit a Translator to the narrow Compass of his Author's Words: 'Tis enough if he chuse out some Expression which does not viciate the Sense. I suppose he may stretch his Chain to such a Latitude, but by Innovation of Thoughts, methinks he breaks it. By this Means the Spirit of an Author may be transfus'd, and yet not lost: And thus 'tis plain, that the Reason alledged by Sir *John Denham*, has no farther Force than to Expression: For Thought, if it be translated truly, cannot be lost in another Language, but the Words that convey it to our Apprehension (which are the Image and Ornament of that Thought) may be so ill chosen as to make it appear in an unhandsom Dress, and rob it of its native Lustre. There is therefore a Liberty to be allow'd for the Expression, neither is it necessary that Words and Lines should be confin'd to the Measure of their Original. The Sense of an Author, generally speaking, is to be Sacred and Inviolable. If the Fancy of *Ovid* be luxuriant, 'tis his Character to be so, and if I retrench it, he is no longer *Ovid*. It will be reply'd, that he receives Advantage by this lopping of his superfluous Branches; but I rejoin, that

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that a Translator has no such Right. When a Painter Copies from the Life, I suppose he has no Privilege to alter Features, and Lineaments, under Pretence that his Picture will look better; perhaps the Face which he has drawn would be more exact, if the Eyes or Nose were alter'd, but 'tis his Business to make it resemble the Original. In two Cases only there may a seeming Difficulty arise, that is, if the Thought be notoriously trivial or dishonest: But the same Answer will serve for both, that then they ought not to be Translated.

-----*Et quæ
Desperes tractata nitescere posse, relinquas.*

Thus I have ventur'd to give my Opinion on this Subject against the Authority of two great Men, but I hope without Offence to either of their Memories, for I both lov'd them living, and reverence them now they are dead. But if after what I have urg'd, it be thought by better Judges, that the Praise of a Translation consists in adding new Beauties to the Piece, thereby to recompence the Loss which it sustains by change of Language, I shall be willing to be taught better, and to recant. In the mean time it seems to me, that the true Reason why we have so few Versions which are tolerable, is not from the too close pursuing of the Author's Sense; but because there are so few who have all the Talents which are requisite for Translation; and that there is so little Praise and so small Encouragement for so considerable a Part of Learning.

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To apply, in short, what has been said to this present Work; the Reader will here find most of the Translations, with some little Latitude or Variation from the Author's Sense: That of *OEnone to Paris*, is in Mr. Cowley's way of Imitation only. I was desir'd to say that the Author, who is of the *Fair Sex*, understood not *Latin*. But if she does not, I am afraid she has given us occasion to be asham'd who do.

For my own Part I am ready to acknowledge, that I have transgress'd the Rules which I have given; and taken more Liberty than a just Translation will allow. But so many Gentlemen, whose Wit and Learning are well known, being join'd in it, I doubt not but their Excellencies will make you ample Satisfaction for my Errors.



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SAPHO to PHAON.

By the Honourable Sir CARR. SCROPE, Bar.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Poetess Sappho, forsaken by her Lover Phaon, (who was gone from Lesbos to Sicily) and resolv'd, in Despair, to drown her self, writes this Letter to him before she dies.



W H I L E Phaon to the Flaming *Ætna* flies,
Consum'd, with no less Fires, poor *Sappho*
dies.

I burn, I burn, like kindled Fields of
Corn,
When by the driving Winds the Flames
are born.

My Muse and Lute can now no longer please,
They are th' Employments of a Mind at ease.
Wand'ring from Thought to Thought I sit alone
All Day, and my once dear Companions shun.
In vain the *Lesbian* Maids claim each a part,
Where thou alone hast ta'en up all the Heart.
Ah lovely Youth! how canst thou cruel prove,
When blooming Years and Beauty bids thee love?

If none but equal Charms thy Heart can bind,
 Then to thy self alone thou must be kind.
 Yet worthless as I am, there was a Time,
 When *Phaon* thought me worthy his Esteem.
 A thousand tender Things to Mind I call,
 For they who truly love remember all.
 Delighted with the Musick of my Tongue,
 Upon my Words with silent Joy he hung,
 And snatching Kisses, stopp'd me as I sung.
 Kisses, whose melting touch his Soul did move,
 The Earnest of the coming Joys of Love.
 Then tender Words, short Sighs, and thousand Charms
 Of wanton Arts endear'd me to his Arms;
 'Till both expiring with tumultuous Joys,
 A gentle Faintness did our Limbs surprize.
 Beware, *Sicilian* Ladies, ah! beware
 How you receive my faithless Wanderer.
 You too will be abus'd, if you believe
 The flatt'ring Words that he so well can give.
 Loose to the Winds, I let my flowing Hair
 No more with fragrant Scents perfume the Air,
 But all my Dress discovers wild Despair.
 For whom, alas! should now my Art be shown?
 The only Man I car'd to please is gone.
 Oh let me once more see those Eyes of thine.
 Thy Love I ask not, do but suffer mine.
 Thou might'st at least have ta'en thy last Farewel,
 And feign'd a Sorrow which thou didst not feel.
 No kind remembring Pledge was ask'd by thee,
 And nothing left but Injuries with me.
 Witness, ye Gods, with what a Death-like Cold
 My Heart was seiz'd, when first thy Flight was told.

Speech.

SAPHO to PHAON

Speechless and stupid for a while I lay,
And neither Words nor Tears could find their way.
But when my swelling Passion forc'd a vent,
With Hair dishevel'd, Clothes in pieces rent;
Like some mad Mother thro' the Streets I run,
Who to his Grave attends her only Son.
Expos'd to all the World my self I see,
Forgetting Virtue, Fame, and all but thee;
So ill, alas! do Love and Shame agree!
'Tis thou alone that art my constant Care,
In pleasing Dreams thou comfort'st my Despair;
And mak'st the Night, that does thy Form convey,
Welcome to me above the fairest Day.
Then 'spite of Absence, I thy Love enjoy;
In close Embraces lock'd methinks we lye;
Thy tender Words I hear, thy Kisses feel,
With all the Joys that Shame forbids to tell,
But when I waking miss thee from my Bed,
And all my pleasing Images are fled;
The dear deluding Vision to retain,
I lay me down, and try to sleep again.
Soon as I rise I haunt the Caves and Groves,
(Those conscious Scenes of our once happy Loves)
There like some frantick *Bacchanal* I walk,
And to my self with sad Distraction talk,
Then big with Grief I throw me on the Ground,
And view the melancholy *Grotto* round,
Whose hanging Roof of Moss and craggy Stone
Delights my Eyes above the brightest Throne;
But when I spy the Bank, whose grassie Bed
Retains the Print our weary Bodies made;

OVID'S EPISTLES.

forsaken side I lay medown,
 With a show'r of Tears the Place I drown.
 Trees are wither'd all since thou art gone,
 For thee they put their Mourning on.
 The warbling Bird does now with Musick fill
 The Woods, except the mournful *Philomel*.
 With hers my dismal Notes all Nightagree,
 Of *Tereus* she complains, and I of thee,
 Ungentle Youth! didst thou but see me mourn,
 Hard as thou art, thou wou'dst, thou wou'dst return.
 My constant falling Tears the Paper stain,
 And my weak Hand can scarce direct my Pen.
 Oh could thy Eyes but reach my dreadful State,
 As now I stand prepar'd for sudden Fate,
 Thou cou'dst not see this naked Breast of mine
 Dash't against Rocks, rather than join'd to thine.
 Peace, *Sapho*, peace! thou send'st thy fruitless Cries
 To one more hard than Rocks, more deaf than Seas,
 The flying Winds bear thy Complaints away,
 But none will ever back his Sails convey.
 No longer then thy hopeless Love attend,
 But let thy Life here with thy Letter end.



SAPHO

SAPHO to PHAON.

Wholly Translated,

By Mr. P O P E.

SAY, lovely Youth, that dost my Heart command,

Can *Phaon's* Eyes forget his *Sapho's* Hand?

Must then her Name the wretched Writer prove

To thy Remembrance lost, as to thy Love!

Ask not the Cause that I new Numbers chuse,

The Lute neglected, and the Lyric Muse;

Love taught my Tears in sadder Notes to flow,

And tun'd my Heart to Elegies of Woe.

I burn, I burn, as when thro' ripen'd Corn

By driving Winds the spreading Flames are born!

Phaon to *Ætna's* scorching Fields retires,

While I consume with more than *Ætna's* Fires!

No more my Soul a Charm in Musick finds,

Musick has Charms alone for peaceful Minds:

Soft Scenes of Solitude no more can please,

Love enters there, and I'm my own Disease:

No more the *Lesbian* Dames my Passion move,

Once the dear Objects of my guilty Love;

All other Loves are lost in only thine,

Ah Youth ungrateful to a Flame like mine!

Whom wou'd not all those blooming Charms surprize,
 Those heav'nly Looks, and dear deluding Eyes?
 The Harp and Bow wou'd you like *Phœbus* bear,
 A brighter *Phœbus*, *Phaon* might appear;
 Wou'd you with Ivy wreath your flowing Hair,
 Not *Bacchus*' self with *Phaon* cou'd compare:
 Yet *Phœbus* lov'd, and *Bacchus* felt the Flame,
 One *Daphne* warm'd, and one the *Cresan* Dame;
 Nymphs that in Verse no more cou'd rival me,
 Than ev'n those Gods contend in Charms with thee.
 The Muses teach me all their softest Lays,
 And the wide World resounds with *Sapho*'s Praise.
 Tho' great *Alcaeus* more sublimely sings,
 And strikes with bolder Rage the sounding Strings,
 No less Renown attends the moving Lyre,
 Which *Cupid* tunes, and *Venus* does inspire.
 To me what Nature has in Charms deny'd
 Is well by Wit's more lasting Charms supply'd.
 Tho' short my Stature, yet my Name extends
 To Heav'n it self, and Earth's remotest Ends.
 Brown as I am, an *Æthiopian* Dame
 Inspir'd young *Persæus* with a gen'rous Flame,
 Turtles and Doves of differing Hues, unite,
 And glossy Jett is pair'd with shining White.
 If to no Charms thou wilt thy Heart resign,
 But such as merit, such as equal thine,
 By none, alas! by none thou can'st be mov'd,
Phaon alone by *Phaon* must be lov'd!
 Yet once thy *Sapho* cou'd thy Cares employ,
 Once in her Arms you center'd all your Joy:
 Still all those Joys to my Remembrance move,
 For oh! how vast a Memory has Love?

My Musick, then you cou'd for ever hear,
And all my Words, were Musick to your Ear.
You stop'd with Kisses my enchanting Tongue,
And found my Kisses sweeter than my Song.
In all I pleas'd but most in what was best;
And the last Joy was dearer than the rest.
Then with each Word, each Glance, each Motion fir'd,
You still enjoy'd, and yet you still desir'd,
Till all dissolving in the Trance we lay,
And in tumultuous Raptures dy'd away.
The fair *Sicilians* now thy Soul inflame,
Why was I born ye Gods, a *Lesbian* Dame?
But ah beware, *Sicilian* Nymphs! nor boast
That wandering Heart which I so lately lost;
Nor be with all those tempting Words abus'd,
Those tempting Words were all to *Sapho* us'd.
And you that rule *Sicilia's* happy Plains,
Have pity, *Venus*, on your Poet's Pains!
Shall Fortune still in one sad Tenor run,
And still increase the Woes so soon begun?
Enur'd to Sorrows from my tender Years,
My Parent's Ashes drank my early Tears;
My Brother next, neglecting Wealth and Fame,
Ignobly burn'd in a destructive Flame;
An Infant Daughter late my Griefs increas'd,
And all a Mother's Cares distract my Breast.
Alas, what more could Fate it self impose,
But Thee, the last and greatest of my Woes?
No more my Robes in waving Purple flow,
Nor on my Hand the sparkling Diamonds glow,
No more my Locks in Ringlets curl'd diffuse
The costly sweetness of *Arabian* Dews,

No Braids of Gold the vary'd Tresses bind,
 That fly disorder'd with the wanton Wind:
 For whom shou'd *Sapho* use such Arts as these?
 He's gone, whom only she desir'd to please!
Cupid's light Darts my tender Bosom move,
 Still is there Cause for *Sapho* still to love:
 So from my Birth the *Sisters* fixt my Doom,
 And gave to *Venus* all my Life to come;
 Or while my Muse in melting Notes complains,
 My Heart relents, and answers to my Strains.
 By Charms like thine which all my Soul have won,
 Who might not— ah! who wou'd not be undone?
 For those *Aurora Cephæus* might scorn,
 And with fresh Blushes paint the conscious Morn.
 For those might *Cynthia* lighten *Phæon's* Sleep,
 And bid *Endymion* nightly tend his Sheep.
Venus for those had rapt thee to the Skies,
 But *Mars* on thee might look with *Venus' Eyes*.
 O scarce a Youth, yet scarce a tender Boy!
 O useful Time for Lovers to employ!
 Pride of thy Age, and Glory of thy Race,
 Come to these Arms, and melt in this Embrace!
 The Vows you never will return, receive:
 And take at least the Love thou wilt not give.
 See, while I write, my Words are lost in Tears;
 The less my Sense, the more my Love appears.
 Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind Adieu,
 (At least to feign was never hard to you)
Farewel my Lesbian Love! you might have said,
 Or coldly thus, *Farewel oh Lesbian Maid!*
 No Tear did you, no parting Kiss receive,
 Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve.

SAPHO to PHAON.

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No Gift on thee thy *Sapho* cou'd confer,
 And Wrongs and Woes were all you left with her.
 No Charge I gave you, and no Charge cou'd give,
 But this; *Be mindful of our Loves, and live.*
 Now by the Nine, those Pow'rs ador'd by me,
 And Love; the God that ever waits on thee,
 When first I heard (from whom I hardly knew):
 That you were fled, and all my Joys with you,
 Like some sad Statue, speechless, pale, I stood;
 Grief chill'd my Breast, and stop'd my freezing Blood;
 No Sigh to rise, no Tear had Pow'r to flow;
 Fix'd in a stupid Le'hargy of Woe.
 But when its way th' impetuous Passion found,
 I rend my Tresses, and my Breasts I wound,
 I rave, then weep, I curse, and then complain,
 Now swell to Rage, now melt in Tears again.
 Not fiercer Pangs distract the mournful Dame,
 Whose first-born Infant feeds the Fun'ral Flame.
 My Scornful Brother with a Smile appears,
 Insults my Woes, and triumphs in my Tears.
 His hated Image ever haunts my Eyes,
 And *why this Grief? thy Daughter lives;* he cries.
 Stung with my Love, and furious with Despair,
 All torn my Garments, and my Bosom bare,
 My Woes, thy Crimes, I to the World proclaim;
 Such inconsistent Things are Love and Shame!
 'Tis thou art all my Care, and my Delight,
 My daily Longing, and my Dream by Night:
 O Night more pleasing than the brightest Day,
 When Fancy gives what Absence takes away,
 And dress in all its visionary Charms,
 Restores my fair Deserter to my Arms!

Then round your Neck in wanton Wreaths I twine,
Then you, methinks, as fondly circle mine :
A thousand tender Words I hear and speak ;
A thousand melting Kisses, give, and take :
Then fiercer Joys—— I blush to mention these,
Yet while I blush confess how much they please !
But when with Day the sweet Delusions fly,
And all things wake to Life and Joy, but I,
As if once more forsaken, I complain,
And close my Eyes, to dream of you again.
Then frantick rise, and like some Fury rove
Thro' lonely Plains, and thro' the silent Grove,
As if the silent Grove, and lonely Plains,
That knew my Pleasures, cou'd relieve my Pains.
I view the *Grotto*, once the Scene of Love,
The Rocks around, the hanging Roots above,
Which charm'd me more, with Native Moss o'ergrown,
Than *Phrygian* Marble or the *Parian* Stone.
I find the Shades that did our Joys conceal,
Not him, who made me love those Shades so well !
Here the prest Herbs with bending tops betray
Where oft entwinn'd in am'rous Folds we lay ;
I kiss that Earth which once was prest by you,
And all with Tears the with'ring Herbs bedew.
For thee the fading Trees appear to mourn,
And Birds defer their Songs 'till thy Return :
Night shades the Groves, and all in Silence lye,
All but the mournful *Philomel* and I,
With mournful *Philomel* I join my Strain,
Of *Tereus* she, of *Phaon* I complain.

A Spring there is, whose Silver Waters show,
Clear as a Glass, the shining Sands below ;

A flow'ry *Lotos* spreads its Arms above,
 Shades all the Banks, and seems it self a Grove;
 Eternal Greens the mossie Margin grace,
 Watch'd by the Sylvan *Genius* of the Place.
 Here as I lay, and I well'd with Tears the Flood,
 Before my Sight a watry Virgin stood.
 She stood and cry'd, " O you that love in vain!
 " Fly hence; and seek the far *Leucadian* Main
 " There stands a Rock from whose impending Steeps
 " *Apollo's* Fane surveys the rolling Deep;
 " There injur'd Lovers, leaping from above,
 " Their Flames extinguish, and forget to love.
 " *Deucalion* once with hopeless Fury burn'd,
 " In vain he lov'd, relentless *Pyrrha* scorn'd;
 " But when from hence he plung'd into the Main,
 " *Deucalion* scorn'd, and *Pyrrha* lov'd in vain.
 " Hasten, *Sapho*, hasten, from high *Leucadia* throw
 " Thy wretched Weight, nor dread the Deeps below!
 She spoke, and vanish'd with the Voice——I rise,
 And silent Tears fall trickling from my Eyes.
 I go, ye Nymphs! those Rocks and Seas to prove;
 How much I fear, but ah! how much I love!
 I go, ye Nymphs! where furious Love inspires:
 Let Female Fears submit to Female Fires!
 To Rocks and Seas I fly from *Phaon's* Hate,
 And hope from Seas and Rocks a milder Fate:
 Ye gentle Gales, beneath my Body blow,
 And softly lay me on the Waves below!
 And thou, kind *Love*, my sinking Limbs sustain,
 Spread thy soft Wings, and waft me o'er the Main,
 Nor let a Lover's Death the guiltless Flood profane!

On *Phæbus*' Shrine my Harp I'll then bestow,
And this Inscription shall be plac'd below.

" Here she who sung, to Him that did inspire,

" *Sapho* to *Phæbus* consecrates her Lyre,

" What suits with *Sapho*, *Phæbus*, suits with thee;

" The Gift, the Giver, and the God agree.

But why alas, relentless Youth! ah why

'Tis distant Seas must tender *Sapho* fly?

Thy Charms than those may far more pow'rful be,

And *Phæbus*' self is less a God to me.

Ah! canst thou doom me to the Rocks and Sea,

O far more faithless and more hard than they?

Ah! can'st thou rather see this tender Breast

Dash'd on sharp Rocks, than to thy Bosom prest?

This Breast, which once, in vain! you lik'd so well;

Where the *Loves* play'd, and where the *Muses* dwell—

Alas! the *Muses* now no more inspire;

Untun'd my Lute, and silent is my Lyre;

My languid Numbers have forgot to flow,

And Fancy sinks beneath a Weight of Woe.

Ye *Lesbian* Virgins, and ye *Lesbian* Dames,

Themes of my Verse, and Objects of my Flames,

No more your Groves with my glad Songs shall ring,

No more these Hands shall touch the trembling String:

Since *Phaon* fled, I all those Joys resign,

Wretch that I am, I'd almost call'd him mine!

Return fair Youth, return, and bring along

Joy to my Soul, and Vigour to my Song!

Absent from thee, the Poet's Flame expires,

But ah! how fiercely burn the Lover's Fires?

Gods! can no Pray'rs, no Sighs, no Numbers move

One savage Heart, or teach it how to love?

The Winds my Pray'rs, my Sighs, my Numbers bear,
 The flying Winds have lost them all in Air!
 Oh when, alas! shall more auspicious Gales
 To these fond Eyes restore thy welcome Sails?
 If you return—ah why these long Delays?
 Poor *Sapho* dies while careless *Phaon* stays.
 O launch thy Bark, nor fear the watry Plain,
Venus for thee shall smooth her native Main.
 O launch thy Bark, secure of prosp'rous Gales,
 For thee shall *Cupid* spread the swelling Sails.
 If you will fly—(yet ah! what Cause can be,
 Too cruel Youth, that you shou'd fly from me?)
 If not from *Phaon* I must hope for Ease;
 Ah let me seek it from the raging Seas:
 From thee to those, unpity'd, I'll remove,
 And either cease to live, or cease to love!



CANACE to MACAREUS.

By Mr. D R Y D E N.

The A R G U M E N T.

Macareus and Canace, Son and Daughter to Æolus, God of the Winds, lov'd each other incestuously : Canace was deliver'd of a Son, and committed him to her Nurse, to be secretly convey'd away. The Infant crying out, by that means was discover'd to Æolus, who, irrag'd at the Wickedness of his Children, commanded the Babe to be expos'd to Wild Beasts on the Mountains : And withal, sent a Sword to Canace, with this Message, That her Crime would instruct her how to use it. With this Sword she slew her-self : But before she dy'd, she writ the following Letter to her Brother Macareus, who had taken Sanctuary in the Temple of Apollo.

IF streaming Blood my fatal Letter stain,
 I Imagine, ere you read, the Writer slain :
 One Hand the Sword, and one the Pen employs,
 And in my Lap the ready Paper lies.
 Think in this Posture thou behold'st me write :
 In this my cruel Father would delight.
 O were he present, that his Eyes and Hands
 Might see and urge the Death which he commands ;
 Than all the raging Winds more dreadful, he,
 Unmov'd, without a Tear my Wound would see.

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Love justly plac'd him on a stormy Throne,
 His Peoples Temper is so like his own.
 The *North* and *South*, and each contending Blast:
 Are underneath his wide Dominion cast:
 Those he can rule; but his Tempestuous Mind
 Is, like his airy Kingdom, unconfin'd:
 Ah! what avail my kindred Gods above,
 That in their number I can reckon *Love*!
 What help will all my Heav'nly Friends afford,
 When to my Breast I lift the pointed Sword?
 That Hour which join'd us came before its time,
 In Death we had been one without a Crime.
 Why did thy Flames beyond a *Brother's* move?
 Why lov'd I thee with more than *Sister's* Love?
 For I lov'd too; and knowing not my Wound,
 A secret Pleasure in thy Kisses found:
 My Cheeks no longer did their Colour boast,
 My Food grew loathsome, and my Strength I lost:
 Still ere I spoke, a Sigh would stop my Tongue;
 Short were my Slumbers, and my Nights were long:
 I knew not from my Love these Griefs did grow,
 Yet was, alas, the thing I did not know.
 My wily Nurse by long Experience found,
 And first discover'd to my Soul its Wound.
 'Tis Love, said she; and then my down-cast Eyes,
 And guilty Dumbness, witness'd my Surprise.
 Forc'd at the last, my shameful Pain I tell:
 And, oh, what follow'd! we both know too well!
 "When half denying, more than half content,
 "Embraces warm'd me to a full Consent:
 "Then with tumultuous Joys my Heart did beat,
 "And Guilt that made them anxious made them great.

But now my swelling Womb heav'd up my Breast;
 And rising Weight my sinking Limbs oppress.
 What Herbs, what Plants, did not my Nurse produce,
 To make Abortion by their pow'rful Juice?
 What Med'cines try'd we not, to thee unknown?
 Our first Crime common; this was mine alone.
 But the strong Child, secure in his dark Cell,
 With Nature's Vigour did our Arts repel.
 And now the pale-fac'd Empress of the Night
 Nine times had fill'd her Orb with borrow'd Light:
 Not knowing 'twas my Labour, I complain
 Of sudden Shootings, and of grinding Pain:
 My Throes came thicker, and my Cries encreas'd,
 Which with her Hand the conscious Nurse suppress'd:
 To that unhappy Fortune was I come;
 Pain urg'd my Clamours; but Fear kept me Dumb:
 With inward Struggling I restrain'd my Cries,
 And drunk the Tears that trickled from my Eyes.
 Death was in sight, *Lucina* gave no Aid;
 And even my Dying had my Guilt betray'd:
 Thou cam'st; and in thy Count'nance fate Despair:
 Rent were thy Garments all, and torn thy Hair:
 Yet feigning Comfort which thou cou'dst not give,
 (Prest in thy Arms, and whisp'ring me to live:)
 For both our sakes, (saidst thou) preserve thy Life;
 Live, my dear Sister, and my dearer Wife.
 Rais'd by that Name, with my last Pangs, I strove:
 Such Pow'r have Words, when spoke by those we love.
 The *Babe*, as if he heard what thou hadst sworn,
 With hasty Joy sprung forward to be born.
 What helps it to have weather'd out one Storm?
 Fear of our Father does another form.

High in his Hall, rock'd in a Chair of State,
The King with his tempestuous Council sates;
Thro' this large Room our only-Passage lay,
By which we could the new-born *Babe* convey:
Swath'd in her Lap, the bold Nurse bore him out:
With Olive Branches cover'd round about;
And, mutt'ring Pray'rs, as Holy Rites she meant,
Thro' the divided Croud unquesti'd went.
Just at the Door th' unhappy Infant cry'd:
The Grandfire heard him, and the Theft he spy'd.
Swift as a Whirlwind to the Nurse he flies,
And deafs his stormy Subjects with his Cries.
With one fierce Puff he blows the Leaves away:
Expos'd, the self-discover'd Infant lay.
The Noise reach'd me, and my presaging Mind
Too soon its own approaching Woes divin'd.
Not Ships at Sea with Winds are shaken more,
Nor Seas themselves, when angry Tempests roar,
Than I, when my loud Father's Voice I hear:
The *Bed* beneath me trembled with my Fear.
He rush'd upon me, and divulg'd my Stain;
Scarce from my Murther could his Hands refrain.
I only answer'd him with silent Tears;
They flow'd; my Tongue was frozen up with Fears.
His little Grand-child he commands away,
To Mountain Wolves and ev'ry Bird of Prey.
The *Babe* cry'd out, as if he understood,
And begg'd his Pardon with what Voice he cou'd.
By what Expressions can my Grief be shown?
(Yet you may guess my Anguish by your own)
To see my Bowels, and what yet was worse,
Your Bowels too, condemn'd to such a Curse!

Out

Out went the King; my Voice its freedom found,
My Breasts I bear, my blubber'd Checks I wound.
And now appear'd the Messenger of Death,
Sad were his Looks, and scarce he drew his Breath,
To say, *Your Father sends you*—(with that Word
His trembling Hands presented me a Sword:
*Your Father sends you this; and lets you know,
That your own Crimes the Use of it will show.*
Too well I know the Sense those Words impart:
His *Present* shall be treasur'd in my Heart.
Are these the Nuptial Gifts a Bride receives?
And this the fatal Dow'r a Father gives?
Thou God of Marriage, shun thy own Disgrace;
And take thy Torch from this detested Place:
Instead of that, let Furies light their Brands;
And fire my Pile with their Infernal Hands.
With happier Fortune may my Sisters wed;
Warn'd by the dire Example of the dead.
For thee, poor Babe, what Crime could they pretend?
How could thy Infant Innocence offend?
A Guilt there was; but oh that Guilt was mine!
Thou suffer'st for a Sin that was not thine.
Thy Mother's Grief and Crime! but just enjoy'd,
Shewn to my Sight, and born to be destroy'd!
Unhappy Off-spring of my teeming Womb!
Drag'd headlong from thy Cradle to thy Tomb!
Thy un-offending Life I could not save,
Nor weeping could I follow to thy Grave!
Nor on thy Tomb could offer my shorn Hair;
Nor shew the Grief which tender Mothers bear.
Yet long thou shalt not from my Arms be lost,
For soon I will o'ertake thy Infant Ghost.

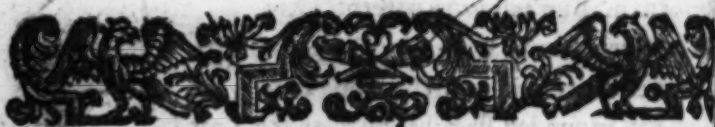
But thou, my Love, and now my Love's Despair,
 Perform his Fun'rals with paternal Care.
 His scatter'd Limbs with my dead Body burn;
 And once more join us in the pious Urn.
 If on my wounded Breast thou drop'st a Tear,
 Think for whose sake my Breast that Wound did bear:
 And faithfully my last Desires fulfil,
 As I perform my cruel Father's Will.



Alexander

[20]

Dudgton



Long April 23rd 1813

PHILLIS to DEMOPHOON.

By ED. POLEY, Esq;

THE ARGUMENT.

Demophoon, who was Son to Theseus and Phædra, in returning from the Trojan War into his own Country, was by a Tempest driven upon the Coasts of Thrace; where Phillis, who was then Queen of Thrace, entertain'd and marry'd him. When he had stay'd with her some Time, he heard that Menestheus was dead, (who, after he had Conquer'd Theseus, had usurp'd the Government of Athens) and under pretence of settling his own Affairs, he went to Athens, and promis'd the Queen that he would come back again in a Month. When he had been gone four Months, and that she had heard no News of him, she writes him this Letter.

YOU've gone beyond your Time, and ought to give.
So kind a Wife as Phillis leave to grieve.
You promis'd me you would no longer stay,
Than 'till the first full Moon should light your Way.
Thrice did it since its borrow'd Light renew,
And thrice has chang'd, but not so much as you.
Did you the Days, and Hours, and Minutes tell,
As Phillis does, and they that love so well,
You'd say 'twere time to weep; your Sorrows too
Would justify those Tears she sheds for you.

Still

Still did I hope, and thought you'd still be here;
 We hardly can believe those Things we fear;
 Now 'tis too plain, and, spight of Love and you,
 must both fear it, and believe it too.
 How oft did I deceive my self, and swore
 I saw your Ship just making to the Shoar?
 Then curs'd those Friends I thought had caus'd your stay;
 Would you were half so innocent as they.
 Sometimes I fear'd, by foaming Billows tost,
 You might be Shipwreck'd whilst you sought the Coast.
 And griev'd t'have injur'd whom I thought so true,
 I begg'd that Pardon I'd refus'd to you.
 Then, cruel Man! did I the Gods implore
 To let you live, tho' I ne'er saw you more.
 When I a favourable Gale esp'y'd,
 He comes, if he's alive, he comes, I cry'd.
 And thus my Love still sought some new Pretence,
 And I grew Eloquent in your Defence.
 Yet thou avoid'st me still, nor do I see
 Those Promises thou mad'st to Heav'n and me.
 But thy false Vows, alas! were all but Wind,
 Thy Vows and Wishes made the Gale more kind:
 They fill'd your Sails, and you were forc'd away,
 By the same Wishes, which you made to stay.
 What have I done, but lov'd to an Excess?
 You'd not been Guilty had I lov'd you less.
 My only Crime is, Loving you too well;
 But sure some Merit in that Crime does well.
 Where's now your Faith? And where's the Love you bore?
 Where are the Gods by whom you falsly swore?
 Where's *Hymen* too, who join'd our tender Years?
 He bid me love, and banish'd all my Fears.

You

You swore by th' swelling Billows of the Main,
 Which you oft try'd, and yet would trust again,
 Rather than stay with me, tho' much more kind,
 And constant too, than are the Seas or Wind.
 You swore by the Great Ruler of the Flood,
 The Heav'nly Author of your Royal Blood,
 (If e'er a God had any thing to do
 In one so false and so unkind as you)
 You swore by *Venus*, and the fatal Steel,
 Of those proud Darts, which too too much I feel;
 And by great *Juno*, whose resistless Art
 Gave thee my Hand when I had giv'n my Heart,
 Thou swor'st so much, that if each God should be
 Just to revenge his injur'd self on me,
 Such num'rous Mischiefs on thy Head would fall,
 Thou'dst not have room enough to bear them all.
 Distracted I, as if I'd fear'd your Stay,
 Repair'd your Ships to hurry you away.
 What Haste you wanted, my curs'd Care supply'd,
 Oars to your Sails, and Current to your Tide.
 Thus was I falsely by my self betray'd,
 And perish'd by the Wounds my Hands have made.
 I foolishly believ'd those Oaths you swore,
 The Race you boasted, and the Gods you bore.
 Who could have thought such gentle Words e'er hung
 Upon a treacherous, deluding Tongue?
 I saw your Tears, and I believ'd them all;
 Can they lye too, and are they taught to fall?
 What needed all that num'rous Perjury?
 One was enough to her that lov'd like me,
 I'm not ashamed I did your Ships receive,
 And your own Wants did carefully relieve;

Those

Those Debts I ow'd you on a nobler Score;
 But then, 'tis true, I should have done no more.
 All I repent, is that I basely strove
 To increase your Welcome by a Nuptial Love.
 That Night that usher'd in th' unhappy Day,
 Which did me to your guilty Love betray;
 I wish that fatal Night had been my last;
 Then I had dy'd, but then I had been Chast.
 I hop'd you were, 'cause I deserv'd you, True!
 Is it a Crime to wish what is our Due?
 'Tis sure no mighty Glory to deceive
 A tender Maid, so willing to believe.
 My Weakness does but heighten your Offence.
 You kindly shou'd have spar'd my Innocence.
 You've gain'd a Maid that lov'd you, and may't be
 Your greatest Prize, and only Victory.
 May your proud Statue, rais'd by this Success,
 Shame your great Father, 'cause his Crimes were less;
 And when late Story shall of Tyrants tell,
 And who by Syron, and Procrustes fell;
 The Centaurs Flight, the Thebans Overthrow,
 Who 'twas durst force the dismal Shades below;
 Then for your Honour shall at last be said,
 Here's He, who by a wretched Wife betray'd
 A Loving, Innocent, Believing Maid.
 Of all those Acts, we in your Father knew,
 His Treachery alone remains in you.
 What only can excuse the Ills you do,
 You both Inherit and Admire it too.
 He Ariadne did betray, but she
 Enjoys a Husband mightier far than He,

But the Scorn'd *Thracians* my Embraces shun,
 'Cause I from them into thy *Arms* did run.
 Let her, they cry, to learned *Greece* be gone,
 We'll find a Monarch to supply the Throne.
 Thus all we do depends on an ill *Fate*,
 Which does for ever on th' Unhappy wait;
 But may that *Fate* all his best Thoughts attend,
 Who judges others *Actions* by the End.
 For shou'dst thou ever blest these Seas again,
 They'd praise that Love of which they now complain.
 Then would they say, *What could she better do,*
Both for her self, and for her Kingdom too?
 But I have err'd, and thou'rt for ever fled,
 Forget't my *Empire*, and forget't my *Bed*.
 Methinks I see thee still, *Demophoon*,
 Thy Sails all hoisted, ready to be gone.
 When boldly thou did'st my soft Limbs embrace,
 And with long Kisses dwelt'st upon my Face;
 Drown'd in my *Tears*, and in your own you lay,
 And curs'd the Winds that hasten'd you away.
 Then parting cry'd (methinks I hear thee still)
 * *Phillis I'll come, you may be sure I will.*
 Can I expect that thou'lt e'er see this Shore,
 Who left'st it that thou ne'er might'st see me more?
 And yet I beg you'd come too, that you may
 Be only Guilty in too long a Stay.
 What do I ask? Thou, by new Charms possess'd,
 Forget'st my *Kindness* on another *Breast*;
 And, better to compleat the *Treachery*,
 Swear'st all those Oaths, which thou hast broke to me.
 And hast (false Man) perhaps forgot my Name,
 And ask'st too, who I am, and whence I came?

PHILLIS to DEMOPHOON. 25

But that thou better may'st remember me,
 Know, thou ungrateful Man, that I am she,
 Who, when thou'dst wander' all the Ocean o'er,
 Harbour'd thy Ships, and welcom'd thee to Shore;
 Thy Coffers still replenish'd from my own,
 And to that height a Prodigal was grown,
 I gave thee all thou ask'dst, and gave so fast,
 I gave my self into thy Pow'r at last;
 I gave my Scepter and my Crown to Thee,
 A Weight too heavy to be born by me.
 Where *Hemus* does his shady Head display,
 And gentle *Heber* cuts his Sacred Way,
 So great's the Empire, and so wide the Land,
 Scarce to be govern'd by a Woman's Hand,
 She whom Fate would not suffer to be Chast,
 Whose Nuptials with a Fun'ral Pomp was grac'd;
 Shrill Cries disturb'd us 'midst our swiftest Joys,
 And our drawn Curtains trembled with the Noise,
 Then close to thee I clung, all drown'd in Tears,
 And sought my Shelter, where I'd found my Fears,
 And now while others drown their Care in Sleep,
 I run to th' barren Shore and Rocks, to weep,
 And view with longing Eyes the spacious Deep.
 All Day and Night I the Wind's Course survey,
 Impatient'till I find it blows this Way :
 And when a-far, a coming Sail I view,
 I thank my Stars, and I conclude 'tis you;
 Then with strange haste I run my Love to meet;
 Nor can the flowing Waters stop my Feet.
 When near, I grow more fearful than before,
 A sudden Trembling seizes me all o'er,
 And leaves my Body breathless on the Shore.

C

Hard

Hard by, where two huge Mountains guard the Way,
 There lyes a fearful, solitary Bay;
 Oft I've resolv'd, while on this Place I've stood,
 To throw myself into the raging Flood,
 Wild with Despair, and I will do it still,
 Since you continue thus to use me ill.
 And when the kinder Waves shall waft me o'er,
 May'st thou behold my Body on the Shore
 Unburied lye; and though thy Cruelty
 Harder than Stone, or than thy self should be,
 Yet shalt thou cry, astonish'd with the Show,
 Phillis, *I was not to be follow'd so.*
 Raging with Poisons would I oft expire,
 And quench my own by a much happier Fire.
 Then to revenge the Loss of all my Rest,
 Would stab thy Image in my tortur'd Breast.
 Or by a Knot (more welcome far to me
 Than that, false Man, which I have ty'd with thee,)
 Strangle that Neck, where those false Arms of thine,
 With treach'rous Kindness, us'd so oft to twine;
 And as becomes a poor unhappy Wife,
 Repair my ruin'd Honour with my Life.
 When we can once with our hard Fate comply,
 'Tis easie then to chuse the Way to die.
 Then on my Tomb shall the proud Cause be read,
 And thy sad Crime still live, when I am dead:
Poor Phillis dy'd, by him she lov'd oppress'd;
The truest Mistress, by the falsest Guest.
He was the cruel Cause of all her Wee,
But her own Hand perform'd the fatal Blow.

PHILLIS



PHILLIS to DEMOPHOON.

By Mr. E. D. FLOYD.

The ARGUMENT.

Demophoon, the Son of Theseus and Phædra, returning from the Trojan Wars, was by adverse Winds driven on the Thracian Shore, where he was royally entertained, and received into familiarity by Phillis, Daughter to Lycurgus and Crustumena, King and Queen of Thrace : With whom, after he had a while remain'd hearing of the Death of Mneſtheus (the Deposer of his Father) he went to take Possession of his own Realm of Athens, yet with earnest Protestations of returning within the Space of one Month. But being detain'd past the appointed time by the Distractions his People were under, he gave occasion to Phillis (impatient of delays) to write him this Epistle.

Phillis (who entertain'd thy Love and Thee,
Faithless Demophoon) blames thy Perjury ;
How when with Pain we parted didst thou mourn,
And seem'd to live alone for thy Return !
How didst thou limit my Distress, and swear
Within one Month thy speedy Presence here !
Yet now four Moons are weary'd out, and see
Thee still regardless of thy Vows and me.
Hadst thou a tender Sense to know the Pain
Of absent Lovers, who expect in vain,

C a

Thou

Thou wouldst not call me hasty, nor upbraid
 These humble Murmurs of a Wife betray'd.
 We're slow in our believing Ills, for I
 Flatter'd my self that yet I shou'd not die:
 My self I've oft deluded,—thought thee kind—
 —Thy Ship returning with a prosp'rous Wind:
Theseus I've curst, and yet unjustly him,
 For thou perhaps art Author of thy Crime.
 The dang'rous Shoals of *Hebrus* made me mourn,
 As fancying thee expos'd in thy Return.
 Oft for thy Health I've sought the Gods by Pray'r,
 And Incense burnt to place thee in their Care.
 Whene'er the Wind stood fair, I fancy'd streight
 Thy sudden Presence, or thy certain Fate.
 Then have I study'd Reasons for thy Stay,
 And urg'd my Wit to favour thy Delay:
 Yet dost not thou the Sense of Vows retain,
 To Gods, and me, made equally in vain.
 Thy strictest Vows did mix with common Air,
 Nor does thy tardy Fleet the Fault repair.
 Thy Absence fully does my Crime reprove,
 And seems design'd to pay so cheap a Love.
 My only fault was loving easily;
 And yet that fault claims Gratitude in thee.
 Where's now thy Faith,—thy suppliant Hands, and where
 The God prophan'd by thy fallacious Pray'r?
 Where's *Hymen* now that should our Hearts unite,
 Bless and secure our conjugal delight?
 First, by the Sea thou swor'st thy Meaning just,
 The Sea that then thou wert about to trust:
 Thou swor'st by thy pretended *Granire's* Name,
 The God that does rebellious Storms reclaim.

PHILLIS to DEMOPHOON. 29

By *Venus* and by Love's Artillery,
 The Instruments of mighty Woeste me:
 By *Juno*, who of Marriage Vows takes care,
 And *Ceres*, who the hallow'd Torch does bear:
 Shou'd these wrong'd Pow'rs be just, cou'dst thou withstand
 The angry stroke of an Almighty Hand?
 Thy Ships I did repair, thy Sails improve,
 And strengthen'd the Defeter of my Love.
 I gave thee Oars as Instruments of speed,
 And sharpen'd all the Darts by which I bleed.
 Thy Words,—thy Kindred Gods—whate'er was feign'd
 With Joy I heard, with Faith I entertain'd:
 View'd with regard thy false commanded Tears,
 Thy artful Sorrow, and thy seeming Fears.
 Thy Arts of Love to me thou might'st have spar'd,
 For I was too unhappily prepar'd,
 Nor shou'd I grieve to have well treated thee,
 And limited my Hospitality,
 But to admit thee loosely to my Breast,
 Is Treason, fatal to my present Rest.
 Ah! had I dy'd before that Evening came,
 I then had dy'd in Peace, secure of Fame:
 Yielding I hop'd thy Gratitude might move,
 And shewing mine, deserve thy utmost Love.
 But 'tis inglorious thus to have betray'd
 (All pitiless) a frail believing Maid:
 A Maid that lov'd thee thou hast robb'd of Fame,
 And may no greater Honour reach thy Name.
 In *Athens* when thy Statue shall be plac'd
 Near thy great Father with his Trophies grac'd;
 When *Scyron* and *Procrustes* shall be red,
 By *Sainis* and *Minotaure* in Triumph led:

Thebes quite reduc'd, the *Centaur*s overcome,
 Hell storm'd, and the black King disturb'd at home;
 Thy hated Image thus inscrib'd shall end——

—*He who betray'd his Mistress and his Friend.*

Of all thy mighty Father has achiev'd,

Thou lik'st that *Ariadne* was deceiv'd:

What he repented, thou dost still admire,

And only to his Treachery art Heir:

(Unenvy'd) she enjoys a nobler Mate,

And drawn by harness'd Tygers, rides in State.

The *Thracians*, whom I scorn'd, now shun my Bed,

As one by strange polluted hands mis-led:

Says one, Let learned *Athens* be her place,

Some nobler Hand shall govern warlike *Thrace*.

The End proves all——and may he never hit

His rash Prefage, who dares condemn thee yet,

For shou'dst thou now return, each will conclude

I study'd with my own my Country's Good:

I've fail'd, alas! Thou no review dost make

Or of my Palace or the Chrystal Lake.

My Eyes retain thy graceful Image, when

With mournful Bows thou bad'st me hope again.

Thou did'st embrace me, and with such delay,

That long-breath'd Kisses seem'd to mean thy Stay;

Thou didst exchange, and mix our Tears, and swear

The Wind was inauspicious, when 'twas fair;

When our Divorcethou cou'dst no more decline,

Thou said'st, *Expect me*——*Phillis, I am thine*:

Him I expect, who meant to come no more,

And Ships no more design'd to touch this Shore:

Yet still I hope——ah! come, tho' past thy time,

That thy Delay may be thy only Crime.

Some wanton Maid (perhaps) seducest thee,
 And buys thy Love with cheap Discourse of me.
 Thou can'st not be unmindful who I am,
 Consult thy self for my neglected Name;
Phillis, thy constant, hospitable Friend,
 Who did her Harbour and Assistance lend:
 Love, Empire, All submitted to thy Will,
 Who gave thee much, and wish'd to give thee still;
Lycurgus' Land surrender'd to thy Sway,
 And to thy Hand its Scepter did convey,
 As far as *Rhodope* and *Hemus* go,
 And the soft Streams of sacred *Hebrus* flow;
 Thee my last Blushes blest, thy Loves long Toils
 Rewarded with my conquer'd Virgin Spoils.
 The howling Fiends and ominous Birds of Night
 With dismal Notes perform'd each Nuptial Rite:
 With her curl'd Snakes the fierce *Alecto* came,
 To light our Tapers with infernal Flame.
 On Rocks I walk—and o'er the barren Sand,
 Far as my Eyes can reach the spacious Strand,
 Look out all Hours to see what Wind stands fair,
 By Earth's cold damp untir'd, or Heav'n's bleak Air;
 When any distant Sail I chance to spy,
 I fancy thy loose Streamers drawing nigh;
 Launch'd into Sea, the tardy Gales I chide,
 And to meet thee I stem th' impetuous Tide;
 When their Approach declares my Hopes are vain,
 I fainting crave th' Assistance of my Train.
 Above the Bay, which the spent Billows blocks,
 And forms a Precipice of pendent Rocks,
 Thence my Despair presented me a Grave,
 And nought but thy return my Life shall save,

May some kind Wave to thy own Shore convey,
And at thy Feet thy floating *Phillis* lay,
Thy melting Heart this dismal sound will groan,
In these Embraces join'd, we meet too soon—
Oft have I thirsted for a pois'nous draught,
As oft a Death from some kind Ponyard sought;
Oft round that Neck a silken Twine I cast,
Which once thy dear perfidious Arms embrac'd.
By Death I'll heal my present Infamy,
But stay to choose the speediest way to die.
This sad short Epitaph shall speak my Doom,
And fix my mournful Story on my Tomb,
This Monument did false Demophoon build,
With the cold Ashes of his Mistress fill'd;
He was the Cause, and hers the Hand that kill'd.



Hypermnesttra to Linus.

By Mr. *WRIGHT*.

The ARGUMENT.

Danaus, King of Argos, had by several Wives fifty Daughters, his Brother Egyptus as many Sons. Danaus, refusing to Marry his Daughters to his Brother's Sons, was at last compelled by an Army. In Revenge, he Commands his Daughters each to Murther her Husband on the Wedding Night : All obey'd but Hypermnesttra, who assisted her Husband Linus to escape ; for which being afterwards Imprisoned and put in Irons, she writes this Epistle.

TO that dear Brother who alone survives
 Of Fifty, late, whose Love betray'd their Lives;
 Writes she that suffers in her Lord's Defence :
 Unhappy Wife, whose Crime's her Innocence!
 For saving him I love, I'm Guilty call'd :
 Had I been truly so, I'd been extoll'd :
 Let me be Guilty still, since this they say
 Is Guilt, I glory thus to disobey :
 Torments nor Death shall draw me to repent :
 Though against me they use that Instrument
 From which I sav'd a Husband's dearer Life;
 And with one Sword kill Linus in his Wife;

Yet will I ne'er repent for being true,
 Or blush t' have lov'd, That let my *Sisters* do:
 Such Shame, and such Repentance is their due.
 I'm seiz'd with Terror, while I but relate,
 And shun Remembrance of a Crime I hate!
 The frightful Memory of that dire Night
 Enervates so my Hand I scarce can write.
 Howe'er I'll try. With Ceremony gay,
 About the Set of Night, and Rise of Day,
 The wicked Sisters were in Triumph led,
 And I among 'em, to the Nuptial Bed.
 The Marriage Lights, as Fun'ral Lamps appear,
 And threatening Omens meet us ev'ry where.
Hymen they call: *Hymen* neglects their Cries:
 Nay *Juno* too from her own *Argos* flies.
 Now come the Bridegrooms, high with Wine, to find
 Something with us, more lov'd than Wine, behind.
 Full of impatient Love, careless and brave,
 They seize the Bed, not seeing there a Grave.
 What follow'd, Shame forbids me to express;
 But who so Ignorant as not to guess.
 Now their tir'd Senses they to Sleep commit,
 A Sleep as still as Death; ah, too like it!
 'Twas then, methought, I heard their Groans that dy'd;
 Alas! 'twas more than Thought! I, terrify'd,
 Lay trembling, cold, and without Pow'r to move.
 In that dear Bed, which you had made me love.
 While you in the soft Bonds of Sleep lay fast,
 Charm'd with the Joys of Love, then newly past:
 Fearing to disobey, I rise at last.
 Witness, sweet Heav'ns, how tender was the Strife,
 Betwixt the Name of Daughter and of Wife.

HYPERMNESTRA to LINUS. 335

Thrice o'er your Breast, which did solately join
 In such an Ecstasie of Love to mine;
 Irais'd the pointed Steel to pierce that Part;
 But ah! th' Attempt strook nearer my own Heart:
 My Soul divided thus, these Words, among
 A thousand Sighs, fell softly from my Tongue.
 Dost thou not heed a Father's awful Will?
 Dost thou not fear his Pow'r? On then, and kill,
 How can I kill, when I consider who?
 Can I think Death? against a Lover too?
 What has my Sex with Blood and Arms to do?
 Fye, thou art now by Love to Shame betray'd;
 Thy Sister-Brides by this have all obey'd,
 With Shame their Courage and their Duty see:
 If not a Daughter, yet a Sister be,
 No, I will never strike: If one must die,
 Linus shall live, and my Death his supply.
 What has he done, or I, what greater Ill?
 For him to die, and I much worse, to kill?
 Were he as guilty as my Father wou'd
 Present him, why must I be stain'd with Blood?
 Pönyards and Swords ill with my Sex agree:
 Soft Looks, and Sighs of Love, our Weapons be,
 As I lamented thus, the Tears apace
 Dropt from my pitying Eyes, on thy lov'd Face,
 While you, with kind and am'rous Dreams possesst,
 Threw carelessly your dear Arm o'er my Breast,
 There thinking to repeat Joys lately known,
 Your Hand upon my Sword was almost thrown.
 'Twas time to call no longer I forbore,
 Dreading the Day's approach my Father's more.

Wake;

Wake, *Linus*, wake, I cry'd; O quickly wake,
 Or sleep for ever here! Th' Alarm you take,
 Start up; ask twenty Questions in one Breath:
 To all I answer thus— Delay is Death;
 Fly while 'tis dark, and 'scape eternal Night.
 While it was dark you made a happy Flight:
 I stay'd to meet the Terrors of the Light.
 With Day my Father comes, the Dead to view;
 And finds the dismal Sum one short, by you.
 Enrag'd to see his Treachery betray'd,
 By his Command, I'm thus in Fetters laid.
 Is this Reward due to my Love from Fate?
 Ah, wretched Flame! Passion unfortunate!

Since *Io* suffer'd under *Juno*'s Rage,
 Nothing that Rivall'd Goddess can assuage.
 Th' unhappy Mistress of the mighty *Jove*,
 Chang'd to a Cow, a Form unapt for Love,
 Views in her Father's Streams her Head's Array,
 Sees her own Horns, and frighted, starts away.
 When she'd complain, she lows; and equal Fears
 From her new self surprise her Eyes and Ears.
 In vain to lose the frightful Shape she tries.
 For *Io* follows still, where *Io* flies.
 In vain she wanders over Lands and Seas;
 Can she find Cure whose self is the Disease?
 Sadly severe the Change in her appear'd,
 Whose Beauty *Jove* has lov'd and *Juno* fear'd:
 Grass and the Springs her Food and Drink supply:
 Her only Lodgings the unsheltring Sky.
 What need I urge Antiquity? my Fate
 Is a fresh Instance of the Goddess' Hate,

A double stock of Tears by me are spilt,
Both for my Brothers Death, and Sisters Guilt:
Yet, as if that were small, these Chains arrive,
Cause I, alone, am guiltless, you alive.

But, my dear Lord, if any Thought you have,
Or of the Love, or of the Life I gave:
If any Memory with you does last,
Or of the Pleasures, or the Dangers past,
Now, *Linus*, now some Help to her afford,
Who wants the Liberty she gave her Lord.
If Life forsake me ere I you can see,
And Death, before my *Linus*, set me free,
Yet my unhappy Earth from hence remove,
And give those Obsequies are due to Love.
When I'm interr'd I know some Tears will fall:
Then let this little Epitaph be all.

Here lies a Love compleat, tho' hapless Wife,

Whocatch'd the Death aim'd at her Husband's Life.

Here I must rest my Hand, tho' much remains;
'Tis quite disabled with the Weight of Chains.





ARIADNE to THESEUS.

The ARGUMENT.

Minos, King of Crete, by a sharp War compell'd the Athenians, (who had treacherously slain his Son Androgeos,) to send yearly seven young Men, and as many Virgins, to be devour'd by the Minotaure; a Monster begotten by a Bull upon his Wife Pasiphae, while he was engaged in that War. The Chance at last fell upon Theseus to be sent among those Youths; who by the Instructions of Ariadne escaped out of the Labyrinth, after he had kill'd the Minotaure, and, together with her, fled to the Isle of Naxos. But, being commanded by Bacchus, he forsook her, while she slept. When she awak'd, and found her self deserted, she writes this Letter.

THan savage Beasts more fierce, more to be fear'd;
 Expos'd by thee, by them I yet am spar'd!
 These Lines from that unhappy Shore I write,
 Where you forsook me in your faithless Flight,
 And the most tender Lover did betray,
 While lock'd in Sleep, and in your Arms she lay.
 When Morning Dew on all the Fields did fall,
 And Birds with early Songs for Day did call;
 Then I, half sleeping, stretch'd me tow'rd's your Place,
 And sought to press you with a new Embrace:



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Oft sought to prefs you close, but still in vain;
 My folding Arms came empty back again.
 Startled, I rose, and found that you were gone,
 Then on my widow'd Bed fell raging down:
 Beat the fond Breast, where, spight of me, you dwell,
 And tore that Hair, which you once lik'd so well.
 By the Moon's Light I the wide Shore did view,
 But all was Desert, and no Sight of you.
 Then every Way with Love's mad Haste I fly,
 But ill my Feet with my Desires comply;
 Weary they sink in the deep yielding Sands,
 Refusing to obey such wild Commands.
 To all the Shore of *Theseus* I complain,
 The Hills and Rocks send back that Name again:
 Oft they repeat aloud the mournful Noise,
 And kindly aid a hoarse and dying Voice.

Tho' faint, yet still impatient, next I try
 To climb a rough steep Mountain which was nigh:
 (My furious Love unusual Strength supply'd:)
 From thence, casting my Eyes on every side,
 Far off the flying Vessel I spy'd.
 In your swell'd Sails the wanton Winds did play,
 (They court you since they see you false as they.)
 I saw, or fancy'd that I saw you there,
 And my chill Veins froze up with cold Despair:
 Thus did I languish, 'till returning Rage
 In new Extremes did my fir'd Soul engage.
Theseus, I cry, perfidious *Theseus* stay!
 (But you are deaf, deaf as the Winds, or Sea!)
 Stay your false Flight, and let your Vessel bear
 Hence the whole Number which she landed here!

In loud and doleful Shrieks I tell the rest;
 And with fresh Fury wound my hated Breast.
 Then all my shining Ornaments I tear,
 And with stretch'd Arms wave them in open Air,
 That you might see her whom you could not hear.

But when out of my Sight the Vessel flew,
 And the Horizon shut me from the View;
 From my sad Eyes, what Floods of Tears did fall?
 ('Till then Rage would not let me weep at all.)
 Still let them weep, for losing sight of you,
 'Tis the whole Business which they ought to do.
 Like *Bacchus*' raving Priests sometimes I go:
 With such wild Haste, with Hair dishevel'd so,
 Then on some craggy Rock sit silent down,
 As cold, unmov'd, and senseless as the Stone.
 To our once happy Bed I often fly;
 (No more the Place of mutual Love and Joy.)
 See where my much-lov'd *Theſeus* once was laid,
 And kiss the Print which his dear Body made.
 Here we both lay, I cry, false Bed restore
 My *Theſeus*, kind and faithful as before.
 I brought him here, here lost him while I slept.
 How well, false Bed, you have my Lover kept!

Alone and helpless in this desert Place,
 The steps of Man or Beast I cannot trace;
 On ev'ry side the foaming Billows beat,
 But no kind Ship does offer a Retreat.
 And should the Gods send me some lucky Sail,
 Calm Seas, good Pilots, and a prosp'rous Gale;
 Yet then my Native Soil I durst not see,
 But a sad Exile must for ever be.

From all *Crete's* hundred Cities I am curst,
 From that fam'd Isle where Infant *Jove* was nurs't.
Crete I betray'd for you, and, what's more dear,
 Betray'd my Father, who that Crown does wear,
 When to your Hands the fatal Clew I gave,
 Which thro' the winding Lab'rinth led you safe:
 Then how you lov'd, how eagerly imbrac'd!
 How oft you swore, by all your Dangers past,
 That with my Life your Love should ever last!
 Ah, perjur'd *Theseus*, I thy Love survive,
 If one forsaken and expos'd does live.
 Had you slain me, as you my Brother slew,
 You'd then absolv'd your self from ev'ry Vow;
 Now both my present Grief denies me Rest,
 And all, that a wild Fancy can suggest
 Of dreadful Ills to come, distracts my Breast.
 Before my Eyes a thousand Deaths appear,
 I live, yet suffer all the Deaths I fear.
 Sometimes I think that Lions there do go,
 And scarce dare trust my Sight, that 'tis not so.
 Imagine that fierce Wolves are howling there,
 And at th' imagin'd Noise shrink up with Fear.
 Then think what Monsters from the Sea may rise,
 Or fancy bloody Swords before my Eyes.
 But most I dread to be a Captive made,
 And see these Hands in servile Works employ'd,
 Unworthy my Extraction from a Line
 On one side Royal, and on both Divine:
 And, (which my Indignation more would move,)
 Unworthy her whom *Theseus* once did love.
 If tow'rd's the Sea I look, or tow'rd's the Land,
 Objects of Horror sti'l before me stand.


Nor

Nor dare I look tow'rd's Heav'n, or hope to find
 Aid from those Gods who chang'd my *Theseus*' Mind.
 If Beasts alone within this Island stay,
 Behold me left to them a helpless Prey!
 If Men dwell here, they must be Savage too:
 This Soil, this Heav'n made gentle *Theseus* so.
 Would *Athens* never had my Brother slain,
 Nor for his paid so many Lives again.
 Would thy strong Arm had never giv'n the Wound,
 Which struck the doubtful Monster to the Ground,
 Nor I had giv'n the guiding Thread to thee,
 Which, to my own Destruction, set thee free.
 Let the unknowing World thy Conquest praise,
 It does not *Ariadne*'s Wonder raise:
 So hard a Heart, unarm'd, might safely scorn
 The Strength and Sharpness of the Monster's Horn.
 If Flint or Steel could be secure of Wound,
 No room for Fear could in that Breast be found.
 Curst be the Sleep which seal'd these Eyes so fast,
 Curst, that began, it did not ever last!
 For ever curst be that officious Wind,
 Which fill'd thy Sails, and in my Ruin join'd!
 Curst Hand, which me, and which my Brother kill'd!
 (With what Misfortunes our sad House 't has fill'd!)
 And curst the Tongue, which with soft Words betray'd,
 And empty Vows, a poor believing Maid!
 Sleep and the Winds against me had combin'd
 In vain, if perjur'd *Theseus* had not join'd.

Poor *Ariadne*, thou must perish here,
 Breath out thy Soul in strange and hated Air,
 Nor see thy pitying Mother shed one Tear:

Want a kind Hand which thy fix'd Eyes may close,
 And thy stiff Limbs may decently compose.
 Thy Carcass to the Birds must be a Prey.
 Thus *Theseus* all thy Kindness does repay!
 Mean while to *Athens* your swift Ship does run;
 There tell the wondring Crowd what you have done:
 How the mixt Prodigy you did subdue;
 The Beast and Man, how with one Stroke you slew.
 Describe the Lab'rinth, and how, taught by me,
 You 'scap'd from all those perplex'd Mazes free.
 Tell, in return, what gen'rous Things you've done:
 Such Gratitude will all your Triumphs crown!
 Sprung sure from Rocks, and not of humane Race!
 Thy Cruelty does thy great Line disgrace.
 Yet couldst thou see, as barb'rous as thou art,
 These dismal Looks, sure they would touch thy Heart.
 You cannot see, yet think you saw me now
 Fix'd to some Rock, as if I there did grow,
 And trembling at the Waves which roll below.
 Look on my torn and my disorder'd Hairs,
 Look on my Robe wet through with show'rs of Tears.
 With the cold Blasts see my whole Body shakes,
 And my numm'd Hand unequal Letters makes.
 I do not urge my hated Merit now,
 But yield, this once, that you do nothing owe.
 I neither sav'd your Life, nor set you free:
 Yet therefore must you force this Death on me?
 Ah! see this wounded Breast worn out with Sighs,
 And these faint Arms stretch'd to the Seas and Skies,
 See these few Hairs yet spar'd by Grief and Rage,
 Some Pity let these flowing Tears engage.
 Turn back, and, if I'm dead when you return,
 Yet lay my Ashes in their peaceful Urn.

HER-



HERMIONE to ORESTES.

By JOHN PULTNEY, Esq;

THE ARGUMENT.

Hermione, the Daughter of Menelaus and Helena, was by Tyndarus her Grandfather (to whom Menelaus had committed the Government of his House when he went to Troy) contracted to Orestes. Her Father Menelaus not knowing thereof, had betroth'd her to Pyrrhus, the Son of Achilles, who, returning from the Trojan Wars, stole her away. Whereupon she writes to Orestes as follows.

THIS, dear Orestes, this, with Health to you,
 From her that was your Wife and Cousin too;
 Your Cousin still, but oh! that dearer Name
 Of Wife, another now does falsely claim.
 What Woman can, I have already done,
 Yet I'm confin'd by rough Achilles Son.
 With much of Pain, and all the Art I knew,
 I strove to shun him, yet all would not do.
 Stand off, said I, foul Ravisher take heed,
 My injur'd Husband will revenge this Deed;
 Yet he, more deaf than angry Tempests are,
 To his loath'd Chamber drag'd me by the Hair.
 Had Troy still stood, had every Grecian Dame
 Become a Prey to th' haughty Victor's Flame,

Wh

What could I more have suffer'd than I do?
 Far more than poor *Andromache* e'er knew.
 But oh, my Dear! if, as I have for thee,
 Thou hast a tender Care, or Thought for me,
 Come bravely on, and as robb'd Tygers bold,
 Snatch me half Murther'd from the Monster's hold.
 Can you pursue each petty Robber's Life?
 And yet thus tamely lose a ravish'd Wife?
 Think how my Father *Menelaus* rag'd
 For his lost Queen, think what a War he wag'd,
 When pow'rful *Greece* was in his Cause engag'd. }
 Had he sat quietly, and nothing try'd,
 As once she was, she'd still been *Paris*' Bride.
 Prepare no Fleet, you will no Forces need,
 By you, and only you, I would be freed.
 Not but wrong'd Marriage is a Cause alone
 Sufficient for th' ingaging World to own.
 Sprung from the Royal *Pelopean* Line,
 You are no less by Blood than Marriage mine.
 These double Ties a double Love persuade,
 And each sufficient to deserve your Aid.
 I to your Arms was by my Guardian giv'n,
 The only Bliss I would have begg'd from Heav'n.
 But that unknown, (O my unhappy Fate!)
 My Father gave me to the Man I hate.
 Just were those Infant Vows to you I made,
 But this last Act has all those Vows betray'd.
 Too well he knows what 'tis to be in Love;
 How can he then my Passion disapprove?
 Since Love himself has felt, he will, nay must,
 Allow this Passion in his Daughter just.

My

My Fate resembles my wrong'd Father's Case, I know
And *Pyrrhus* is that Thief that *Paris* was.
Let my proud Goaler the brave Deeds run o'er,
Count all the Laurels his great Parents wore,
What e'er his cou'd, yours greater did, and more.
Let him claim Kindred with some God above,
You are descended from the mighty *Jove*.
Brave as you are, I wish 'twere understood
By something else, than by *Aegisthus*' Blood;
Yet you are Innocent, Fate drew the Sword,
And a religious Duty gave the Word.
With this the Tyrant does my Lord disgrace,
And what's still worse, dares do it to my Face:
Whilst burst with Envy, I am forc'd to be
Rackt, and tormented with his Blasphemy.
Shall my *Orestes* be abus'd, and I
As one that's unconcern'd fit careless by?
No, though disabled, and of Arms bereft,
Yet as a Woman I have one way left,
Tears I can shed, such as will yield Relief
To my sick Mind, choak'd with excess of Grief;
For when the big-charg'd Storm hath lost its Pow'r,
It sighs it self into a silent Show'r.
This I can do, whilst by each other prest,
The dewy Pearls run trickling o'er my Breast.
But how shou'd I this fatal Woe escape?
All our whole Race was subject to a Rape:
I need not tell, how, in soft Feathers drest,
The wanton God his softer Nymph posselt;
How thro' the Deep in unknown Ships convey'd
Hippodame was from her Friends betray'd;

How the fair *Tyndaris*, by Forcedetain'd,
 By th' *Amyclaan* Brethren was regain'd,
 How afterwards by all the *Grecian* Pow'r
 She was brought back from the *Idaean* Shore.
 I scarce remember that sad Day, and yet,
 Young as I was, I do remember it.
 Her Brothers wept, her Sister, to remove
 Her Fears, call'd on the Gods, and her own *Love*,
Mother, said I, in a weak mournful Tone,
Will you be gone, and leave me here alone?
When you are gone, why shou'd I stay behind?
 All this I spoke, but spoke it to the Wind.
 Now like the rest of my curst Pedigree,
 By this loath'd Wretch I am detain'd from thee.
 The brave *Achilles* wou'd have blam'd his Son,
 Nor, had he liv'd, would this have e'er been done.
 He ne'er had thought it lawful to divide
 Those two, whom Marriage had so firmly ty'd.
 What is't, ye Gods, that thus provokes your Hate,
 Or what curs'd Star rules my unhappy Fate?
 Why am I plagu'd by your injurious Pow'r,
 Robb'd of my Parents in a tender Hour?
 He to the War, she with her Lover fled,
 Though living both, yet both to me were dead.
 No babling Words, half fram'd upon thy Tongue
 Lull'd me to soft Repose when I was young.
 Your tender Neck was ne'er imbrac'd by me,
 Nor sat I ever smiling on your knee;
 You never tended me, nor was I led
 By thee (dear Mother) to my Marriage-Bed.
 At your Return, I saw, but knew you not;
 So sure my Mother's Face I had forgot.

I gaz'd, and gaz'd, but knew no Feature there,
 Yet thought 'twas you, 'cause so divinely Fair.
 Such was our Ignorance, even you, alas!
 Ask your own Daughter, where your Daughter was.
 Thou, my *Orestes*, wert my sole Delight,
 Yet thee too I must lose, unless you fight.
Pyrrhus withholds me from thy Arms, that's all
Hermione has gain'd by *Ilium's* Fall.

Soon as the early Harbinger of Day
 Gilds the glad Orb with his resplendent Ray;
 My Grief's made gentler by th' approaching Light,
 And some Pain seems to vanish with the Night;
 And when a Darknet so'er the Earth is spread,
 And I return all pensive to my Bed,
 Tears from my Eyes, as Streams from Fountains flow,
 I shun this Husband, as I'd shun a Foe.
 Oft grown unmindful through distractivè Cares,
 I've stretch'd my Arms, and touch'd him unawares;
 Strait then I check the wandring Sense, and fly
 To the Bed's utmost Limits, yet I lye
 Restless even there, and think I'm still too nigh.
 Oft I for *Pyrrhus* have *Orestes* said,
 But blest the Error which my Tongue had made.
 Now by that Royal God, whose Frown can make
 The Vassal Globe of his Creation shake,
 Th' Almighty Sire of our unhappy Race,
 And by the sacred Urn that does embrace
 Thy Father's Dust, whose once loud Blood may boast
 Thou in Repose hast laid his sleeping Ghost:
 I'll either live my dear *Orestes'* Wife.
 Or to untimely Fate resign my Life.

LEANDER





LEANDER *to* HERO.

By Mr. TATE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Leander accusom'd nightly to swim over the Hellespont to visit Hero (Priestess of Venus' Temple) being at last hinder'd by Storms from his wonted Course, sends her the following Epistle.

REceive this Letter from *Leander*, fraught
 With Service which he rather would have brought,
 Read with a Smile,—and yet, if thou would'st crown
 My wiser Wishes, read them with a Frown.
 That Anger from thy Kindness will proceed,
 Cause of *Leander* thou canst only read.
 The Seas rage high, and scarce could we prevail
 With the most daring Mariner to sail.
 Embark'd at last, and sculking in the Hold,
 My Stealth is to my jealous Parents told,
 Much too tim'rous they, as I too bold.
 I writ, since Writing was my sole Relief,
 And o'er the dewy Sheets thus breath'd my Grief.
 My best Letter, go, my tend'rest Thoughts convey,
 To her warm Lip thy Signets she will lay,
 And with a Kiss dissolve thy Seals away.

D

Scv 11

Sev'n tedious Nights guiltless of Sleep I've stood;
 Sigh'd with the Winds, and murmur'd with the Flood;
 Then climbing th' utmost Clifts her Coast to view,
 My Tears, like Glasses, th' Object nearer drew:
 By th' adverse Winds and Waves detain'd on shore,
 My Thoughts run all our former Pleasures o'er,
 And in soft Scenes of Fancy re-injoy
 The Bliss that did our Infant Loves employ.

'Twas Night (a Curse on the Impert'nent Light
 That pry'd and marr'd the Pleasures of that Night)
 When first I swam the Ford; while *Cynthia's* Beams
 Look'd pale, and trembled for me in the Streams.
 My drooping Arms, in hopes they shall at length
 Embrace thy Neck, feel fresh Supplies of Strength,
 The wond'ring Waves to their new Fury yield,
 Not *Tritons* faster plow the liquid Field.

Soon on the Temple's Spire your Torch I spy'd,
 Fix'd like a Star my wat'ry Course to guide;
 Which, Planet-like, shoots Vigour through my Veins;
 The Warmth of my Immortal Love sustains,
 In the cold Flood, Life's perishing Remains.

But now the gentlest Star that blest my Way,
 Your bright self on the Turret I survey.
 Then with redoubled Strokes the Waves divide,
 And by my *Hero* am at last descri'd:
 Scarce could your careful Confident restrain,
 But you would plunge, and meet me in the Main;
 And made so far your kind Endeavours good,
 That Ankle-deep on the Ford's Brink you stood;
 And seem'd the new-ris'n *Venus* of the Flood.
 The Shore now gain'd, to your dear Arms I flew,
 All dropping as I was with briny Dew;

Nor prov'd for that a more unwelcome Guest;
Your warm Lip to my bloodless Cheek you prest,
Nor felt my Locks distilling on your Breast.
Your hasty Robes are o'er my Shoulders thrown,
To shroud my shiv'ring Limbs, you stript your own:
Forgetting how your too officious Care,
Left thee (my tend'rest Part) expos'd to Air.
The Night and we are conscious to the rest;
Delights that ought not, cannot be express'd:
We knew short Space was to our Pleasures set,
And therefore lov'd not at the common rate;
But th' utmost Fury of our Flames employ'd:
The Minutes flew less fast than we enjoy'd.
With such dispatch that Night's dear Joys we wrought,
To recollect would make an Age of Thought.
At length the sickning Stars began t' expire,
And I with them am summon'd to retire.
Confus'dly then we our Love-Task dispatcht,
Ten thousand Kisses in a Minute snatcht.
Your Woman chid that I so long delay'd,
You prest me close, then ask'd me why I staid.
My Stay you first reprov'd, and then my Haste,
Nor cry'd Farewel, 'till you had clasp'd me fast.
Day broke ere we our Am'rous Strife could end;
Then sighing I to the cold *Beach* descend.
Trust me, the Seas from your dear Coasts seem steep,
And all the Way methinks I climb the Deep.
But when revisiting your Shores, I seem
Descending still, and rather fall than swim.
I loath my Native Soil, and only prize
That Region where my Love's dear Treasure lyes.

Why is not *Sestos* to *Abydos* join'd?
 Since we united are in Heart and Mind.
 The same our Hopes, our Fears, and our Desires,
 Love is our Life, and one Love both inspires.
 But ah! what Mis'ries on that Love attend,
 Whose Joys on hum'rous Seas and Winds depend?
 I by their Quarrel lose, forc'd to delay
 My tender Suit, 'till they end the Fray.

When first I cast the Gulph, the *Dolphins* gaz'd,
 The Sea Nymphs fled, the *Tritons* were amaz'd.
 But now no more I seem a Prodigy,
 But pass for an Inhabitant o' th' Sea.
 And since my Passage is by Storms withstood,
 I'm nightly miss'd by th' Brothers of the Flood.
 Oft have I curst the tedious Way, but oh!
 I wish in vain that tedious Passage new.
 Yield me again, kind Floods, my tiresome Way,
 'Twas never half so tiresome as my Stay.
 Must then my *Halcyon* Love all Winter sleep,
 And ne'er launch forth into a troubled Deep?
 Must I desist my Homage to perform,
 And sculk at home for ev'ry peevish Storm?
 If thus the Summer Gusts detain my Course,
 How shall I through the Winter Surges force?
 Absence ev'n then I shall not long sustain,
 But boldly plunge into the raging Main;
 And if the swelling Floods not soon assuage,
 I'll make my Boasting good, and dare their Rage.
 My vent'rous 'Scape shall in your Arms be blest,
 Or if I'm lost, my Anxious Love find rest.
 The Waves at least will do my Corps the grace
 To waft it to my wonted landing Place:

Or if its own accord the am'rous Clay
 Will thither float, nor lose so known a Way!
 I guess your Kindness will ev'n then perform
 To the cold Trunk, what you were wont when warm;
 Your self dismantling, you will shroud me o'er,
 And grieve to find your Bosom's Warmth no more
 Have Pow'r, my vital Spirits to restore. }
 If this sad Fancy discompose thy Breast,
 Think 'twas but Fancy, and resume thy Post.
 Invoke the wat'ry Powers, (thy Pray's rare Charms)
 T' assuage the Storm, and yield me to thy Arms.
 But when to your dear Mansion I arrive,
 Loose ev'ry Wind, and let the Tempest drive.
 'Twill give my Stay Pretence, nor can you chide
 Whilst Thunder pleads so loudly on my side.
 'Till then permit this Letter to supply
 The Author's Place, and in thy Bosom lye.
 Lodg'd in thy Breast, my Passion 'twill impart,
 And whisper its soft Message to thy Heart.



D 3

HERO



HERO's Answer.

By the same Hand.

WITH such Delight I read your Letter o'er,
 Your Presence only could have giv'n me more.
 Excuse my Passion, if it soar above
 Your Thought; no Man can judge of Woman's Love.
 With Bus'ness you, or Pleasures, may sustain
 The Pangs of Absence, and divert the Pain.
 The Hills, the Vales, the Woods, and Streams are stor'd
 With Game, and Profit with Delight afford.
 Whilst Gins for Beasts, and Snares for Fowl you set,
 You smile, and your own am'rous Chains forget.
 Ten thousand Helps besides affect your Cure,
 Whilst Woman's sole Relief is to endure.
 Or with my Confident I hold Discourse,
 Debating what should interrupt your Course:
 Or viewing from aloft the troubled Tide,
 Mix in the Fray, and with the Tempest chide.
 Or in the Storm's least Interval suspect
 Your stay, and almost charge you with Neglect.
 I seek your Footsteps on the Sands in vain,
 The Sands no more confess thee than the Main.

I watch th' arriving Barks, and never fail
 To inquire of you, and write by ev'ry Sail.
 Still as the setting Sun restores the Night,
 (The Night to me more welcome than the Light,)
 I fix my flaming Torch to guide my Love,
 Nor shines there any friendlier Star above.
 Then with my Work or Book the Time I cheat,
 And 'midst the Task *Leander's* Name repeat.
 My wedded Thoughts no other Theme pursue,
 I talk a hundred things—but all of you.
 What think'st thou, Nurse, does my *Leander* come?
 Or waits he 'till his Parents sleep at home?
 For he is fore'd to steal his Passage there,
 As nightly we by stealth admit him here.
 Think'st thou that now he strips him in the Bay,
 Or is already plung'd, and on his Way?
 Whilst she, poor Soul, with tedious Watching spent,
 Makes half Replies, and Nodding gives Assent.
 Yet cannot I the smallest Pause allow,
 But cry, He is lanch'd forth for certain now.
 Then ev'ry Moment thro' the Window peep,
 With greedy Eyes examine all the Deep;
 And whisper to the Floods a tender Pray'r
 In your behalf, as if I spy'd you there.
 Or to beguile my Grievs my Ear incline,
 And take each gentle Breeze's Voice for thine:
 At last, surpris'd with Sleep, in Dreams I gain
 That Bliss for which I wak'd so long in vain.
 To shroud you then my Shoulders I divest,
 And clasp you shiv'ring, to my warmer Breast;
 A Lover need not be inform'd the rest.

These Pleasures oft my slumb'ring Thoughts imploy,
 But still th' are Dreams, and yield no solid Joy.
 Tho' ne'er so lively the Fruition be,
 To fill my Bliss I must have very thee.
 At present, I confess, the Seas are rough,
 But were last Night compos'd, and calm enough;
 Why did you then my longing Hopes delay?
 Why disappoint me with a total Stay?
 Is it your Fear that makes my Wishes vain?
 When rougher, you have oft ingag'd the Main;
 If it be Fear, that friendly Fear retain,
 Nor visit me 'till you securely may;
 Your Danger would afflict me more than Stay.
 Dread ev'ry Gust that blows, but oh! my Mind
 Misgives, lest you prove various as that Wind,
 If e'er you change, your Error secret keep,
 And in blest Ignorance permit me sleep.
 Not that I am inform'd y' are chang'd at all,
 But absent Lovers fear whate'er may fall.
 Detain'd by th' Floods, your Stay I will not blame;
 But less I dread the Floods than some new Flame.
 Be hush't ye Winds, ye raging Billows sleep,
 And yield my Love safe Passage thro' the Deep.
 Blest Sign, the Taper sparkles whilst I pray,
 A Guest i' th' Flame! *Leander's* on his Way!
 Our Household Altar yields propitious Signs,
 From which my Nurse your swift Approach divines:
 The Crickets too of your Arrival warn,
 And say our Number shall increase ere Morn.
 Come, gentle Youth, and with thy Presence make
 The glad Conjecture true; the Day will break,

And

And marr our Bliss; prevent the hast'ning Morn;
To me and Love's forsaken Joys return.
My Bed without thee will afford no Rest,
There is no Pillow like *Leander's* Breast.
Dost thou suspect the Time will be too short?
Or want'st thou Strength th' Adventure to support?
If this detain thee, Oh! no longer stay,
I'll plunge and meet thee in the Flood half way.
Thus in the verdant Waves our Flames shall meet,
And Danger make the soft Embrace more sweet.
Our Love's our own, which yet we take by Stealth,
Like Midnight Misers from their hidden Wealth.
'Twi't Decency and Love unhappy made,
Whilst Fame forbids what our Desires persuade.
How art thou nightly snatch'd from me away,
To dare the Flood, when Sailors keep the Bay?
Yet be advis'd, thou Conqu'ror of the Tide,
Nor in thy youthful Strength so much confide.
Think not thine Arms can more than Oars prevail;
Nor dare to swim, when Pilots fear to sail.
With much Regret I cautiously persuade,
And almost with my Counsel disobey'd.
Yet when to the rough Main my Eyes I turn,
Methinks I never can enough forewarn:
Nor does my last Night's Vision less affright,
(Tho' expiated with many a sacred Rite,)
A sporting *Dolphin*, whilst the Flood retir'd,
Lay hid i' th' *Ooze*, and on the *Beach* expir'd.
Whate'er the Dream portend, as yet reside
In the safe Port, nor trust th' inconstant Tide.

The Storm (too fierce to last) will soon decay,
Then with redoubled Speed redeem your Stay.
'Till then these Sheets some Pleasure may impart;
They bring what most you prize, your *Hero's* Heart.



Laodamia



Laodamia to Protefilaus.

By *THO. FLATMAN*, Esq;

THE ARGUMENT.

Protefilaus, lying Wind-bound at Aulis, in the Grecian Fleet, design'd for the Trojan War, his Wife Laodamia sends this following Epistle to Him.

H Ealth to the gentle Man of War, and may
 What *Laodamia* sends, the Gods convey.
 The Wind that still in *Aulis* holds my Dear,
 Why was it not so cross to keep him here?
 Let the Wind raise an Hurricane at Sea,
 Were he but safe and warm ashore with me:
 Ten thousand Kisses I had more to give him,
 Ten thousand Cautions, and soft Words to leave him;
 In haste he left me, summon'd by the Wind
 (The Wind to barbarous Mariners only kind.),
 The Seaman's Pleasure is the Lover's Pain,
 (*Protefilaus* is from my Bosom ta'en!)
 As from my fault'ring Tongue half Speeches fell,
 (Scarce could I speak that wounding Word, *Farewel*.)
 A merry Gale (at Sea they call it so)
 Fill'd ev'ry Sail with Joy, my Breast with Wo;
 There went my dear *Protefilaus*——

While

While I could see thee, full of eager Pain,
 My greedy Eyes epicuriz'd on thine.
 When thee no more, but thy spread Sails I view,
 I look'd, and look'd, 'till I had lost them too;
 But when nor thee, nor them I could descry,
 And all was Sea that came within my Eye,
 They say, (for I have quite forgot) they say
 I strait grew pale, and fainted quite away;
 Compassionate *Iphiclus*, and the good old Man,
 My Mother too, to my Assistance ran;
 In haste, cold Water on my Face they threw,
 And brought me to my self with much ado;
 They meant it well, to me it seem'd not so,
 Much kinder had they been to let me go;
 My Anguish with my Soul together came,
 And in my Heart burst out the former Flame:
 Since which, my uncomb'd Locks unheeded flow,
 Undrest, forlorn, I care not how I go;
 Inspir'd with Wine, thus *Bacchus*' frolick Rout
 Stagger'd of old, and straggled all about.
 Put on, Put on, the happy Ladies say,
 Thy Royal Robes, fair *Laodamia*.
 Alas! before *Troy*'s Walls my Dear does lye.
 What Pleasure can I take in *Tyrian Dye*?
 Shall Curls adorn my Head, an Hel'met thine?
 I in bright Tissues, thou in Armour shine?
 Rather with studied Negligence I'll be
 As ill, if not disguised worse than thee.

O *Paris*! rais'd by Ruins! may'st thou prove
 As fatal in thy War, as in thy Love!
 O that the *Grecian Dame* had been less fair,
 Or thou less lovely hadst shappear'd to her!

LAODAMIA to PROTESILAUS. 61

O *Menelaus*! timely cease to strive;
 With how much Blood wilt thou thy Loss retrieve?
 From me, ye Gods, avert your heavy doom,
 And bring my Dear, laden with Laurels home.
 But my Heart fails me, when I think of War;
 The sad Reflections cost me many a Tear:
 I tremble when I hear the very Name
 Of ev'ry Place where thou shalt fight for Fame.
 Besides th' adventurous *Ravisher* well knew
 The safest Arts his Villany to pursue;
 In noble Dress he did her Heart surprize,
 With Gold he dazzled her unguarded Eyes,
 Heback'd his Rape with Ships and armed Men,
 Thus storm'd, thus took the beauteous Fortrefs in.
 Against the Power of Love, and Force of Arms,
 There's no Security in the brightest Charms.

Hector I fear, much do I *Hector* fear,
 A Man (they say) experienc'd in War,
 My Dear, if thou hast any Love for me,
 Of that same *Hector* pr'ythee mindful be,
 Fly him be sure, and every other Foe,
 Least each of them should prove an *Hector* too.
 Remember, when for Fight thou shalt prepare,
 Thy *Laodamia* charg'd thee, have a care,
 For what Wounds thou receiv'st, are given to her.
 If by thy Valour *Troy* must ruin'd be,
 May not the Ruin leave one Scar on thee;
 Sharer in th' Honour, from the Danger free!
 Let *Menelaus* fight, and force his Way
 Through the false *Ravisher's* Troops to his *Helena*.
 Great by his Vict'ry, as his Cause is good,
 May he swim to her in his Enemies Blood.

Thy

Thy Case is different—May'st thou live to see
(Dearest) no other Combatant but me!

Yegen'rous *Trojans*, turn your Swords away
From his dear Breast, find out a nobler Prey:
Why should you harmless *Laodamia* slay?
My poor good-natur'd Man did never know
What 'tis to fight, or how to face a Foe;
Yet in Love's Field what Wonders can he do!
Great is his Prowess, and his Fortune too;
Let them go fight, who know not how to woo.

Now I must own, I fear'd to let thee go:
My trembling Lips had almost told thee so.
When from thy Father's House thou didst withdraw,
Thy fatal Stumble at the Door I saw,
I saw it, sigh'd, and pray'd the Sign might be
Of thy Return a happy Prophecy!
I cannot but acquaint thee with my Fear,
Be not too brave,—Remember, Have a care,
And all my Dreads will vanish into Air.

Among the *Grecians* some one must be found
That first shall set his Foot on *Trojan* Ground;
Unhappy she that shall his Loss bewail,
Grant, O ye Gods, thy Courage then may fail:
Of all the Ships, be thine the very last,
Thou the last Man that lands; there needs no haste
To meet a potent and a treach'rous Foe;
Thou'lt land, I fear, too soon, tho' ne'er so slow.
At thy Return ply ev'ry Sail and Oar,
And nimbly leap on thy deserted Shoar.

All the Day long, and all the lonely Night,
Black Thoughts of thee my anxious Soul affright:

Dark.

LAODAMIA to PROTESILAUS. 63

Darkness, to other Womens Pleasures kind,
 Augments, like Hell, the Torments of my Mind;
 I court e'en Dreams, on my forsaken Bed,
 False Joys must serve, since all my true are fled.
 What's that same airy *Phantom* so like thee?
 What Wailings do I hear, what Pains see?
 I wake, and hug my self, 'tis but a Dream——
 The *Grecian* Altars know I feed their Flame:
 The want of hallow'd Wine my Tears supply,
 Which make the sacred Fire burn bright and high.
 When shall I clasp thee in these Arms of mine,
 These longing Arms, and lye dissolv'd in thine?
 When shall I have thee by thy self alone,
 To learn the wond'rous Actions thou hast done?
 Which when in rapt'rous Words thou hast begun,
 With many and many a Kiss, pr'ythee tell on;
 Such Interruptions graceful Pauses are,
 A Kiss in Story's but an Halt in War.

But when I think of *Troy*, of Winds, and Waves,
 I fear the pleasant Dream my Hope deceives:
 Contrary Winds in *Port* detain thee too,
 In spite of Wind and Tide why wouldst thou go?
 Thus to thy Country thou wouldst hardly come,
 In spite of Wind and Tide thou went'st from home.
 To his own City *Neptune* stops the Way,
 Revere the *Omen*, and the Gods obey.
 Return, ye furious *Grecians*, homeward fly;
 Your Stay is not of Chance, but Destiny:
 How can your Arms expect desir'd Success,
 That thus contend for an *Adulteress*?
 But, let not me forespeak you, no,——set Sail,
 And Heav'n befriend you with a prosp'rous Gale!

Ye

Ye Trojans! with Regret methinks I see
 Your first Encounter with your Enemy;
 I see fair *Helen* put on all her Charms,
 To buckle on her lusty Bridegroom's Arms;
 She gives him Arms, and Kisses she receives.
 (I hate the Transports each to other gives)
 She leads him forth, and she commands him come
 Sately victorious, and triumphant home;
 And he (no doubt) will make no nice delay,
 But diligently do whate'er she say.
 Now he returns;—see with what amour'd Speed
 She takes the pond'rous Helmet from his Head,
 And courts the weary Champion to her Bed.

We Women, too too credulous alas!

Think what we fear will surely come to pass.
 Yet, while before the Leaguer thou dost lye
 Thy Picture is some Pleasure to my Eye;
 That I carefs in Words most kind and free,
 And lodge it on my Breast, as I would thee;
 There must be something in it more than Art,
 'Twere very thee, could it thy Mind impart;
 I kiss the pretty *Idol*, and complain,
 As if (like thee) 'twould answer me again.
 By thy Return, by thy dear Self, I swear,
 By our Loves Vows, which most Religious are,
 By thy beloved Head, and those gray Hairs
 Which Time may on it snow, in future Years,
 I come, where-e'er thy Fate shall bid me go,
 Eternal Partner of thy Weal and Wo,
 So thou but live, tho' all the Gods say No.
 Farewell,—but pr'ythee very careful be
 Of thy beloved Self (I mean) of me.







OENONE to PARIS.

By Mr. JOHN COOPER.

The ARGUMENT.

Hecuba, being with Child of Paris, dream'd she was deliver'd of a Firebrand; Priam, consulting the Prophets, was answer'd, the Child should be the Cause of the Destruction of Troy; wherefore Priam commanded it should be deliver'd to wild Beasts as soon as born, but Hecuba conveys it secretly to Mount Ida, there to be foster'd by the Shepherds, where he falls in Love with the Nymph OEnone, but at length being known and own'd, he sails into Greece, and carries Helen to Troy, which OEnone hearing, writes him this Epistle.

Read this, (if your new Br'de will suffer) read;
And no Upbraidings from Mycena dread.

Only OEnone here does of her Swain

(If he will let her call him hers) complain.

What God has robb'd me of your Love and you?

Or from what Crime of mine proceeds my Woe?

Misfortunes, when deserv'd, we may endure,

But when unjustly born, can find no Cure.

Tho' now a Prince, not yet so great you was,

When a fam'd Nymph, I stoop'd to your Imbrace;

A Slave you was (forgive what I have said)

Slave as you was, I took you to my Bed.

Often,

Often, amidst your Flocks, beneath some Shade,
 On Leaves and Flow'rs we am'rously were laid.
 As oft, upon the Straw our Joys we prov'd
 In some low Shed from Winter Storms remov'd.
 When you rose up to hunt, I shew'd you Game,
 Surpris'd the Infant Savage and his Dam :
 Companion of your Sports, the Toils did place,
 And chear'd the swift-pac'd Hounds upon the Chace!
 Upon the Trees your Sickle carv'd my Name,
 And ev'ry Beach is conscious of your Flame.
 Well I remember that tall Poplar Tree,
 (Its Trunk is fill'd, and with Records of me.)
 Which, may it live! on the Brook's Margin set,
 Has on its knotty Bark these Verses writ :
When Paris lives not to OEnone true,
Back Xanthus' Streams shall to their Fountains flow.
 Turn! turn ye Streams! and *Xanthus* backwards go :
 The faithless *Paris* has forgot his Vow.

Calm was our Love, blest with delightful Ease,
 'Till a black Storm o'ercast my former Peace,
 When the three Heav'nly Beauties blest thine Eyes,
 Design'd thee Umpire to bestow the Prize.
 As from your Mouth the fatal Story came,
 A swift cold Trembling shot thro' all my Frame!
 To ancient Sages my just Doubts I bear,
 And all conclude some dreadful Mischief near.

Now the tall Pines into strong Barks you shape,
 Which sweep the Surface of the yielding Deep.
 From your swoln Eyes the Tears at Parting crept,
 Deny it not, nor be ashamed you wept :
 (Your Love was then no Injury to your Fame,
 You daily burn in a more shameful Flame.)

You wept, and on my Eyes you gazing stood,
Whose falling Tears increas'd the briny Flood.
About my Neck your wreathing Arms you hung;
Closer than Vines to their lov'd Elms you clung,
When for your Stay you did the Tempests blame,
How oft they laugh'd who knew the Ocean calm;
'Midst thousand Kisses, when you bid Farewel,
Scarce could your Tongue the fatal Message tell.
You are embark'd: Against your Gally's Side
The plying Oars beat up the foaming Tide:
'Till hurry'd from my Sight, your Ships I view,
Then my salt Tears the parched Sands bedew.
Soon, ye Sea Gods, again soon may he come;
(I fondly pray'd, but to my Ruin soon.
The Gods my Wishes do successful make,
But all, alas! for that curst Strumpet's sake,
My Pray'rs into another's Arms have brought you back. }
A vast high Rock there is, whose craggy Sides
Sustain the Fury of incroaching Tides;
Your Sails hence spy'd, I hardly could delay,
Plung'd in the Deep to meet you by the way;
When one I saw, while a short Pause I made,
Upon the Deck in glorious Purple clad:
Gods! how I shook! Fear did my Soul possess
With Horror, to behold th' unusual Dress,
As nearer to the Shoar your Vessel came,
I spy'd, O blasting Sight! the charming Dame;
Nay more,——her wanton Head (into the Sea
Why leapt I not?) upon your Bosom lay.
'Twas then I beat my Breast, and tore my Hair
With all the Symtoms of a deep Despair.

I fill'd the Air with my distracted Cries,
 And *Ida's* Mount resounded with the Noise.
 Thence with dire Imprecations I remov'd
 Unto those conscious Caves, where once we lov'd.
 Hear me, ye Gods! May the curst *Helen* be
 As wretched full as she has render'd me;
 May she complain of false and broken Vows,
 And pine, like me, for a regardless Spouse.
 Now they do Charm, who from their Husband fly,
 And the wide Ocean plow, to follow thee;
 When a poor Shepherd, a small Flock you fed,
 Then I, and only I, vouchsaf'd my Bed.
 Nor think I sue to be in Courts ador'd,
 And own'd the Daughter of all *Asia's* Lord;
 Tho' your great Parents need not be ashamed
 When 'mongst their many Children I am nam'd,
 A Scepter would not ill become this Hand,
 So much I wish and merit to command.
 Despise me not, because with you I lay,
 And pass'd, on new-fall'n Leaves, the well-spent Day;
 For thy *Oenone's* worthy of a Bed,
 Not with green Leaves but gaudy Purple spread.
 Safe you may sleep and harmless in my Arms,
 Your Joys uninterrupted with Alarms.
 But with my Rival thus you must not live,
 For *Greece* in Arms demands the Fugitive;
 Ruin is all the Dow'ry she can give. }
 Ask your grave Friends, with piercing Wisdom fraught,
 Whom many Years have much Experience taught,
 Ask Sage *Antenor*, and your aged Sire,
 If she's to be restor'd whom they require.

Base Man! your Country for her sake destroy'd,
 Shame's on your part, and Justice on their side.
 Or can you think that she will constant prove,
 Who was so easily entic'd to love?
 When once debauch'd, our Sex for ever burn
 In lawless Fire, Virtue knows no Return;
 Dishonour never gives a second Blow;
 And once a Whore she will be ever so.
 But her firm Love that Scruple has remov'd;
 Vain Man! ev'n thus *Atrides* once she lov'd.
 Alone he lies, poor cred'ulous Cuckold, now!
 And does deplore what you ere while must do,
 Fool that he was to think she could be true!
 Happy *Andromache*! who justly art
 Possessed of a firm and loyal Heart!
 A Faith like hers thou hast beheld in me,
 And *Hector's* Virtue should have shin'd in thee,
 But thou art lighter than the sapless Leaf,
 Of which the Autumn Blasts the Trees bereave;
 Or than the Stalks of the well-ripen'd Wheat,
 Made the Winds sport by the Sun's parching Heat.
 Well I remember what your Sister said,
 When the strange God possess'd the furious Maid;
Oenone, cease to plow up fruitless Lands,
And sow the Seed upon the barren Sands.
The Grecian Heifer comes, who reaps thy Joys,
The Bane of Troy, and Priam's ancient House.
 She comes! forbid it Heav'n: And in the Deep,
 Now, now ye Gods, sink down the guilty Ship;
 Now is the time to plunge it in the Flood,
 It brings Destruction, and is fraught with Blood.

She

She said: Her Pepple snatch'd her from my View;
 As thro' the Woods full of the God she flew.
 Too true she spoke! my Joys that Heifer prove,
 Does in my Groves and Flow'ry Meadows move,
 And all the pleasant Pastures of my Love. }
 Fair tho' she be, your *Helen* is a Whore,
 Whom each new Face draws from her Native Shore.
 With *Thefens* thus the false Inconstant fled;
 But he untouch'd restor'd the spotless Maid.
 Ah who can Faith to the forg'd Story yield?
 His Veins with youthful Blood and Vigour fill'd,
 A Lover too! could he his Joys forbear?
 And in Possession of his Heav'n despair?
 Miscal not thus her ready Flight a Rape,
 Her wicked self contriv'd the wish'd-Escape.
 But I, false as you are, have kept my Vows,
 Tho' your Example would my Crimes excuse.

Long time I liv'd a Tenant of the Groves,
 The common Object of the *Satyrs* Loves;
 Me, *Faunus* too, who o'er the Mountains fled,
 Pursu'd with Leafy Chaplets on his Head;
 And *Phæbus*, who, but with much Force, obtain'd
 That Bliss for which the rest in vain complain'd.
 I tore my Hair, while my soft Limbs he prest,
 And that curst Face for which I was disgrac'd.
 No sordid Recompence of Wealth I sought,
 That Creature's mean whose Love is to be bought;
 But me the grateful God with Knowledge stor'd,
 And the same Gifts for which himself's ador'd.
 For no one Plant the fertile Earth does yield,
 But in its Virtues I am amply skill'd.

Wretch!

Wretch! of what use does thy vain Knowledge prove?
No Drug, alas! can cure the Wounds of Love,
Not *Phæbus*' self, the Author of our Art,
Could in this case guard his Immortal Heart:
Nought or from Earth, or Heav'n can cure my Wound,
In thee alone must my Relief be found:
My *Paris* can, and he must Pity show,
To her who merits all he can bestow:
For I am yours, with you of old did pass,
In childish Innocence, my Infant Days;
And I beseech you, Gods to fix my Doom,
And give that Blessing to the time come.
So in his Arms, to whom my Youth I lent,
Shall the Remains of my blest Life be spent.





A
 PARAPHRASE
 On the Foregoing
 E P I S T L E
 O F
 O E N O N E *to* P A R I S.

By Mrs. *A. BEHN.*

TO thee, dear *Paris*, Lord of my Desires,
 Once tender Partner of my softest Fires;
 To thee I write, mine, whilst a Shepherd's Swain,
 But now a Prince, that Title you disdain.
 Oh fatal Pomp, that cou'd so soon divide
 What Love, and all our Vows so firmly ty'd!
 What God, our Loves industrious to prevent,
 Curst thee with Pow'r, and ruin'd my Content?
 Greatness, which does at best but ill agree,
 With Love, such distance sets 'twixt thee and me.

Whilst

Whilst thou a Prince, and I a Shepherdess,
 My raging Passion can have no Redress.
 Wou'd Heav'n, when first I saw thee, thou hadst been
 This Great, this Cruel Celebrated Thing,
 That without Hope I might have gaz'd and bow'd,
 And mix'd my Adoration with the Crowd;
 Unwounded then I had escap'd those Eyes,
 Those lovely Authors of my Miseries.
 Not that less Charms their fatal Pow'r had dress'd,
 But Fear and Awe my Love had then suppress:
 My unambitious Heart no Flame had known,
 But what Devotion pays to Gods alone.
 I might have wonder'd, and have wish'd that he,
 Whom Heav'n should make me love, might look like thee.
 More in a silly Nymph had been a Sin.
 This had the height of my Presumption been.
 But thou a Flock didst feed on *Ida's* Plain,
 And hadst no Title, but *The Lovely Swain*.
 A Title! which more Virgin Hearts has won,
 Than that of being own'd King *Prism's* Son.
 Whilst me a harmless Neighb'ring Cottager
 You saw, and did above the rest prefer.
 You saw! and at first sight you lov'd me too,
 Nor cou'd I hide the Wounds receiv'd from you.
 Me all the Village Herdsmen strove to gain,
 For me the Shepherds sigh'd and su'd in vain,
 Thou hadst my Heart, and they my cold Disdain.
 Not all their Offerings, Garlands, and First-born
 Of their lov'd Ewes, cou'd bribe my native Scorn.
 My Love, like hidden Treasure long conceal'd,
 You'd only, where 'twas destin'd, be reveal'd.

E

And

And yet how long my Maiden Blushes strove
 Not to betray the easie new-born Love.
 But at thy sight the kindling Fire wou'd rise,
 And I, unskill'd, declare it at my Eyes.
 But oh the Joy! the mighty Ecstasie
 Possess't thy Soul at this Discovery!
 Speechless, and panting at my Feet you lay,
 And short-breath'd Sighs told what you could not say.
 A thousand times my Hand with Kisses prest,
 And look'd such Darts, as none cou'd e'er resist.
 Silent we gaz'd, and as my Eyes met thine,
 New Joy fill'd theirs, new Love and Shame fill'd mine!
 You saw the Fears my kind Disorder shows,
 And broke your Silence with a thousand Vows!
 Heav'ns, how you swore! by ev'ry Pow'r Divine!
 You wou'd be ever true, be ever mine!
 Each God, a sacred Witness you invoke,
 And wish'd their Curse, when e'er those Vows you broke.
 Quick to my Heart the perjur'd Accents ran,
 Which I took in, believ'd, and was undone.

Vows are Love's poison'd Arrows, and the Heart
 So wounded, rarely finds a Cure in Art.
 Atleast this Heart which Fate has destin'd yours,
 This Heart unpractis'd in Love's mystick Pow'rs;
 For I am soft, and young as *April* Flow'rs.

Now uncontrol'd we meet, uncheck'd improve
 Each happier Minute in new Joys of Love!
 Soft were our Hours! and lavishly the Day
 We gave intirely up to Love and Play.
 Oft to the cooling Groves our Flocks we led,
 And, seated on some shady flow'ry Bed,
 Watch'd the united Wantons as they fed,

And all the Day my list'ning Soul I hung
 Upon the charming Musick of thy Tongue,
 And never thought the blessed Hours too long.
 No Swain, no God like thee cou'd ever move,
 Or had so soft an Art in whispering Love:
 No wonder that thou art ally'd to *Jove*.
 And when you pip'd, or sung, or danc'd, or spoke,
 The God appear'd in ev'ry Grace, and Look.
 Pride of the Swains, and Glory of the Shades,
 The Grief, and Joy of all the Love-sick Maids.
 Thus whilst all Hearts you rul'd without Controul,
 I reign'd the abs'lute Monarch of your Soul.
 Each *Beech* my Name yet bears, carv'd out by thee,
Paris and his *OEnone* fill each Tree;
 And as they grow, the Letters larger spread,
 Grow still a Witness of my Wrongs when dead!

Close by a silent Silver Brook there grows
 A Poplar, under whose dear gloomy Boughs
 A thousand times we have exchange'd our Vows!
 Oh may'st thou grow! to an endless Date of Years!
 Who on thy Bark this fatal Record bears;
 When *Paris* to *OEnone* proves untrue,
 Back *Xanthus' Streams* shall to their Fountain flow.
 Turn! turn your Tide! back to your Fountains run!
 The perjur'd Swain from all his Faith is gone!
 Curst be that Day, may Fate point out the Hour,
 As Ominous in his black Kalendar;
 When *Venus*, *Pallas*, and the Wife of *Jove*
 Descended to thee in the Myrtle Grove,
 In shining Chariots drawn by winged Clouds;
 Naked they came, no Veil their Beauty shrouds;

But ev'ry Charm, and Grace expos'd to view,
 Left Heav'n to be survey'd and judg'd by you.
 To bribe thy Voice, *Juno* wou'd Crowns bestow;
Pallas more gracefully wou'd dress thy Brow
 With Wreaths of Wit; *Venus* propos'd the Choice
 Of all the fairest *Greeks*; and had thy Voice.
 Crowns, and more glorious Wreaths thou didst despise,
 And promis'd Beauty more than Empire prize!
 This when you told, Gods! what a killing Fear
 Did over all my shivering Limbs appear?
 And I presag'd some ominous Change was near!
 The Blushes left my Cheeks, from ev'ry Part
 The Blood ran swift to guard my fainting Heart,
 You in my Eyes the glimmering Light perceiv'd
 Of parting Life, and on my pale Lips breath'd
 Such Vows, as all my Terrors undeceiv'd.
 But soon the envying Gods disturb our Joy,
 Declare thee great! and all my Bliss destroy!

And now the Fleet is anchor'd in the Bay
 That must to *Troy* the glorious Youth convey.
 Heav'ns! how you look'd! and what a Godlike Grace
 At their first Homage beautify'd your Face!
 Yet this no Wonder or Amazement brought,
 You still a Monarch were in Soul and Thought!
 Nor cou'd I tell which most the Sight augments,
 Your Joys of Pow'r, or parting Discordants.
 You kist the Tears which down my Cheeks did glide,
 And mingled yours with the soft-falling Tide,
 And 'twixt your Sighs a thousand times you said,
Cease, my OEnone! cease, my charming Maid!
If Paris lives his Native Troy to see,
My lovely Nymph, thou shalt a Princess be:

But my prophetick Fear no Faith allows,
 My breaking Heart resisted all thy Vows.
Ab must we part! I cry'd; Those killing Words
No further Language to my Grief affords.
 Trembling I fell upon thy panting Breast,
 Which was with equal Love, and Grief oppress'd,
 Whilst Sighs and Looks, all dying, spoke the rest.
 About thy Neck my feeble Arms I cast,
 Not *Vines*, nor *Ivy* circle *Elms* so fast.
 To stay, what dear Excuses didst thou frame,
 And fancied Tempests when the Seas were calm!
 How oft the Winds contrary feign'd to be,
 When they, alas, were only so to me!
 How oft new Vows of lasting Faith you swore,
 And 'twixt your Kisses all the old run o'er.

But now the wisely Grave, who Love despise,
 (Themselves past Hope) do busily advise,
 Whisper Renown, and Glory in thy Ear,
 Language which Lovers fright, and Swains ne'er hear.
 For *Troy*, they cry, these Shepherds Weeds lay down!
 Change Crooks for Scepters! Garlands for a Crown!
 ' Be sure that Crown does far less easie sit
 ' Than Wreaths of Flow'rs, less innocent and sweet;
 ' Nor can thy Beds of State so grateful be,
 ' As those of Moss, and new-fall'n Leaves with me!

Now tow'rd's the *Beach* we go, and all the Way
 The Groves, the Fern, dark Woods, and Springs survey;
 That were so often conscious to the Rites
 Of sacred Love, in our dear stol'n Delights.
 With Eyes all languishing, each Place you view,
 And sighing, cry'd, *Adieu, dear Shades Adieu!*

Then 'twas thy Soul e'en doubted which to do,
 Refuse a Crown, or those dear Shades forgo!
 Glory and Love the great Dispute pursu'd!
 But the false Idol soon the God subdu'd.

And now on Board you go, and all the Sails
 Are loosen'd, to receive the flying Gales.
 Whilst I half dead on the forsaken Strand,
 Beheld thee fighting on the Deck to stand,
 Wasting a thousand Kisses from thy Hand.
 And whilst I cou'd the lessening Vessel see,
 I gaz'd, and sent a thousand Sighs to thee;
 And all the Sea-born *Nereids* implore
 Quick to return thee to our Rustick Shore.

Now like a Ghost I glide thro' ev'ry Grove,
 Silent, and sad as Death, about I rove,
 And visit all our Treasuries of Love!
 This Shade th' account of thousand Joys does hide,
 As many more this murmur'ing River's side,
 Where the dear Grass, as sacred, does retain
 The Print, where thee and I so oft have lain.
 Upon this Oak thy Pipe and Garlands plac'd,
 That *Sycamore* is with thy Sheep-hook grac'd.
 Here feed thy Flocks, once lov'd, tho' now thy scorn;
 Like me forsaken, and like me forlorn!

A Rock there is, from whence I cou'd survey
 From far the blueish Shore, and distant Sea,
 Whose hanging Top with Toil I climb each Day,
 With greedy View I run the Prospect o'er,
 To see what wish'd-for Ships approach our Shoar.
 One Day all hopeless on its Point I stood,
 And saw a Vessel bounding o'er the Flood,

And as it nearer drew, I could discern
 Rich Purple Sails, Silk Cords, and Golden Stern,
 Upon the Deck a Canopy was spread
 Of Antick Work in Gold and Silver made,
 Which, mix'd with Sun-beams, dazling Light display'd. }
 But oh! beneath this glorious Scene of State
 (Curst be the Sight) a fatal Beauty fate,
 And fondly you were on her Bosom lay'd,
 Whilst with your perjur'd Lips her Fingers play'd :
 Wantonly curl'd and dally'd with that Hair
 Of which, as sacred Charms, I Bracelets wear.

Oh! hadst thou seen me then in that mad State,
 So ruin'd, so design'd for Death and Fate,
 Fix'd on a Rock, whose horrid Precipice
 In hollow Murmurs wars with angry Seas,
 Whilst the bleak Winds aloft my Garments bear,
 Ruffling my careless and dishevel'd Hair, }
 I look'd like the sad Statue of Despair.
 With out-stretch'd Voice I cry'd, and all around
 The Rocks and Hills my dire Complaints resound.
 I rend my Garments, tear my flatt'ring Face,
 Whose false deluding Charms my Ruin was.
 Mad as the Seas in Storms, I breathe Despair,
 Or Winds let loose in unresisting Air,
 Raging and frantick through the Woods I fly,
 And *Paris!* lovely, faithless *Paris!* cry.
 But when the Echoes sound thy Name again,
 I change to new Variety of Pain.
 For that dear Name such Tenderness inspires,
 As turns all Passion to Love's softer Fires.
 With Tears I fall to kind Complaints again;
 So Tempests are allay'd by Show'rs of Rain.

Say, lovely Youth, why wouldst thou thus betray
 My easie Faith, and lead my Heart astray?
 I might some humble Shepherd's Choice have been,
 Had I that Tongue ne'er heard, those Eyes ne'er seen;
 And in some homely Cott, in low Repose,
 Liv'd undisturb'd with broken Vows and Oaths:
 All Day by shaded Springs my Flocks have kept,
 And in some honest Arms at Night have slept,
 Then unupbraided with my Wrongs thou'dst been
 Safe in the Joys of the fair *Grecian* Queen.
 What Stars do rule the Great? No sooner you
 Became a Prince, but you were perjur'd too:
 Are Crowns and Falshoods then consistent Things?
 And must they all be faithless who are Kings?
 The Gods be prais'd that I was humbly born,
 Even tho' it renders me my *Paris*' Scorn.
 And I had rather this way wretched prove,
 Than be a Queen, and faithless in my Love.
 Not my fair Rival wou'd I wish to be,
 To come prophan'd by others Joys to thee,
 A spotless Maid into thy Arms I brought,
 Untouch'd in Fame, ev'n Innocent in Thought.
 Whilst she with Love has treated many a Guest,
 And brings thee but the Leavings of a Feast:
 With *Theseus* from her Country made Escape,
 Whilst she miscall'd the willing Flight, a Rape:
 So now from *Atreus*' Son, with thee is fled;
 And still the Rape hides the Adult'rous Deed.
 And is it thus great Ladies keep intire
 That Virtue they so boast, and you admire?
 Is this a Trick of Courts? can Ravishment
 Serve for a poor Evasion of Consent?

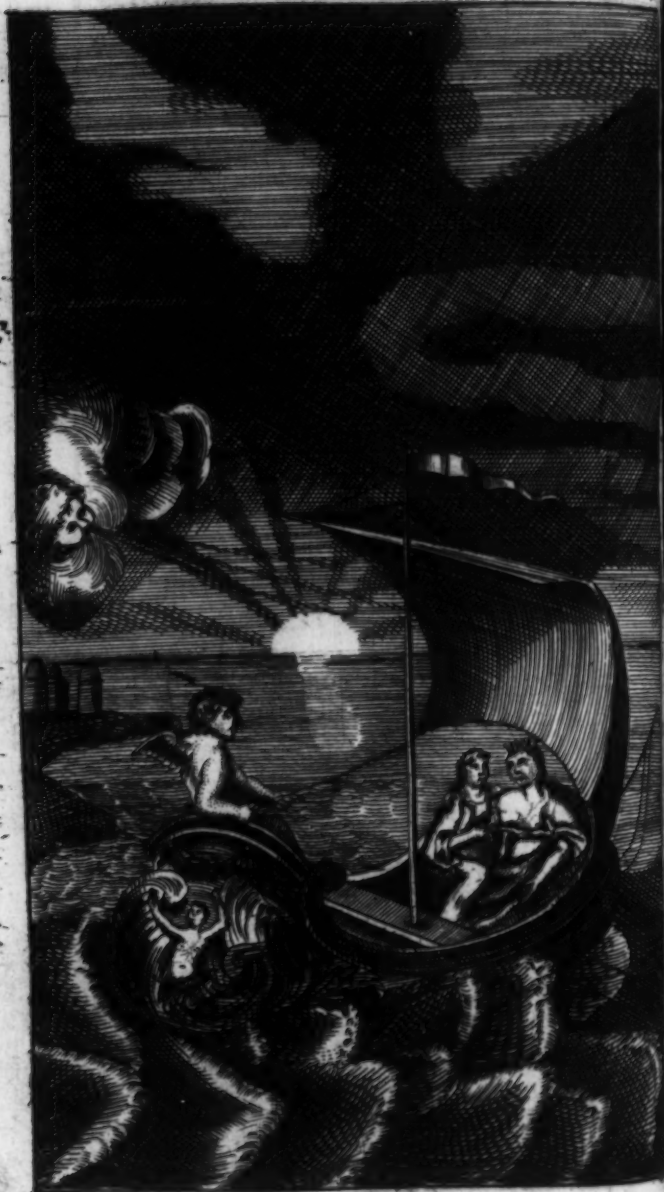
Hard shift to save that Honour priz'd so high,
 Whilst the mean Fraud's the greater Infamy.
 How much more happy are we rural Maids,
 Who know no other Palaces than Shades?
 Who want no Titles to inflave the Crowd,
 Lest they shou'd babble all our Crimes aloud.
 No Arts our Good to show, our Ills to hide,
 Nor know to cover Faults of Love with Pride.
 I lov'd, and all Love's Dictates did pursue,
 And never thought it cou'd be Sin with you.
 To Gods, and Men, I did my Love proclaim;
 For one soft Hour with thee my charming Swain,
 Wou'd Recompence an Age to come of Shame,
 Cou'd it as well but satisfie my Fame.
 But oh those tender Hours are fled and lost,
 And I no more of Fame, or thee can boast!
 'Twas thou wert Honour, Glory, all to me:
 'Till Swains had learn'd the Vice of Perjury,
 No yielding Maids were charg'd with Infamy:
 'Tis false and broken Vows make Love a Sin,
 Hadst thou been true, we innocent had been.
 But thou less Faith than *Autumn Leaves* dost show,
 Which ev'ry Blast bears from their native Bough.
 Less Weight, less Constancy, in thee is born
 Than in the slender mildew'd Ears of Corn.

Oft when you Garlands wove to deck my Hair,
 Where mystick Pinks and Dazies mingled were,
 You swore 'twas fitter Diadems to bear:
 And when with eager Kisses prest my Hand,
 Have said, *How well a Scepter 'twou'd Command:*

And if I danc'd upon the flow'ry Green,
 With charming, wishing Eyes survey my Mien,
 And cry, The Gods design'd thee for a Queen!
 Why then for *Helen* dost thou me forsake?
 Can a poor empty Name such Difference make?
 Besides, if Love can be a Sin, thine's one,
 Since *Helen* does to *Menelaus* belong.
 Be Just, restore her back, she's none of thine,
 And, charming *Paris*, thou art only mine.
 'Tis no ambitious Flame that makes me sue
 To be again belov'd, and blest with you;
 No vain Desire of being ally'd t' a King;
 Love is the only Dowry I can bring,
 And tender Love is all I ask again.
 Whilst on her dang'rous Smiles fierce War must wait
 With Fire and Vengeance at your Palace Gate,
 Rouze your soft Slumbers with their rough Alarms,
 And rudely snatch you from her faithless Arms:
 Turn then, fair Fugitive, ere 'tis too late,
 Ere thy mistaken Love procures thy Fate;
 Ere a wrong'd Husband does thy Death design,
 And pierce that dear, that faithless Heart of thine.









PARIS to HELENA.

By Mr. RICHARD DUKE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Paris, having sail'd to Sparta for the obtaining of Helen, whom Venus had promised him as the Reward of his adjudging the Prize of Beauty to her, was nobly there entertain'd by Menelaus, Helen's Husband; but he being call'd away to Crete, to take Possession of what was left him by his Grandfather Atreus, commends his Guest to the Care of his Wife. In his Absence Paris courts her, and writes to her the following Epistle.

ALL Health, fair Nymph, thy Paris sends to thee,
 Tho' You, and only You, can give it me.
 Shall I then speak? or is it needless grown
 To tell a Passion that it self has shown?
 Does not my Love it self too open lay,
 And all I think in all I do betray?
 If not, oh! may it still in secret lie,
 'Till Time with our kind Wishes shall comply,
 'Till all our Joys may to us come sincere,
 Nor lose their Price by the allay of Fear,
 In vain I strive; who can that Fire conceal,
 Which do's it self by its own Light reveal?

But

But if you needs would hear my trembling Tongue.
Speak what my Actions have declar'd so long,
I love; you've there the Word that do's impart
The truest Message from my bleeding Heart.
Forgive me, Madam, that I thus confess
To you, my fair Physician, my Disease,
And with such Looks this suppliant Paper grace,
As best become the Beauties of that Face.
May that smooth Brow no angry Wrinkle wear,
But be your Looks as kind as they are fair.
Some Pleasure 'tis to think these Lines shall find
An Entertainment at your Hands so kind,
For this creates a Hope, that I too may,
Receiv'd by you, as happy be as they.
Ah! may that Hope be true! nor I complain
That *Venus* promis'd you to me in vain.
For know, lest you through Ignorance offend
The Gods, 'tis Heav'n that me does hither send.
None of the meanest of the Pow'r's Divine,
That first inspir'd, still favours my Design.
Great is the Prize I seek, I must confess,
But neither is my Due or Merit less:
Venus has promis'd she would you assign,
Fair as her self, to be for ever mine.
Guided by her, my *Troy* I left for thee,
Nor fear'd the Dangers of the faithless Sea.
She with a kind and an auspicious Gale
Drove the good Ship, and stretch'd out ev'ry Sail.
For she, who sprung out of the teeming Deep,
Still o'er the Main does her wide Empire keep.
Still may she keep it, and as she with ease
Allays the Wrath of the most angry Seas,

So may she give my stormy Mind some Rest,
 And calm the raging Tempest of my Breast,
 And bring home all my Sighs and all my Vows
 To their wish'd Harbour, and desir'd Repose.

Hither my Flames I brought, not found 'em here;
 I my whole Course by their kind Light did steer:
 For I by no Mistake or Storm was tost
 Against my Will upon this happy Coast.
 Nor as a Merchant did I plow the Main
 To venture Life, like sordid Fools, for Gain.
 No; may the Gods preserve my present Store,
 And only give me you to make it more.
 Nor to admire the Place came I so far;
 I have Towns richer than your Cities are.
 'Tis you I seek, to me from *Venus* due,
 You were my Wish, before your Charms I knew.
 Bright Images of you my Mind did draw,
 Long ere my Eyes the lovely Object saw,
 Nor wonder that with the swift-winged Dart,
 At such a Distance you could wound my Heart:
 So Fate ordain'd, and lest you fight with Fate,
 Hear and believe the Truth I shall relate.

Now in my Mother's Womb shut up I lay,
 Her fatal Burthen longing for the Day,
 When she in a mysterious Dream was told,
 Her teeming Womb a burning Torch did hold;
 Frighted she rises, and her Vision she
 To *Priam* tells, and to his Prophets he;
 They sing that I all *Troy* shou'd set on Fire:
 But sure Fate meant the Flames of my Desire.
 For fear of this among the Swains expos'd,
 My native Greatness every thing disclos'd.

Beauty.

Beauty, and Strength, and Courage join'd in one;
 Through all Disguise spoke me a Monarch's Son,
 A Place there is in *Ida's* thickest Grove
 With Oakes and Fir-trees shaded all above,
 The Grass here grows untoucht by bleating Flocks,
 Or Mountain Goat, or the laborious Ox.
 From hence *Troy's* Tow'rs, Magnificence and Pride,
 Leaning against an aged Oak, I spy'd.
 When straight methought I heard the trembling Ground
 With the strange Noise of trampling Feet resound.
 In the same Instant *Jove's* great Messenger,
 On all his Wings born through the yielding Air,
 Lighting before my wond'ring Eyes did stand,
 His Golden Rod shone in his sacred Hand:
 With him three charming Goddesses there came,
Juno and *Pallas*, and the *Cyprian* Dame.
 With an unusual Fear I stood amaz'd,
 'Till thus the God my sinking Courage rais'd;
Fear not; Thou art Jove's Substitute below,
The Prize of heav'nly Beauty to bestow;
Contending Goddesses appeal to you,
Decide their Strife; He spake, and up he flew.
 Then Bolder grown, I throw my Fears away,
 And ev'ry one with curious Eyes survey.
 Each of 'em merited the Victory,
 And I, their doubtful Judge, was griev'd to see,
 That one must have it, when deserv'd by Three.
 But yet that One there was which most prevail'd;
 And with more powerful Charms my Heart assail'd.
 Ah! would you know who thus my Breast could move?
 Who could it be but the fair Queen of Love?

 }
 With

With mighty Bribes they all for Conquest strive,
Juno will Empires, *Pallas* Valour give,
 Whilst I stand doubting which I should prefer,
 Empire's soft Ease, or glorious Toils of War;
 But *Venus* gently smil'd, and thus she spake,
They're dang'rous Gifts, O do not, do not take!
I'll make Thee Love's immortal Pleasures know,
And Joys that in full Tides for ever flow.
For, if you judge the Conquest to bemin,
Fair Leda's fairer Daughter shall be shine.
 She spake: And I gave her the Conquest due,
 Both to her Beauty, and her Gift of you.

Mean while (my angry Stars more gentle grown),
 I am acknowledg'd Royal *Priam's* Son,
 All the glad Court, all *Troy* does celebrate,
 With a new Festival my Change of Fate.
 And as I languish now, and die for thee,
 So did the Beauties of all *Troy* for me.
 You in full Pow'r over a Heart do reign,
 For which a thousand Virgins sigh'd in vain:
 Nor did Queens only fly to my Embrace,
 But Nymphs of Form Divine, and Heav'nly Race:
 I all their Loves with cold Disdain repress,
 Since Hopes of you first fir'd my longing Breast.
 Your charming Form all Day my Fancy drew,
 And when Night came, my Dreams were all of you.
 What Pleasures then must you your self impart,
 Whose Shadows only so surpris'd my Heart?
 And oh! how did I burn approaching nigh'r,
 That was so scorch'd by so remote a Fire!

For now no longer could my Hopes refrain
 From seeking their wish'd Object thro' the Main.

I fell the stately Pine, and ev'ry Tree
 That best was fit to cut the yielding Sea;
 Fetch'd from *Gargarian Hills*, tall Firs I cleave,
 And *Ida* naked to the Winds I leave,
 Stiff Oaks I bend, and solid Planks I form,
 And ev'ry Ship with well-knit Ribs I arm.
 To the tall Mast I Sails and Streamers join,
 And the gay Poops with painted Gods do shine.
 But on my Ship does only *Venus* stand
 With little *Cupid* smiling in her Hand,
 Guide of the Way she did her self command.
 My Fleet thus rigg'd, and all my Thoughts on thee,
 I long to plow the vast *Ægean Sea*;
 My anxious Parents my Desires withstand,
 And both with pious Tears my Stay command:
Cassandra too, with loose dishevel'd Hair,
 Just as our hasty Ships to sail prepare,
 Full of Prophetick Fury cries aloud,
Oh whither steers my Brother thro' the Flood?
Little, ah! little dost thou know or heed,
To what a raging Fire these Waters lead.
 True were her Fears, and in my Breast I feel
 The scorching Flames her Fury did foretel.
 Yet out I sail, and favour'd by the Wind,
 On your blest Shore my wish'd-for Haven find:
 Your Husband then, so Heav'n, kind Heav'n ordains,
 In his own House his Rival entertains.
 Shews me wha'e'er in *Sparta* does delight
 The curious Traveller's enquiring Sight:
 But I, who only long'd to gaze on you,
 Could taste no Pleasure in the idle Show.

But at thy Sight: oh! where wasthen my Heart!
 Out from my Breast it gave a sudden Start,
 Sprung forth and met half-way the fatal Dart.
 Such, or less charming, was the Queen of Love,
 When with her Rival Goddesses she strove.
 But Fairest, hadst thou come among the Three,
 Even she the Prize must have resign'd to Thee.
 Your Beauty is the only Theme of Fame,
 And all the World sounds with fair *Helen's* Name;
 Nor liveth there She whom Pride it self can raise
 To claim with you an equal Share of Praise:
 Do I speak false? rather Report does so,
 Detracting from you in a Praise too low.
 More here I find than that could ever tell,
 So much your Beauty does your Fame excel.
 Well then might *Thesus*, he who all Things knew,
 Think none was worthy of his Theft but you:
 I this bold Theft admire; but wonder more
 He ever would so dear a Prize restore:
 Ah! would these Hands have ever let you go?
 Or could I live, and be divorc'd from you?
 No; sooner I with Life it self could part,
 Than e'er see you torn from my bleeding Heart.
 But could I do as he, and give you back,
 Yet sure some Taste of Love I first would take,
 Would first in all your blooming Excellence
 And Virgin Sweets feast my luxurious Sense;
 Or if you would not let that Treasure go,
 Kisses at least you should, you would bestow,
 And let me smell the Flow'r as it did grow.
 Come then into my longing Arms, and try
 My lasting, fix'd, eternal Constancy,

Which

Which never 'till my fun'ral Pile shall waste;
 My present Fire shall mingle with my last.
 Scepters and Crowns for you I did disdain,
 With which great *Juno* tempted me in vain.
 And when bright *Pallas* did her Bribes prepare,
 One soft Embrace from you I did prefer
 To Courage, Strength, and all the Pomp of War.
 Nor shall I ever think my Choice was ill,
 My Judgment's settled, and approves it still.
 Do you but grant my Hopes may prove as true
 As they were plac'd above all Things but you.
 I am, as well as you, of Heav'nly Race,
 Nor will my Birth your mighty Line disgrace;
Pallas and *Jove* our noble Lineage head,
 And them a Race of God-like Kings succeed.
 All *Asia's* Scepters to my Father bow,
 And half the spacious East his Pow'r allow.
 There you shall see the Houses roof'd with Gold,
 And Temples glorious as the Gods they hold.
Troy you shall see, and Divine Walls admire,
 Built to the Consort of *Apollo's* Lyre.
 What need I the vast Flood of People tell,
 That over its wide Banks does almost swell?
 You shall gay Troops of *Phrygian* Matrons meet,
 And *Trojan* Wives shining in ev'ry Street.
 How often then will you your self confess
 The Emptiness and Poverty of *Greece*?
 How often will you say, one Palace there
 Contains more Wealth than do whole Cities here?
 I speak not this your *Sparta* to disgrace,
 For wheresoe'er your Life began its Race
 Must be to me the happiest, dearest Place.

Yet *Sparta's* poor; and you, that should be dress'd
In all the Riches of the shining East,
Should understand how ill that sordid Place
Suits with the Beauty of your Charming Face.
That Face with costly Dress and rich Attire
Should shine, and make the gazing World admire.
When you the Habit of my *Trojans* see,
What, think ye, must that of their Ladies be?
Oh! then be kind, fair *Spartan*, nor disdain
A *Trojan* in your Bed to entertain.
He was a *Trojan*, and of our great Line,
That to the Gods does mix Immortal Wine;
Tithonus too, whom to her rose Bed
The Goddess of the Morning blushing led;
So was *Anchises* of our *Trojan* Race,
Yet *Venus* self to his desir'd Embrace,
With all her Train of little Loves, did fly,
And in his Arms learn'd for a while to lye.
Nor do I think that *Menelaus* can,
Compar'd with me, appear the greater Man.
I'm sure my Father never made the Sun
With frighted Steeds from his dire Banquet run:
No Grand-father of mine is stain'd with Blood,
Or with his Crime names the *Myrtoan* Flood.
None of our Race does in the *Stygian* Lake
Snatch at those Apples he wants Pow'r to take.
But stay; since you with such a Husband join,
Your Father *Jove* is forc'd to grace his Line.
He (Gods!) a Wretch unworthy of those Charms,
Does all the Night lye melting in your Arms,
Does ev'ry Minute to new Joys improve,
And riots in the luscious Sweets of Love.

I but at Table one short View can gain,
And that too only to increase my Pain:
O may such Feasts my worst of Foes attend,
As often I at your spread Table find.
I loath my Food, when my tormented Eye
Sees his rude Hand in your soft Bosom lye.
I burst with Envy when I him behold
Your tender Limbs in his loose Robe infold.
When he your Lips with melting Kisses seal'd,
Before my Eyes I the large Goblet held.
When you with him in strict Embraces close,
My hated Meat to my dry'd Palate grows.
Oft have I sigh'd, then sigh'd again to see
That Sigh with scornful Smiles repaid by thee.
Oft I with Wine would quench my hot Desire
In vain; for so I added Fire to Fire.
Oft have I turn'd away my Head in vain,
You straight recall'd my longing Eyes again.
What shall I do? your Sports with Grief I see,
But it's a greater, not to look on Thee.
With all my Art I strive my Flames to hide,
But through the thin Disguise they are descry'd;
Too well, alas! my Wounds to you are known,
And O that they were so to you alone!
How oft turn I my weeping Eyes away,
Lest he the Cause should ask, and I betray?
What Tales of Love tell I, when warm'd with Wine?
To your dear Face applying ev'ry Line.
In borrow'd Names I my own Passion shew,
They the feign'd Lovers are, but I the true.
Sometimes more Freedom in Discourse to gain,
For my Excuse I Drunkenness would feign.

Once I remember your loose Garment fell,
And did your naked, swelling Breasts reveal,
Breasts white as Snow, or the false Down of *Jove*,
When to your Mother the kind *Swan* made Love:
Whilst with the Sight surpriz'd I gazing stand,
The Cup I held, dropt from my careless Hand.
It you your young *Hermione* but kifs,
Straight from her Lips I snatch the envy'd Bliss.
Sometimes supinely laid, Love-Songs I sing,
And waisted Kisses from my Fingers sling.
Your Women to my Aid I try to move
With all the pow'rful Rhetorick of Love,
But they, alas! speak nothing but Despair,
And in the midst leave me neglected Pray'r.
Oh! that by some great Prize you might be won,
And your Possession might the Victor crown:
As *Pelops* his *Hippodamia* won,
Then had you seen what I for you had done.
But now I've nothing left to do but pray,
And my self prostrate at your Feet to lay.
O thou, thy House's Glory, brighter far
Than thy Two shining Brothers friendly Star!
O worthy of the Bed of Heav'n's great King,
If ought so fair but from himself could spring!
Either with thee I back to *Troy* will fly,
Or here a wretched banish'd Lover dye.
With no slight Wound my tender Breast does smart,
My Bones and Marrow feel the piercing Dart;
I find my Sister true did prophesie,
I with a Heav'nly Dart should wounded dye;
Despise not then a Love by Heav'n design'd,
So may the Gods still to your Vows be kind.

Much

Much I could say, but what, will best be known
 In your Apartment, when we are alone.
 You blush, and with a superstitious Dread
 Fear to defile the Sacred Marriage Bed :
 Ah! *Helen*, can you then so simple be,
 To think such Beauty can from Faults be free?
 Or change that Face, or you must needs be kind ;
 Beauty and Virtue seldom have been join'd.
Jove and bright *Venus* do our Thefts approve;
 Such Thefts as these gave you your Father *Jove*.
 And if in you ought of your Parents last,
 Can *Jove* and *Leda's* Daughter well be chaste?
 Yet then be chaste when we to *Troy* shall go;
 (For she who sins with one alone, is so.)
 But let us now enjoy that pleasing Sin,
 Then Marry, and be Innocent again.
 Ev'n your own Husband doth the same persuade;
 Silent himself, yet all his Actions plead:
 For me they plead, and he, good Man, because
 He'll spoil no Sport, officiously withdraws.
 Had he no other Time to visit *Crete*?
 Oh! how prodigious is a Husband's Wit!
 He went, and as he went, he cry'd, My Dear,
 Instead of me, you of your Guest take care.
 But you forget your Lord's Command, I see,
 Nor take you any care of Love or me.
 And think you such a thing as he does know
 The Treasure that he holds, in holding you?
 No: did he understand but half your Charms,
 He durst not trust 'em in a Stranger's Arms.
 It neither his nor my Request can move,
 We're forc'd by Opportunity to Love;

We

We should be Fools, ev'n greater Fools than he,
Should so secure a Time unactive be.
Alone these tedious Winter's Nights you lye
In a cold Widow'd Bed, and so do I.

Let mutual Joys our willing Bodies join,
That happy Night shall the Mid-day out-shine;
Then will I swear by all the Pow'rs above,
And in their awful Presence seal my Love.
Then, if my Wishes may aspire so high,
I with our Flight shall win you to comply;
But if nice Honour little Scruples frame,
The Force I'll use shall vindicate your Fame.

Ot *Thesens* and your Brothers I can learn,
No Precedents so nearly you concern;
You *Thesens*, they *Lencippus'* Daughter stole,
I'll be the Fourth in the illustrious Roll.

Well mann'd, well arm'd, for you my Fleet does stay,
And waiting Winds murmur at our Delay.
Thro' *Troy's* throng'd Streets you shall in Triumph go,
Ador'd as some new Goddess here below.

Where-e'er you tread, Spices and Gums shall smoke,
And Victims fall beneath the fatal Stroke.

My Father, Mother, all the joyful Court,
All *Troy* to you with Presents shall resort.

Alas! 'tis nothing what I yet have said;
What there you'll find, shall what I write exceed.

Nor fear, lest War pursue our hasty Flight,
And angry *Greece* should all her Force unite.

What ravish'd Maid did ever Wars regain?
Vain the Attempt, and Fear of it as vain.

The

The *Thracians Orythia* stole from far,
 Yet *Thrace* ne'er heard the Noise of following War.
Jason too stole away the *Colchian* Maid,
 Yet *Colchos* did not *Thessaly* invade.
 He who stole you, stole *Ariadne* too,
 Yet *Minos* did not with all *Crete* pursue.
 Fear in these Cases than the Danger's more,
 And when the threat'ning Tempest once is o'er,
 Our Shame's then greater than our Fear before.
 But say from *Greece* a threatned War pursue,
 Know I have Strength and wounding Weapons too.
 In Men and Horse more numerous than *Greece*
 Our Empire is, not in its Compass less.
 Nor does your Husband *Paris* ought excel
 In Gen'rous Courage, or in Martial Skill.
 Ev'n but a Boy, from my slain Foes I gain'd
 My stollen Herd, and a new Name attain'd;
 Ev'n then o'ercome by me I cou'd produce
Deiphobus and great *Ilioneus*.
 Nor Hand to Hand more to be fear'd am I,
 Than when from far my certain Arrows fly.
 You for his Youth can no such Actions feign,
 Nor can he e'er my envy'd Skill attain.
 But could he, *Hector's* your Security,
 And he alone an Army is to me.
 You know me not, nor the hid Prowess find
 Of him that Heav'n has for your Bed design'd.
 Either no War from *Greece* shall follow thee,
 Or if it does, shall be repell'd by me.
 Nor think I fear to fight for such a Wife,
 That Prize would give the Coward's Courage life.

All After-Ages shall your Fame admire,
If you alone set the whole World on fire.
To Sea, to Sea, while all the Gods are kind,
And all I promise, you in Troy shall find,





HELEN to PARIS.

*By the Right Honourable the Earl of MULGRAVE,
and Mr. DRYDEN.*

THE ARGUMENT.

Helen, having receiv'd the foregoing Epistle from Paris, returns the following Answer : Wherein she seems at first to chide him for his Presumption in writing as he had done, which could only proceed from his low Opinion of her Virtue ; then owns her self to be sensible of the Passion, which he had express'd for her, tho' she much suspected his Constancy ; and at last discovers her Inclinations to be favourable to him. The whole Letter shewing the extream Artifice of Woman-kind.

WHEN loose Epistles violate chaste Eyes,
She half Consents, who silently Denies :
How dares a Stranger, with Designs so vain,
Marriage and Hospitable Rights prophane ?
Was it for this, your Fleet did shelter find
From swelling Seas, and ev'ry faithless Wind ?
(For tho' a distant Country brought you forth,
Your Usage here was equal to your Worth.)

Does this deserve to be rewarded so?
 Did you come here a Stranger, or a Foe?
 Your partial Judgment may perhaps complain,
 And think me barb'rous for my just Disdain;
 Ill-bred then let me be, but not unchaste,
 Nor my clear Fame with any Spot defac'd;
 Tho' in my Face there's no affected Frown;
 Nor in my Carriage a feign'd Niceness shown;
 I keep my Honour still without a Stain,
 Nor has my Love made any Coxcomb vain.
 Your Boldness I with Admiration see;
 What Hope had you to gain a Queen like me?
 Because a Hero forc'd me once away,
 Am I thought fit to be a second Prey?
 Had I been won, I had deserv'd your Blame;
 But sure my Part was nothing but the Shame:
 Yet the base Theft to him no Fruit did bear,
 I 'scap'd unhurt by any thing but Fear.
 Rude Force might some unwilling Kisses gain,
 But that was all he ever cou'd obtain.
 You on such Terms would ne'er have let me go;
 Were he like you, we had not parted so.
 Untouch'd the Youth restor'd me to my Friends,
 And modest Usage made me some amends,
 'Tis Virtue to repent a vicious Deed;
 Did he repent, that *Paris* might succeed?
 Sure 'tis some Fate that sets me above Wrongs,
 Yet still exposes me to busie Tongues,
 I'll not complain, for who's displeas'd with Love,
 If it sincere, discreet, and constant prove?
 But that I fear; not that I think you base,
 Or doubt the blooming Beauties of my Face;

But all your Sex is subject to deceive,
 And ours, alas, too willing to believe.
 Yet others yield: and Love o'ercomes the best:
 But why should I not shine above the rest?
 Fair *Leda's* Story seems at first to be
 A fit Example ready found for me;
 But she was Cozen'd by a borrow'd shape,
 And under harmless Feathers felt a Rape:
 If I should yield, what Reason could I use?
 By what Mistake the loving Crime excuse?
 Her Fault was in her powerful Lover lost,
 But of what *Jupiter* have I to boast?
 Tho' you to Hero's, and to Kings succeed,
 Our Famous Race dots no Addition need,
 And great Alliances but useless prove
 To one that's come herself from mighty *Jove*.
 Go then and boast in some less haughty Place
 Your *Phrygian* Blood, and *Priam's* ancient Race,
 Which I would shew I valu'd, if I durst;
 You are the fifth from *Jove*, but I the first.
 The Crown of *Troy* is powerful I confess,
 But I have Reason to think ours no less.
 Your Letter fill'd with Promises of all
 That Men can good, and Women pleasant call;
 Gives Expectation such an ample Field,
 As would move Goddesses themselves to yield.
 But if I e'er offend great *Juno's* Laws,
 Your self shall be the dear the only Cause;
 Either my Honour I'll to Death maintain,
 Or follow you without mean Thoughts of Gain,
 Not that so fair a Present I despise;
 We like the Gift, when we the Giver prize.

But 'tis your Love moves me, which made you take
Such Pains, and run such Hazards for my sake.
I have perceiv'd (tho' I dissembled too)
A thousand Things that Love has made you do:
Your eager Eyes would almost dazle mine,
In which (wild Man) your wanton Thoughts wou'd shine.
Sometimes you'd sigh, sometimes disorder'd stand,
And with unusual Ardor preſs my Hand;
Contrive juſt after me to take the Glaſs,
Nor would you let the leaſt Occaſion paſs,
When oft I fear'd, I did not mind alone,
And bluſhing ſate for Things which you have done:
Then murmur'd to my ſelf, He'll for my ſake
Do any Thing; I hope 'twas no miſtake.
Oft have I read within this pleaſing Grove,
Under my Name, thoſe charming Words *I Love*.
I frowning, ſee m'd not to believe your Flame,
But now, alaſs, am come to write the ſame.
If I were capable to do amiſs,
I could not but be ſenſible of this.
For oh! your Face has ſuch peculiar Charms,
That who can hold from flying to your Arms!
But what I ne'er can have without Offence,
May ſome bleſt Maid poſſeſs with Innocence.
Pleaſure may tempt, but Virtue more ſhould move;
O learn of me to want the Thing you Love.
What you deſire is ſought by all Mankind:
As you have Eyes, ſo others are not blind.
Like you they ſee, like you my Charms adore,
They wiſh not leſs, but you dare venture more.
Oh! had you then upon our Coaſts been brought,
My Virgin Love when thouſand Rivals ſought,

You had I seen, you should have had my Voice;
Nor cou'd my Husband justly blame my Choice.
For both our Hopes, alas! you come too late;
Another now is Master of my Fate.
More to my Wish I cou'd have liv'd with you,
And yet my present Lot can undergo.
Cease to solicit a weak Woman's Will,
And urge not her you Love, to so much Ill.
But let me live contented as I may,
And make not my unspotted Fame your Prey.
Some Right you claim, since naked to your Eyes
Three Goddesses disputed Beauty's Prize.
One, offer'd Valour, t'other Crowns, but she
Obtain'd her Cause, who smiling promis'd me.
But first I am not of Belief so light,
To think such Nymphs wou'd shew you such a Sight.
Yet granting this, the other Part is feign'd;
A Bribe so mean, your Sentence had not gain'd.
With partial Eyes I shou'd my self regard,
To think that *Venus* made me her Reward:
I humbly am content with human Praise;
A Goddess's Applause wou'd Envy raise:
But be it as you say, for 'tis confess'd,
The Men, who flatter highest, please us best,
That I suspect it, ought not to displease;
For Miracles are not believ'd with ease.
One Joy I have, that I had *Venus*' Voice;
A greater yet, that you confirm'd her Choice;
That proffer'd Laurels, promis'd Sov'reignty,
Juno and *Pallas* you condemn'd for me.
Am I your Empire then, and your Renown?
What Heart of Rock, but must by this be won?

And.

And yet bear Witness, O you Pow'rs above,
 How rude I am in all the Arts of Love!
 My Hand is yet untaught to write to Men:
 This is th' Essay of my unpractis'd Pen:
 Happy those Nymphs, whom Use has perfect made;
 I think all Crime, and tremble at a Shade.
 Ev'n while I write, my fearful conscious Eyes
 Look often back, misdoubting a Surprise.
 For now the Rumour spreads among the Croud,
 At Court in Whispers, but in Town aloud
 Dissemble you, whate'er you hear 'em say:
 To leave off Loving were your better Way,
 Yet, if you will dissemble it, you may.
 Love secretly: the Absence of my Lord
 More Freedom gives, but does not all afford:
 Long is his Journey, long will be his Stay,
 Call'd by Affairs of Consequence away.
 To go or not, when unresolv'd he stood,
 I bid him make what swift Return he cou'd:
 Then kissing me, he said, I recommend
 All to thy Care, but most my *Trojan* Friends:
 I smil'd at what he innocently said,
 And only answer'd, You shall be obey'd.
 Propitious Winds have born him far from hence;
 But let not this secure your Confidence.
 Absent he is, yet absent he commands:
 You know the Proverb, *Princes have long Hands*.
 My Fame's my Burthen; for the more I prais'd,
 A juster Ground of Jealousie is rais'd.
 Were I less fair, I might have been more blest:
 Great Beauty through great Danger is possest.

To leave me here his Venture was not hard,
 Because he thought my Virtue was my Guard.
 He fear'd my Face, but trusted to my Life,
 The Beauty doubted, but believ'd the Wife.
 You bid me use th' Occasion while I can,
 Put in our Hands by the good easie Man.
 I wou'd, and yet I doubt, 'twixt Love and Fear,
 One draws me from you, and one brings me near.
 Our Flames are mutual, and my Husband's gone:
 The Nights are long; I fear to lye alone.
 One House contains us, and weak Walls divide,
 And you're too pressing to be long deny'd:
 Let me not live, but ev'ry Thing conspires
 To join our Loves, and yet my Fear retires.
 You court with Words, when you shou'd Force imploy:
 A Rape is requisite to shame-fac'd Joy.
 Indulgent to the Wrongs which we receive,
 Our Sex can suffer what we dare not give.
 What have I said! for both of us 'twere best,
 Our kindling Fire if each of us suppress.
 The Faith of Strangers is too prone to change,
 And, like themselves, their wand'ring Passions range.
Hyppisile, and the fond *Mimonian* Maid,
 Were both by trusting of their Guests betray'd.
 How can I doubt that other Men deceive,
 When you your self did fair *OEnone* leave?
 But lest I shou'd upbraid your Treachery,
 You make a Merit of that Crime to me.
 Yet grant you were to faithful Love inclin'd,
 Your weary *Trojans* wait but for a Wind.
 Should you prevail; while I assign the Night,
 Your Sails are hoisted, and you take your Flight:

Some

Some bawling Mariner our Love destroys,
 And breaks asunder our unfinish'd Joys.
 But I with you may leave the *Spartan* Port,
 To view the *Trojan* Wealth and *Priam's* Court.
 Shown while I see, I shall expose my Fame;
 And fill a foreign Country with my Shame.
 In *Asia* what Reception shall I find?
 And what Dishonour leave in *Greece* behind?
 What will your Brothers, *Priam*, *Hecuba*,
 And what will all your modest Matrons say?
 Ev'n you, when on this Action you reflect,
 My future Conduct justly may suspect:
 And whate'er Stranger lands upon your Coast,
 Conclude me! by your own Example, lost.
 I from your Rage a Strumpet's Name shall hear,
 While you forget what Part in it you bear.
 You, my Crime's Author, will my Crime upbraid:
 Deep under Ground Oh let me first be laid!
 You boast the Pomp and Plenty of your Land;
 And promise all shall be at my Command:
 Your *Trojan* Wealth, believe me, I despise;
 My own poor Native Land has dearer Ties.
 Shou'd I be injur'd on your *Phrygian* Shore,
 What help of Kindred cou'd I there implore?
Medea was by *Jason's* Flatt'ry won:
 I may, like her, believe, and be undone.
 Plain honest Hearts, like mine, suspect no Cheat,
 And Love contributes to its own Deceit.
 The Ships, about whose Sides loud Tempests roar,
 With gentle Winds were wafted from the Shoar:
 Your teeming Mother dreamt a flaming Brand
 Sprung from her Womb consum'd the *Trojan* Land.

To second this, old Prophecies conspire,
 That *Ilium* shall be burnt with *Grecian* Fire:
 Both give me Fear, nor is it much allay'd,
 That *Venus* is oblig'd our Loves to aid.
 For they who lost their Cause, Revenge will take;
 And for one Friend two Enemies you make.
 Nor can I doubt, but shou'd I follow you;
 The Sword would soon our fatal Crime pursue:
 A Wrong so great my Husband's Rage would rouse,
 And my Relations would his Cause espouse.
 You boast your Strength and Courage, but, alas!
 Your Words receive small Credit from your Face.
 Let Heroes in the dusty Field delight,
 Those Limbs were fashion'd for another Fight.
 Bid *Hector* sally from the Walls of *Troy*,
 A sweeter Quarrel should your Arms employ.
 Yet Fears like these shou'd not my Mind perplex,
 Were I as Wise as many of my Sex.
 But Time and you may bolder Thoughts inspire;
 And I perhaps may yield to your Desire.
 You last demand a private Conference,
 These are your Words, but I can guess your Sense.
 Your unripe Hopes their Harvest must attend:
 Be rul'd by me, and Time may be your Friend.
 This is enough to let you understand,
 For now my Pen has tir'd my tender Hand;
 My Woman knows the Secret of my Heart,
 And may hereafter better News impart.





PENELOPE to ULYSSES.

By Mr. RHYMER.

The ARGUMENT.

The Rape of Helen having carry'd all the Grecian Princes to the Siege of Troy; Ulysses, among the rest, there signaliz'd his Manhood and Prudence particularly. But the Siege being at an end, and he not returning with the other Captains, Penelope sends this Letter in quest of him. She had render'd herself as deservedly famous on her part by resisting all the while the Importunity of her Suitors with an unusual Constancy and Fidelity. She complains to Ulysses of their Carriage, she likewise tells him her Apprehensions and Fears for him during the War and since; acquaints him with the ill Posture of his Family through his Absence; and desires him to hasten Home as the only means to set all right again.

TO Your Penelope at length break home;
 Send no Excuse, nor stay to write, but come:
 Our Trouble long, Troy does not hold you now;
 Nor twenty Troy's were worth all this ado.
 Wou'd some just Storm and raging Sea had drown'd
 The Ruffian, when for Lacedæmon bound;
 I should not then of tedious Days complain;
 Nor cold a-nights, and comfortless have lain;
 Nor should this Pains to pass the Ev'nings take;
 And work, and weave, ev'n till my Fingersake.

I al'ways fear'd worse Dangers than the true,
 (As always Love unquiet Fears pursue)
 Fancy'd thee by fierce *Trojans* compass'd round,
 And *Hector's* Name still struck me to the Ground.
 When told of *Nestor's* Son, by *Hector* slain,
 Streight *Nestor's* Son rais'd all my Fears again.
 When for his Sham how dear *Patroclus* paid:
 I wept to find that Wit no better sped.
Tlepolemus by *Trojan* Jav'lin kill'd,
 Through all my Veins an icy Terror thrill'd:
 Whatever *Greeks* miscarry'd in the Fray,
 I fainted, 'and fell (well nigh) dead as they.
 Heav'n for chaste Love has better Fate in store,
 My Husband lives, and *Troy* is now no more.
 Our Captains well return'd, each Altar flames,
 And Temples all Barbarian Booty crams;
 For their safe Loves the Women Off rings bring,
 And *Trojan* Fates by ours defeated sing.
 All stand amaz'd to hear both old and young,
 And list'ning Wives upon their Husbands hung.
 Some on the Table draw each bloody Fight,
 And spilling Wine the whole sad *Iliad* write.
 This *Simois*, that the *Sigeon* Land,
 And there did *Priam's* lofty Palace stand,
 Here skulk'd *Ulysses*, there *Achilles* dar'd,
 There *Hector* torn, the foaming Horses scar'd.
 All did old *Nestor* to your Son explain,
 To seek you sent; who told me all again.
 Your Sword how *Dolon*, no, nor *Rhesus* 'scap'd,
 Banter'd the one, this taken as he napp'd.
 Fool-hardy you, and us remembering ill,
 Nightly amidst these *Thracian* Tents to steal,

There Numbers slay, one only aiding thee.
 Thou hast been wise, and would'st have thought on me.
 Still pant I; told, how all in Triumph brave,
 Round your Friends Camp those *Thracian* Steeds you drive;
 But what avails it me that *Troy* did yield,
 And by your Prowess now the Town's a Field?
 As when *Troy* stood, I still remain alone;
 Th' Effect continues, tho' the Cause is gone:
 To others sack'd, to only me upheld,
 Ev'n whilst it lies by *Greek* Abiders till'd.
 For *Priam's* Tow'rs, now lofty Corn appears,
 And *Phrygian* Blood a pond'rous Harvest rears.
 No House remains, nought of a *Trojan* found,
 Unless you dig their Bones from under Ground.
 Where art thou, Conqueror? what detains thee now?
 Or may not I your new Atchievements know!
 Whatever Skipper hither comes ashore,
 For thee I ask, and ask him o'er and o'er;
 Nor parts he, 'till I scribble half a Sheet,
 To give thee, should ye ever chance to meet.
 We sent to *Pylus*, *Nestor's* sancient Seat,
 From *Pylus* we no certain Tidings get:
 To *Sparta* sent, the *Spartans* nothing know,
 What Course you steer, nor where you wander now.
 Wou'd those same God-built Walls were standing still,
 (Now I Repent that e'er I wish'd 'em ill)
 Then where thou fought'st, I surely should have learn'd,
 Nor, save for War, the common Grievance, mourn'd.
 Now, what I know not, all I madly fear,
 And a wild Field lies open to my Care.
 By Sea, or Land whatever Dangers sway,
 Those I suspect the Causes of your Stay.

While

Whilst thus I simply muse who knows your Mind?
 Perhaps abroad some other Love you find:
 Perhaps to her your dowdy Wife define;
 Who knows no more, so that her Cup-board shine.
 No; vanish jealous Thoughts, not fright me more,
 He wou'd be with me, were it in his Pow'r.
 My Sire would force me from my Widow's Bed,
 Blames my Delay, and chides and shakes his Head.
 Let him chide on, yours still, yours only, I,
Penelope, *Ulysses'* Wife will die.
 Yet by my chaste Desires, and Virtue bent,
 His Temper does a little now-Relent.
 From *Crete* and *Samos*, *Rhodes* and *Zant* set out;
 To Court me come a wild unruly Rout;
 Who revel in your House without controul,
 And eat, and waste your Means, our Blood and Soul.
 Of *Medon*, *Polybus*, *Pisander*, fell
Eurymachus, alas, why should I tell?
 With many more (you sadly out o' th' way)
 Feed here, and on your Substance let 'em prey.
 The Beggar *Irus*, and that Goat-herd Clown,
Melanchius, range and rummage up and down.
 So kept your House, such stout Defenders we,
 A helpless Wife, old Man, and little Boy;
 Whom late by Treach'ry we had well nigh lost,
 'Gainst all our Minds as he to *Pylos* coast:
 But Heav'n's preserve him 'till he die in Course,
 Having first clos'd mine Eyes, and also yours.
 Thus the old Nurse, the *Hind*, and *Hogherd* pray;
 True Servants all, and faithful in their Way.
 Disarm'd by Age, *Laertes* is not fit
 Amidst these Bullies to maintain your Right.

PENELOPE to ULYSSES.

III

Age, if he lives, *Telemachus* may bring
To Strength, but yet he needs his Father's Wing,
I, what am I? Alas my Help is small?
Come you, the Strength and Safety of us all,
So may your Son in virtuous Arts increase,
So may the Old *Laertes* die in Peace;
Who in my Bloom did at your Parting mourn,
I wither'd grow, in waiting your Return.



PENELOPE

PENELOPE to ULYSSES.

By the Honourable Mrs. WHARTON.

Penelope this slow Epistle sends
To him on whom her future Hope depends;
'Tis your Penelope, distress'd, forlorn,
Who asks no Answer, but your quick Return:
Priam and *Troy*, the *Grecian* Dames just Hate,
Have long ere this, 'tis known, receiv'd their Fate,
For which thy Absence pays too dear a Rate.

O ere my Hopes and Joys had found their Graves,
Why did not *Paris* perish by the Waves?
I should not then pass tedious Nights alone,
Courting with fervent Breath the rising Sun;
But all in vain, for Day is Night to me:
Nor Day nor Night brings Comfort, only thee:
My tender Hands with weaving would not tire,
Nor my soft Thoughts with unobtain'd Desire.

Still did my Mind new fearful Forms present
To kill my Hopes, and raise my Discontent.
Love, jealous Love, has more than Eagles Eyes
To spy out Sorrows, but o'er-look our Joys;
It fancy'd furious *Trojans* still were nigh
To slay my Lord, and all my Hopes destroy.
As there the Arms of *Hector* still prevail,
Here at his very Name my Cheeks grew pale;
When told *Antilochus* by him was slain,
My Hopes decay'd, my Fears reviv'd again.
I wept when young *Patroclus* was o'erthrown,
To find how weak the Arts of Wit were grown.

The

The Deeds of fierce *Hepolemus* alarm'd
My tender Soul, and all my Spirits charm'd.
Each fatal Scene Grief of my Heart did show,
Whate'er they felt, I suffer'd here for you.
But virtuous Love propitious Heav'n befriends,
My Husband's safe, on whom my Life depends;
Troy is o'erthrown, and all our Sorrow ends.
The *Grecians* Triumph, they at large declare
The Fall of *Ilium*, and the Foes Despair.
Old Men and tender Maids with Pleasure hear
The fatal End of all their Grievs and Fear.
The joyful Wife from soft Embraces now
Will hardly time to hear these Tales allow,
Forgets long Absence, and renews her Vow.

Some on the Tables their feign'd Combats draw,
With sparing Bowls the Victor speaks his Joy,
And with spilt Wine describes the famous *Troy*;
Here, says he, *Priam's* Palace did appear,
The far-fam'd River *Simois* glided here;
Here 'twas *Achilles* fought, *Ulysses* too;
At that to guard my Heart my Spirits flew:
Achilles' mighty Name pass'd careless by,
But at this Name *Penelope* could dye.
One shows the Place where mangled *Hector* lay,
To fierce *Achilles'* Fury made a Prey,
Describes the Horses which his Body drew,
Taught by an Instinct they before ne'er knew,
To fear the Man, who could no more pursue.
Breathless on Earth was laid the Soul of *Troy*,
The Army's Triumph, and the City's Joy.

This *Nestor* told your Son, whom my fond haste
Sent to enquire of Dangers which were past.

He

He told how *Refus* was with *Dolon* slain;
 These tedious Tales did but augment my Pain,
 I listen'd still to hear of you again.

How truly Valiant were you, tho' Unkind?
 You little thought of what you left behind,
 When in the Night you ventur'd to invade
 The *Thracian* Camp, my Soul was fill'd with dread.
 Assisted but by one their Strength you prove,
 Too strong your Courage, but too weak your Love.

But what remains to me for Conquests past,
 If, like that City, still my Hopes lye waste?
 Your Presence would my springing Joy renew;
 Would *Troy* were glorious still, so I had you.

Others I see their Victories enjoy,
 Driving along the fatted Spoils of *Troy*:
 Th' unhappy Beasts compell'd turn Rebels now,
 And where their Captive Masters mourn, must Plough.
 Where barren Walls were once, now fruitful Fields
 Expect the Sickle, and glad Harvest yield.
 Still they insult upon the conquer'd Foes,
 Raising their bury'd Limbs with crooked Ploughs;
 Ev'n Death to them is not the End of Woes.
 Grass grows, where once the Tower's erected high
 Of stately *Ilium* durst out-face the Sky.
 But why do I glad Victories relate?

I have no Conquest, but the Conquer'd's Fate.
 Thou, mighty Victor, from my Arms art fled,
 Despair here triumphs, and my Comfort's dead;
 Thy Image still I find within my Heart,
 But if thou stay'st, with that and Life I part.

Whatever Stranger lands upon our Shore,
 Thither I run, wing'd Hope flies on before,

Ask, Where is my Lord? Will he return?
 Is he in Health? Or must I ever mourn?
 Then to his Hands a Letter strait I give,
 And cry, Give this to him in whom I live.
 But if no quick Reply the Stranger makes,
 The springing Blood my trembling Cheeks forsakes.
 I fear your Death, and more I fear your Scorn,
 I think *Penelope* is now forlorn,
Ulysses false, and all his Vows forsworn.
 I sent to *Pylos* to enquire for thee,
 But found thee there a Stranger as to me;
 To *Sparta*, but could there no Tydings hear:
 Where art thou, my *Ulysses*, tell me where?
 Where dost thou hide thy self t'encrease my Fear?
 None of thy Victories to me return,
Apollo's City's vanquish'd, yet I mourn:
 Ah! would it stood, that Scene of Pomp and Pride,
 Then I should know where all my Hopes reside:
 But now, alas! I know not where thou art,
 My Vows are turn'd, and help to break my Heart.
 What may be, tho' 'tis not, augments my Care,
 I know not where to limit now my Fear;
 My Sorrows wander in so large a Field,
 I fear all Dangers Sea and Earth can yield.
 Forgive me, dear *Ulysses*, it sometimes
 My eager Love dares tax thy Heart of Crimes.
 I sometime think some crafty Stranger may
 Have made thy absent wandering Heart a Prey;
 Where to make sure the Vows to her are sworn,
Penelope each day is made a Scorn.
 Thou tell'st her, the weak Distaff is my Care,
 I know no Art the Conqu'ror to ensnare;

The

The homely Duties of a Wife I prove,
 But never knew to fix a wandring Love.
 When thus I think, I'm fill'd with deep Despairs,
 Then strait I rave, and chide away those Fears;
 I think thou'rt true, and were it in thy Pow'r
Ulysses were *Penelope's* this Hour.

My Father adds to my insulting Fate,
 Bidding me quit those Robes and widow'd State;
 And laughs to hear me feign some weak Excuse,
 Rather than all my Vows and Hopes abuse:
 But let him laugh, I'm thine and only thine,
 Tho' much I fear *Ulysses* is not mine;
 My fix'd Resolves at length have conquer'd him,
 He thinks I may be true without a Crime.

Slaves I have many, who affect to move,
 But vainly tempt my fix'd and constant Love:
 Vain, youthful, gay, endu'd with all those Arts
 Which captive and secure less faithful Hearts;
 They Lord it here o'er all, now thou'rt away,
 Thy Wealth is theirs, who bless thy kind Delay.
 All but thy Wife to them is made a Prey.
 Why should I reckon up each hated Name,
 Hateful to me, and cruel to thy Fame?
Pylander, *Polypus*, and *Medon* here
 Are fierce thro' Pow'r, I feeble thro' Despair.
 Why should I name the sly *Eurymachus*,
 The curs'd and covetous *Alcinous*?
Ulysses, these and more to thy Disgrace
 Live on thy Riches, while thy Herds decrease;
 The mean *Melanthus* and poor *Irus* too
 Are ever in the way t'assist the Crew,
 Whose careless Riots all my Hopes undo:

Alone upon thy Succour we depend,
 Weare but Three, and weakly we defend;
 I am a Woman, and *Laertes* old,
Telemachus too young, the Foe too bold;
Telemachus nigh lost the other Day,
 For he for *Pylas* had prepar'd his way
 Against my Will, who ne'er could have design'd
 Parting with th' only Pledge you left behind.
 O may he live, that when I'm freed by Death,
Ulysses' Soul may in his Bosom breath.
 The little Family you left behind
 Thus pray for him, whom all the Gods design'd
 Heir to thy Wealth, and to thy richer Mind.
Laertes' mongst his Foes is old and weak,
 His Pow'r decays, in vain his Help I seek.
 Your Son may live, the Foe may grow less strong,
 As yet they're pow'rful, and their Hopes are young.
 Return, my wandring Lord, the only Scope,
 Of all our Pray'rs, the End of all our Hope;
 Return, and teach your Son, like you, to know
 The Arts to govern, and subdue a Foe;
 Instruct his tender Years for Learning fit,
 His Blood is thine, and thine may be his Wit;
 Return, and blest *Laertes*, ere he dies,
 With thy dear Sight, then close his willing Eyes;
 Return, and blest thy Wife, whose Youth decays
 With shedding Tears at thy unkind Delays,
 Return, Life of our Hopes, Light of our Days.





HYPsipYLE to JASON.

By Mr. SETTLE.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Desire of gaining the Golden Fleece, put Jason upon a Voyage to Colchos. In his Passage, he stopp'd at the Island of Lemnos, of which Place Hypsipyle was then Queen, fam'd for her Pious saving of her Father Thoas, in a general Massacre of the Men there by the Women of that Country. Her Entertainment of Jason was so kind, as induc'd him to stay there two years, at the End of which he left the Island, and the Queen, (then big with Child;) and after a thousand Vows of Constancy, and a speedy Return, pursues his first intended Voyage, and arrives at Colchos, where Æta was King. Medea his Daughter falls in Love with Jason, and by her Charms he gain'd the Golden Fleece; with which, and Medea, he sail'd home to Thessaly. Hypsipyle, hearing of his Landing with her more happy Rival Medea, writes him this Epistle.

L Aden, they say, with Jason's Golden Prize,
Proud Argo in Thessalia's Harbour lies.

I would Congratulate your safe Return;
But from your Pen I should that Safety learn.
When from my slighted Coast you bore away,
Spight of the Winds, you show'd less Faith than They.
If 'twas too much t'enjoy my dearest Lord,
Sure I deserv'd one Line, one tender Word.
Why did Fame first, and not their Conqu'ror, show,
How War's fierce God saw his tam'd Bulls at Plow.

How



Handwritten notes in a cursive script, possibly a library or collection stamp, located below the engraving. The text is difficult to decipher but appears to include the words "BIBLIOTHECA" and "MUSEUM".

Othysipyle



How th' Earth-born Warriors rose, and how they fell
By their own Swords, without your conqu'ring Steel.
How in your Charms the fetter'd Dragon lay,
Whilst your bold Hand bore the curl'd Gold away.
When doubtful Tongues shall *Jason's* Wonders tell,
Would I could say, See here's my Oracle.
But tho' unkind Love's Silence I deplore,
Your Heart still mine, I would desire no more.
But ah, that Hope is vain;—a Witch destroys
My fancy'd Pleasures, and my promis'd Joys.
Would I could say (but oh, Love's Fear's too strong!)
Would I could say, I guiltless *Jason* wrong.
Lately a Guest came from th' *Hemonian* Land:
My Door scarce reach'd, with Transport I demand
How fares my *Jason*? His sad Look he bore,
Fixt with an ominous Silence on the Floor.
My Robes I tore, and thus, with Horror, cry'd,
Lives he? or with one Wound both Hearts must bleed?
He lives, said he; to which I made him swear:
He swore by Heav'n, yet I retain'd my Fear.
My Sense return'd to ask your Deeds; he said,
That the yok'd Bulls of *Mars* in Chains you led:
The Snakes own Teeth a Crop of *Hercules* bore,
Whilst a rough native Case their Limbs buskt o'er:
And by their own Intestine Fury slain;
One Day's short Age compleats their active Reign.
Again I ask, Do's my dear *Jason* live?
Such Ebbs and Flows Love's Fears and Hopes do give;
He fatally proceeds, and with much Art
Would hide, yet shews the Falseness of your Heart.
Ah, where's your Nuptial Faith, that flatt'ring Stile,
Love's Torch, more fit to light my Fun'ral Pile?

I have no lawless Plea to *Jason's* Love;
Juno and *Hymen* our just Chaplets wove:
 Ah no! not these mild Gods: *Erinny's* Hand,
 At our curst Rites, held her infernal Brand.
 Why to my *Lemnos* did your Vessel steer?
 Or why, fond Fool, did I admit you here?
 Here no bright Ram with golden Glory shone,
 Nor was my *Lemnos* the *Ætean* Throne.
 At first——(but Fate's all faint Resolves withstand)
 I thought t'expel you with a female Hand,
 The *Lemnian* Ladies are in Arms well skill'd:
 Their Guard has been my Life's securest Shield.
 But in my City, Roof, my Soul receiv'd,
 For two blest Years my darling *Jason* liv'd.
 Forc'd the third Summer to a sad Farewel,
 Mixt with his Tears these parting Accents fell,
 Do not at our divided Fates repine,
 Thine I depart, to return ever Thine.
 May our yet unborn Pledgeline long, to prove
 The Object of its Rival Parents Love.
 'Twixt Sighs and Tears, thro' those false Gales did pour
 These falser Show'rs, till Grief could speak no more.
 You were the last the fatal *Argo* reach'd,
 Whose swelling Sails th' o'erhasty Winds had stretch'd.
 The furrowing Keel the Sea's green Surface plow'd:
 You to the Shore, to th' Seas I gazing bow'd.
 In haste I ran to an adjacent Tow'r:
 My Tears o'er all my Face and Bosom show'r.
 There my wet Eyes my wasted Soul pursue,
 And ev'n beyond their natural Opticks flew.
 A thousand Vows for your Return I made;
 You are return'd, and they should now be paid.

My Vows for curs'd *Medea's* Triumphs pay!
 My Heart to Grief, my Love to Rage gives way.
 Shall I deck Temples, and make Altars shine,
 For that false Man that lives, but lives not mine!
 I never was secure. 'Twas my long Dread,
 You by your Father's Choice a *Greek* might wed.
 To no *Greek* Bride, t' an unexpected Foe,
 My Wounds I t' a Barbarian Harlot owe:
 One who by Spells and Herbs, does Hearts surprise:
 Nor are her Slaves the Trophies of her Eyes.
 She from her Course the struggling Moon would hold,
 The Sun himself in Magick Shades infold;
 She curbs the Waves, and stops the rapid Floods,
 And from their Seats removes whole Rocks and Woods,
 With her dishevell'd Hair the wand'ring Hag
 Does half-burnt Bones from their warm Ashes drag.
 In molten Wax, tho' absent, kills by Art,
 Arm'd with her Needle, goars a tortur'd Heart.
 Nay what Desert and Form should only move,
 By Philters she secures her *Jason's* Love.
 How can you doat on such infernal Charms,
 And sleep securely in a *Syren's* Arms?
 You, as the Bulls, she does t' her Yoke subdue,
 And as she tam'd the Dragon, Conquers you.
 Tho' your great Deeds, and no less Race you Boast,
 Link'd to that Fiend your sullied Fame is lost.
 Nay by the censuring World 'tis justly thought,
 Your Conquests by her Sorceries were wrought;
 And the *Phryxean* Ram's Triumphant Oar,
 They say, not *Jason*, but *Medea* bore.
 This Northern Bride your Parents disapprove;
 Consult your Duty in your Nobler Love.

G

Let

Let some wild *Scythian* her loath'd Bed possess,
 A Mistress only fit for Savages.
Jason, more false, more changeable than Wind,
 Have Vows no Weight, and Oaths no Pow'r to bind?
 Mine you departed: ah, return mine too,
 Let my kind Arms their long lost Scenes renew.
 It high Birth, and great Names your Heart can turn,
 Know, I'm the Royal *Thoas*' Daughter born,
Bacchus my Grandfire is, whose Bride divine
 All lesser Constel'ations does out-shine.
 My Dower These and Fertile *Lemnos* make,
 All these and me, thy equal Title, take.
 Nay I'm a Mother: A kind Father be,
 And soften all the Pains I've born for thee.
 Yes Heav'n with Twins has blest our Genial Bed;
 And would you in their Look their Father read?
 His treacherous Smiles they are too young to wear,
 In all things else you'll find your Picture there:
 I'd sent those Envoys in these Letters stead,
 Both for their own and Mother's Wrongs to plead,
 Had not their Stepdame's Murthers bid 'em stay;
 Too dear a Treasure for that Monster's Prey.
 Would her deaf Rage, that rent her Brother's Bones,
 Spare my young Blood, or hear their tender Groans?
 Yet in your Arms this dearer Traitefs lies;
 Above my Truth, you this false Pois'ner prize.
 This mean Adul't rate Wretch was basely kind;
 Love's sacred Lamp our chaste Embraces join'd;
 Her Father she betray'd, mine lives by me,
 I *Lemnos*' Pride, she *Colchos*' Infamy.
 And thus her Guilt my Piety outvies,
 Whilst with her Crimes, her Dow'r your Heart she buys.

Falle

False Man, I blame, not wonder at the Rage
 O'th' Lemnian Dames: Wrongs do all Arms engage.
 Suppose, in Vengeance to your Guilt, just Heav'n
 Had on my Shore the perjur'd Jason driv'n;
 Whilst I with my young Twins to meet you came,
 And made you call on Rocks to hide your Shame.
 How could you look upon my Sons and Me?
 Traitor, what Pains, what Death too bad for thee?
 Perhaps indeed I Jason had not hurt,
 But 'tis my Mercy more than his Desert:
 The Harlot's Blood had sprinkled all the Place,
 Dash'd in your faithless, and once charming Face.
 I to Medea, should Medea prove:
 And, if Jove hears the Pray'rs of injur'd Love,
 May that loath'd Hag, that has my Bed enjoy'd,
 Be by my Fate and her own Arts destroy'd.
 Like me a Mother, and a Wife forlorn,
 Be from her Ravish'd Lord and Children torn.
 May her ill-gotten Trophies never last,
 But round the World be th' hunted Monster chac'd.
 Those Dooms her Sire, and murder'd Brother met,
 May she t' her Husband and her Sons repeat.
 Driv'n from the World, let her attempt the Skies,
 Till in Despair by her own Hand she dies.
 Thus wrong'd Thonatus prays, your Lives curst Remnant
 lead,
 An Execrable Pair, in a Detested Bed.

M E D E A to J A S O N.

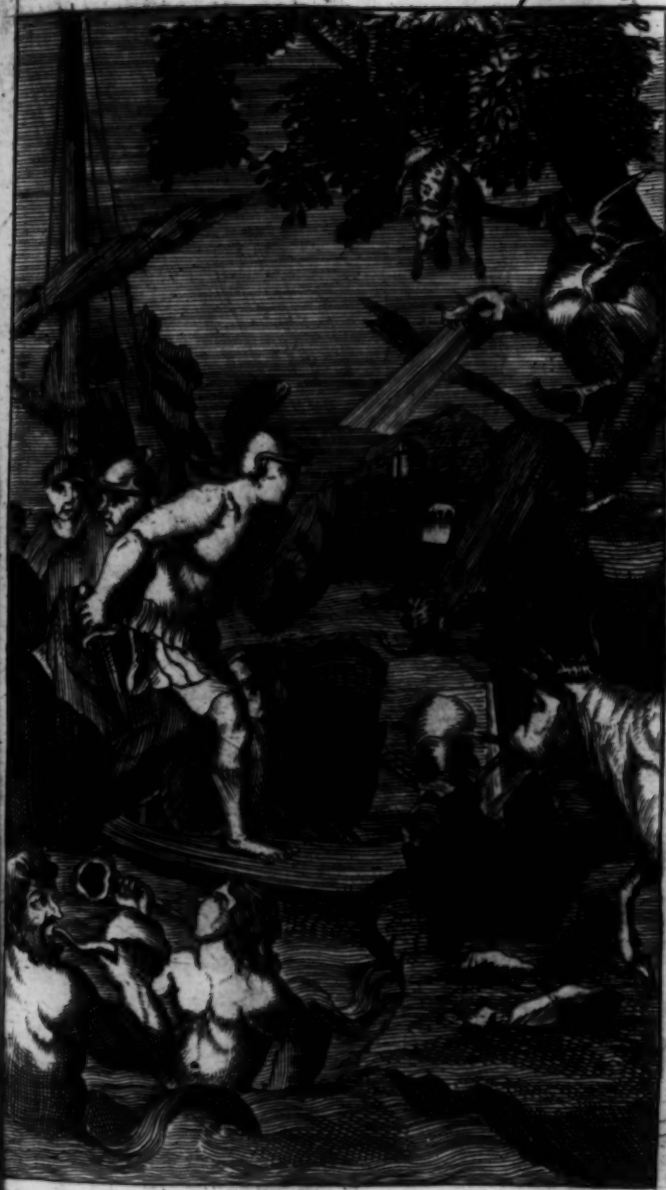
By Mr. T A T E.

The ARGUMENT.

Jason arrives with his Companions at Colchos, where the Golden Fleece was kept, which before he can obtain, he is to undertake several Adventures; first to yoke the Wild Bulls; then to sow the Serpent's Teeth; from whence should instantly rise an Army, with which he must encounter; and lastly to make his Passage by the Dragon that never slept. In order to this, he solicits Medea, Daughter to the King, and skilful in Charms, by whose Assistance (on Promise of Love) he gains the Prize. Then flies with her; the King pursues them. Medea kills her little Brother, scatters his Limbs, and whilst the King stays to gather them up, escapes with her Lover into Thessaly; where she restores decrepit Aeson to his Youth. On the same Promise persuades Pelias his Daughters to let out their Father's Blood, but deceitfully leaves them Guilty of Parricide. For this, and other Crimes, Jason casts her off; marries Creusa Daughter to Creon King of Corinth; on which the enrag'd Medea, according to the various transports of her Passion, writes this complaining, soothing, and menacing Epistle.

YET I found Leisure, tho' a Queen, to free
By Magick Arts thy Grecian Friends and thee;
The Fates should then have finish'd, with my Reign,
The Life that since was one continu'd Pain.
Who wou'd have dreamt the Youth of distant Greece,
Shoulde'er have sail'd to seize the Phrygian Fleece!
That th' *Argo* should in View of Colchos ride!
A Grecian Army stem the Phasian Tide!

Why



Vincenz

Reilly

Cheney



Why were those Snares, thy Locks, so tempting made!
 A Tongue so false, so pow'rful to persuade!
 No doubt but he that had so rashly fought
 Our Shore, with the fierce Bulls unspell'd had fought,
 And fondly too th' Arms-bearing Seed had sown,
 'Till by the Crop the Tiller were o'erthrown.
 How many Frauds had then expir'd with thee!
 As many killing Grievs remov'd from me!
 'Tis some Relief, when ill Returns are made,
 With Favours done th' Ingrateful to upbraid:
 This Triumph will afford some little Ease,
 False *Jason* leaves me this——

When first your doubtful Vessel reach'd our Port,
 And you had Entrance to my Father's Court;
 There was I then, what now your new Bride's here,
 My Royal Father might with hers compare.
 With Princely Pomp was your Arrival grac'd,
 The meanest *Greek* on *Tyrian* Beds we plac'd.
 Then first I gaz'd my Liberty away!
 And date my Ruin from that fatal Day!
 Fate pusht me on, and with your Charms combin'd;
 I view'd your sparkling Eyes, 'till I was blind.
 You soon perceiv'd, for who cou'd ever hide
 A Flame that by its own Light is descry'd?
 But now that Task's propos'd, and thou must tame
 The Bulls with brazen Hoofs, and Breath of Flame.
 With these the fatal Field thou art to Plow,
 From whence a sudden Host of Foes must grow.
 Those Dangers past, still to the Golden Prey
 The baleful fiery Dragon guards the Way.
 Thus spake the King; your Knights start from the Feast,
 And ev'n your Cheeks a pale Despair confess.

Where then was your ador'd *Creusa's* Dow'r?
 And where her Father *Creon's* boasted Pow'r?
 Sad went'st thou forth; my pitying Eyes pursue,
 I sigh'd, and after sent a soft Adieu!
 In restless Tears I spent that tedious Night,
 Presenting still thy Dangers to my Sight;
 The Savage Bulls, and more the savage Host,
 But th' horrid Serpent did affright me most!
 Thus tost with Fear and Love, (Fear swell'd the Flame)
 My Sister early to my Apartment came;
 Sad and dejected she surpriz'd me there,
 With Eyes distilling, and dishevell'd Hair;
 On your behalf she sought me, nor cou'd crave
 My Aid for you, so freely as I gave!

A Grove there is, an awful gloomy Shade,
 Too close for ev'n the Sun himself t'invade,
 These Woods with great *Diana's* Fane were grac'd,
 E' th' midst the Goddess on high Tripods plac'd.
 There (if that Place you can remember yet,
 Who have forgotten me) 'twas there we met.
 Then, thus in soft deluding Sounds you said—
 " Take Pity on our Sufferings, Royal Maid!
 " Rest pleas'd, Thou hast the Pow'r to kill, but give
 " Proofs of Diviner Might, and make us Live!
 " By our Distresses (which thy Art alone
 " Has Pow'r to succour,) By th' all-seeing Sun,
 " By the chaste Deity that governs here,
 " And what-e'er else you Sacred hold or Dear,
 " Take pity on our Youth, and bind us still
 " Eternal Servants to *Medea's* Will!
 " And if a Stranger's Form can touch your Mind,
 " (If such blest Fate was e'er for me design'd!)

" This

" This Flesh to Dust dissolve, this Spirit to Air,
 " When I think any but *Medea* Fair.
 " Be conscious *Juno* witness to my Vow,
 " And this dread Goddess at whose Shrine we bow.
 Your charming Tongue stopt here, and left the rest
 To be by yet more pow'rful Tears express'd.
 I yield—and by my Art instruct you now,
 To yoke the Brass-hoof'd Bulls, and make 'em plow.
 Then with a daring Hand you sow the Field,
 That for an Harvest does an Army yield;
 Ev'n I look pale, that gave the pow'rful Charms,
 To see the wondrous Crop of shining Arms!
 'Till th' Earth-born Brothers in fierce Battel join'd,
 Their sudden Lives more suddenly resign'd:
 The Serpent next, a yet more dangerous Toil,
 With scaly Bosom plows the yielding Soil,
 O'er shades the Field with vast expanded Wings,
 And brandishes in Air his threatening Stings!
 Where was *Cressida* at this needful hour?
 Where then were her fam'd Charms and matchless Dow'r?
Medea, that *Medea*, that is now
 Despis'd, thought poor, held guilty too by you,
 'Twas she that charm'd the wakeful Dragon's Sight,
 Gave you the Fleece, and then secur'd your Flight:
 To merit you, what could I more have done?
 My Father I betray, my Country shun,
 And all the Hazards of an Exile run!
 Tho', whilst I yield me thus a Robber's Prize,
 My tender Mother in my Absence dies,
 And at her Feet my breathless Sister lies.
 Why left I not my Brother too?—cold Fear
 Arrests my Hand, and I must finish here!

This Hand that tore the Infant in our Flight,
What then it dar'd to act, dreads now to write.

To the rough Seas undaunted I repair;
For after Guilt, what can a Woman fear?
Why 'scap'd our Crimes those Seas? we should have dy'd;
For Falshood thou, and I for Parricide,
The justling Isles should there have dash'd our Bones,
And hung us Piece-meal on the ragged Stones;
Or *Scylla* gorg'd us in his rav'nous Den,
Wrong'd *Scylla* thus shou'd ule ingrateful Men!
Charybdis too should in our Fate have shar'd,
Nor ought of our sad Wreck her Whirl-pool spar'd.
Yet safe we reach your Shore: the *Phrygian Fleece*
Is made an Offring to the Gods of *Greece*.

The *Pelian* Daughters pious Bloody Deed
I pass, that rashly made their Father bleed;
Your Safety 'twas that drew me to this Fraud:
The Guilt that others blame, you shou'd applaud!
But 'stead of Thanks, your Court I am forbid:
Your self torbad me, faithless *Jason* did!
With none but my two Infants I depart,
And *Jason's* Form, that ne'er forsakes my Heart.
At length thy Rev'ling Nuptial Songs surprize
My wounded Ear, thy Nuptial Torch my Eyes:
The Rabble shout, the Clamour nearer drew,
And as it came more near, more dreadful grew:
My Servants weep in Corners, and refuse
Th' ingrateful Task of such unwelcome News!
I yet forbear t' enquire, tho' still my Breast
The dreadful Apprehensions did suggest.
My youngest Boy now from the Window spy'd
The coming Pomp, and jocund thus he cry'd.

“ Look

“ Look Mother, look ! see where my Father rides,
 “ With shining Reins his Golden Chariot guides.
 At this, my pale forsaken Breast I tore,
 Nor spar’d the Face, whose Beauties charm no more.
 Alas ! what did I spare ! scarce cou’d I spare
 My Honour, scarcely thee, cou’d scarce forbear
 To force my Passage to thy Chariot now,
 And tear the Garland from thy perjur’d Brow.

Offended Father, now thy Griev’d discharge !
 My Brother’s Blood is now reveng’d at large.
 The Man (for whom I fled and injur’d thee !
 Whose Love sole Comfort of my Flight cou’d be)
 Th’ ingrateful Man has now forsaken me !
 I tam’d the Bulls, and cou’d the Serpent bind,
 But for perfidious Love no Spell can find :
 The Dragon’s baleful Fires my Arts suppress,
 But not the Flames that rage within my Breast.
 In Love my pow’rfull’st Herbs are useles made,
 In vain is *Hecate* summon’d to my Aid ;
 I sigh the Day, the Night in Watches spend,
 No Slumbers on my careful Brows descend :
 With *Poppies* Juice in vain my Eyes I sleep,
 And try the Charm that made the Dragon sleep.
 I only reap no Profit from my Charms !
 They sav’d, but sav’d thee for my Rival’s Arms !
 There, ‘cause you know the Theme will grateful be,
 Perhaps you’re so unjust t’ exclaim on me !
 To tax my Manners, rally on my Face,
 And make th’ Adulteress sport with my Disgrace !
 Laugh on, proud Dame ; but know thy Fate is nigh.
 When thou shalt yet more wretched be than I ;

When wrong'd *Medea* unreveng'd sits still,
Sword, Flame, and Poison, have forgot to kill.

It: Pray'rs the flinty *Jason's* Breast can move,
My just Complaint will sure successful prove,
Stretch'd at thy Feet a suppliant Princess see;
Such was thy Posture, when she pity'd thee.
And tho' a Wife's discarded Title fail,
My Infants still are thine, let them prevail!
So much th'are thine, so much thy Likeness bear;
Each Look I cast, is follow'd by a Tear.

Now by the Gods, by all our past Delights,
By those dear Pledges of our Am'rous Nights,
Restore to me thy Love; I claim my Due;
Be to my Merit, and thy Promise true.
I ask thee not what I perform'd for thee,
To set me from fierce Bulls and Serpents free;
I only crave thy Love, thy Love restore,
For which I've done so much, and suffer'd more.
Do'st thou demand a Dow'r?—'twas paid that Day
When thou didst bear the Golden Fleece away:
Thy Life's a Dow'r, and thy dear Foll'wers Health,
The Youth of *Greece*; weigh these with *Creon's* Wealth.
To me thou ow'st that thou art *Creon's* Heir,
That now thou liv'st to call *Creusa* Fair!
You've wrong'd me all, and on you all—but hold,
I form Revenge, too mighty to be told!
My Thoughts are now to th'utmost Ruin bent!
Perhaps I shall the fatal Rage repent.
But on——for I (whate'er the Mischief be)
Shall less repent than that I trusted thee!

The God alone that rages in my Breast,
Can see the dark Revenge my Thoughts suggest :
I only know 'twill soon effected be,
And when it comes, be Vast, and Worthy me.



Phedra



Phædra to Hippolytus.

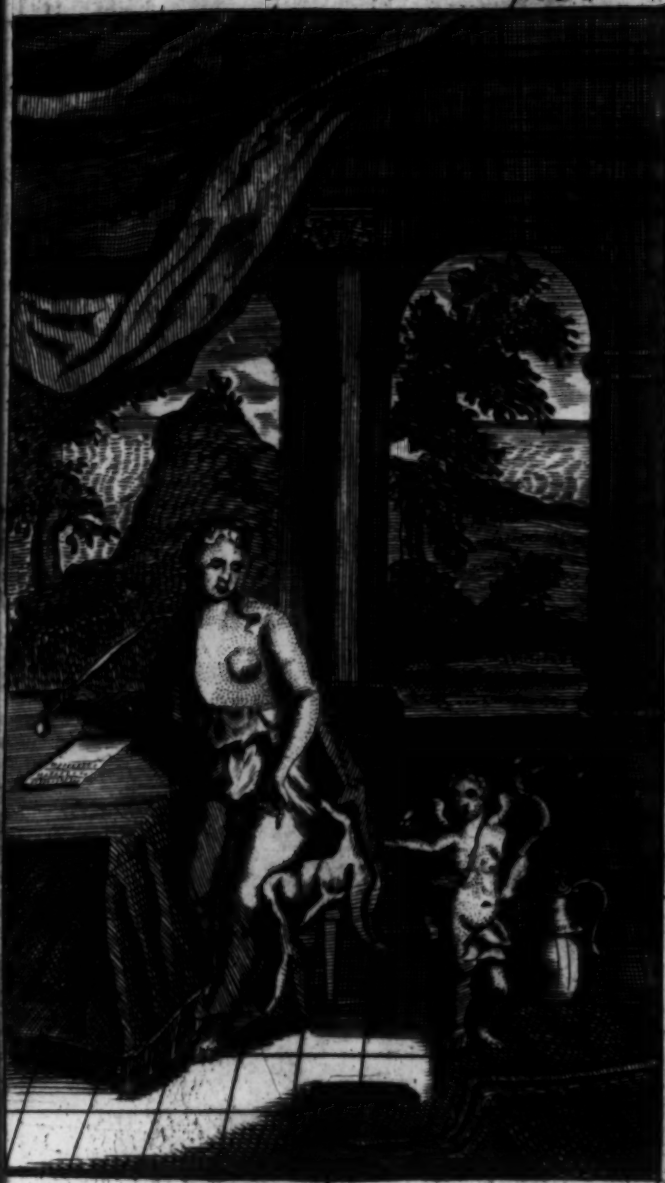
By Mr. OTWAY.

The ARGUMENT.

Theseus, the Son of Ægeus, having slain the Minotaur, promised to Ariadne the Daughter of Minos and Pasiphae, for the Assistance which she gave him to carry her home with him, and make her his Wife: So together with her Sister Phædra they went on Board and sail'd to Chios, where being married by Bacchus, he left Ariadne, and Married her Sister Phædra; who afterwards, in Theseus her Husband's Absence, fell in Love with Hippolytus her Son-in-Law, who had vowed Celibacy, and was a Hunter: wherefore since she could not conveniently otherwise, she chose by this Epistle to give him an Account of her Passion.

IF thou'rt unkind, I ne'er shall Health enjoy;
Yet much I wish to thee, my lovely Boy:
Read this, and reading how my Soul is seiz'd,
Rather than not, be with my Ruin pleas'd:
Thus Secrets safe to farthest Shores may move:
By Letters Foes converse, and learn to love.
Thrice my sad Tale, as I to tell it try'd,
Upon my fault'ring Tongue abortive dy'd,
Long Shame prevail'd, nor could be conquer'd quite,
But what I blush to speak, Love made me write.
'Tis dang'rous to resist the Pow'r of Love,
The Gods obey him, and he's King above:

He





He clear'd the Doubts that did my mind confound;
 And promis'd me to bring thee hither bound:
 Oh may he come, and in that Breast of thine
 Fix a kind Dart, and make it flame like mine!
 Yet of my Wedlock Vows I'll lose no Care:
 Search back thro' all my Fame, thou'lt find it fair,
 But Love long breeding, to worst Pain does turn;
 Outward unharm'd, within, within I burn!
 As the young Bull or Courser yet untam'd,
 When yok'd or bridl'd first, are pinch'd and maim'd,
 So my unpractis'd Heart in Love can find
 No Rest, th' unwonted Weight so toils my Mind.
 When young, Love's Pangs by Arts we may remove,
 But in our riper Years with Rage we love.
 To thee I yield then all my dear Renown,
 And pr'ythee let's together be undone.
 Who would not pluck the new-blown blushing Rose,
 Or the ripe Fruit that courts him as it grows?
 But if my Virtue hitherto has gain'd
 Esteem for Spotless, shall it now be stain'd?
 Oh in thy Love I shall no Hazard run;
 'Tis not a Sin, but when 'tis coustly done.
 And now should *Juno* yield her *Jove* to me,
 I'd quit that *Jove*, *Hippolytus*, for thee:
 Believe me too with strange Desires I change,
 Amongst wild Beasts I long with thee to range,
 To thy Delights and *Delia* I incline,
 Make her my Goddess too, because she's thine:
 I long to know the Woods, to drive the Deer,
 And o'er the Mountains Tops my Hounds to cheer,
 Shaking my Dart; then, the Chace ended, lye
 Stretch'd on the Grass: And would'st not thou be by?

Ott in light Chariots I with Pleasure ride,
 And love my self the furious Steeds to guide.
 Now like a *Bacchanal* more wild I stray,
 Or old *Cybele's* Priests, as mad as they
 When under *Ida's* Hill they Off rings pay:
 Ev'n mad as those the Deities of Night,
 And Water, *Fauns* and *Dryads* do affright.
 But still each little Interval I gain,
 Easily find 'tis Love breeds all my Pain.
 Sure on our Race Love like a Fate does fall,
 And *Venus* will have Tribute of us all.
Jove lov'd *Europa*, whence my Father came,
 And, to a Bull transform'd, enjoy'd the Dame:
 She, like my Mother, languisht to obtain,
 And fill'd her Womb with Shame as well as Pain:
 The faithless *Thesus* by my Sister's Aid
 The Monster slew, and a safe Conquest made:
 Now in that Family my Right to save,
 I am at last on the same Terms a Slave;
 'Twas fatal to my Sister, and to me,
 She lov'd thy Father, but my Choice was thee:
 Let Monuments of Triumph then be shown
 For two unhappy Nymphs by you undone.
 When first our Vows were to *Eleusis* paid,
 Would I had in a *Cretan* Grave been laid;
 'Twas there thou didst a perfect Conquest gain,
 Whilst Love's fierce Feaver rag'd in ev'ry Vein;
 White was thy Robe, a Garland deck'd thy Head;
 A modest Blush thy comely Face o'erspread.
 That Face which may be terrible in Arms,
 But graceful seem'd to me; and full of Charms;

I love the Man whose Fashion's least his Care,
And hate my Sexes Coxcombs fine and fair;
For whilst thus plain thy careless Locks let fly,
Th' unpolish'd Form is Beauty in my Eye.
If thou but ride, or shake the trembling Dart,
I fix my Eyes, and wonder at thy Art:
To see thee poise the Jav'lin, moves Delight,
And all thou dost is lovely in my Sight:
But to the Woods thy Cruelty resign,
Nor treat it with so poor a Life as mine:
Must cold *Diana* be ador'd alone;
Must she have all thy Vows, and *Venus* none?
That Pleasure pass if 'tis enjoy'd too long;
Love makes the weary firm, the feeble strong:
For *Cynthia's* sake unbend and ease thy Bow;
Else to thy Arm 'twill weak and useless grow.
Famous was *Cephalus* in Wood and Plain,
And by him many a *Boar* and *Pard* was slain,
Yet to *Aurora's* Love he did incline,
Who wisely left old Age for Youth like thine:
Under the spreading Shades her Am'rous Boy,
The fair *Adonis*, *Venus* cou'd enjoy;
Atlanta's Love too *Melæger* sought,
And to her Tribute paid of all he caught:
Be thou and I the next blest *Sylvan* Pair:
Where Love's a Stranger, Woods but Desarts are:
With thee, thro' dangerous Ways unknown before,
I'll rove, and fearless face the dreadful Boar.
Between two Seas a little *Isthmus* lies,
Where on each Side the beating Billows rise,
There in *Trazena* I thy Love will meet,
More blest and pleas'd than in my Native Creet:

As we could wish, Old *Theseus* is away
 At *Theffaly*, where always let him stay
 With his *Pirithous*, whom well I see
 Preferr'd above *Hippolytus* or me.
 Nor has he only thus express his Hate;
 We both have suffer'd Wrongs of mighty Weight:
 My Brother first he cruelly did slay,
 Then from my Sister falsly ran away;
 And left expos'd to ev'ry Beast a Prey:
 A warlike Queen to thee thy Being gave,
 A Mother worthy of a Son so brave,
 From cruel *Theseus* yet her Death did find,
 Nor tho' she gave him thee, could make him kind.
 Unwedded too he murder'd her in spight,
 To bastardize, and rob thee of thy Right:
 And if, to wrong thee more, two Sons I've brought,
 Believe it his, and none of *Phadra's* Fault:
 Rather, thou fairest Thing the Earth contains,
 I wish at first I'd dy'd of Mother's Pains:
 How can'st thou rev'rence then thy Father's Bed,
 From which himself so abjectly is fled?
 The Thought affrights not me, but me inflames;
 Mother and Son are Notions, very Names
 Of worn-out Piety, in fashion then
 When old dull *Saturn* rul'd the Race of Men:
 But braver *Jove* taught Pleasure was no Sin,
 And with his Sister did himself begin.
 Nearness of Blood, and Kindred best we prove,
 When we express it in the closest Love.
 Nor need we fear our Fault should be reveal'd;
 'Twill under near Relation be conceal'd,

And

And all who hear our Loves, with Praise shall crown
 A Mother's Kindness to a grateful Son,
 No need at Midnight in the Dark to stray,
 T'unlock the Gates, and cry, My Love, this Way,
 No busie Spies our Pleasures to betray.
 But in one House, as heretofore, we'll live,
 In publick Kisses take; in publick, give:
 Tho' in my Bed thou'rt seen, 'twill gain Applause
 From all, whilst none have Sense to guess the Cause:
 Only make haste, and let this League be sign'd;
 So may my Tyrant Love to thee be kind.
 For this I am an humble Suppliant grown;
 Now where are all my Boasts of Greatness gone?
 I swore I ne'er would yield, resolv'd to fight,
 Deceiv'd by Love, that's seldom in the right:
 Now on my own I crawl, to clasp thy Knees:
 What's decent no true Lover cares or sees:
 Shame, like a beaten Soldier, leaves the Place,
 But Beauty's Blushes still are in my Face.
 Forgive this fond Confession which I make,
 And then some Pity on my Sufferings take.
 What though 'midst Seas my Father's Empire lies?
 Tho' my great Grandfire Thunder from the Skies?
 What tho' my Father's Sire in Beams drest gay
 Drives round the burning Chariot of the Day?
 Their Honour all in me to Love's a Slave,
 Then tho' thou wilt not me, their Honour save:
 Jove's famous Island, Crete, in Dow'r I'll bring,
 And there shall my Hippolytus be King:
 For Venus' sake then hear and grant my Pray'r,
 So may'st thou never love a scornful Fair;


In

In Fields so may *Dianna* grace thee still,
 And ev'ry Wood afford thee Game to kill;
 So may the Mountain Gods and *Satyrs* all
 Be kind, so may the Boar before thee fall.
 So may the Water-Nymphs in Heat of Day,
 Though thou their Sex despise, thy Thirst allay.
 Millions of Tears to these my Pray'rs I join,
 Which as thou read'st with those dear Eyes of thine,
 Think that thou seest the Streams that flow from mine. }



DIDO

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DIDO to ÆNEAS.

By Mr. D R Y D E N.

The ARGUMENT.

Æneas, the Son of Venus and Anchises, having at the Destruction of Troy, saved his Gods, his Father and Son Ascanius from the Fire, put to Sea with twenty Sail of Ships, and having been long tost with Tempests, was at last cast upon the Shore of Libya, where Queen Dido, (flying from the Cruelty of Pygmalion her Brother, who had killed her Husband Sichæus) had lately built Carthage. She entertained Æneas and his Fleet with great Civility, fell passionately in Love with him, and in the End denied him not the last Favours. But Mercury admonishing Æneas to go in search of Italy, (a Kingdom promised to him by the Gods) he readily prepared to obey him. Dido soon perceived it, and having in vain try'd all other Means to engage him to stay, at last in despair writes to him as follows.

SO, on Maander's Banks, when Death is nigh,
The mournful Swan sings her own Elegy.

Not that I hope, (for oh, that Hope were vain!)

By Words your lost Affection to regain;

But having lost whate'er was worth my Care,

Why should I fear to lose a dying Pray'r?

'Tis then resolv'd poor Dido must be left,

Of Life, of Honour, and of Love bereft!

While you, with loosen'd Sails, and Vows, prepare

To seek a Land that flies the Searcher's Care.

Nor

Nor can my rising Tow'rs your Flight restrain,
 Nor my new Empire, offer'd you in vain.
 Built Walls you shun, unbuilt you seek; that Land
 Is yet to conquer; but you this command.
 Suppose you landed where your Wish design'd,
 Think what Reception Foreigners would find.
 What People is so void of common Sense,
 To vote Succession from a Native Prince?
 Yet there new Scepters and new Loves you seek;
 New Vows to plight, and plighted Vows to break.
 When will your Tow'rs the Height of *Carthage* know?
 Or when your Eyes discern such Crowds below?
 If such a Town, and Subjects you cou'd see,
 Still wou'd you want a Wife who lov'd like me.
 For, oh, I burn, like Fires with Incense bright:
 Not holy Tapers flame with purer Light:
Aeneas is my Thoughts perpetual Theme;
 Their daily Longing, and their nightly Dream,
 Yet he's ungrateful and obdurate still:
 Fool that I am to place my Heart so ill!
 My self I cannot to my self restore:
 Still I complain, and still I love him more.
 Have Pity, *Cupid*, on my bleeding Heart,
 And pierce thy Brother's with an equal Dart.
 I rave: Nor canst thou *Venus*' Offspring be,
 Love's Mother could not bear a Son like thee.
 From harden'd Oak, or from a Rock's cold Womb,
 At least thou art from some fierce *Tygres* eome;
 Or, on rough Seas, from their Foundation torn,
 Got by the Winds, and in a Tempest born:
 Like that which now thy trembling Sailors fear:
 Like that, whose Rage should still detain thee here.

Behold how high the foamy Billows ride!
 The Winds and Waves are on the juster Side.
 To Winter Weather and a stormy Sea
 I'll owe, what rather I would owe to thee.
 Death thou deserv'st from Heav'n's avenging Laws;
 But I'm unwilling to become the Cause.
 To shun my Love, if thou wilt seek thy Fate,
 'Tis a dear Purchase, and a costly Hate.
 Stay but a little, 'till the Tempest cease,
 And the loud Winds are lull'd into a Peace!
 May all thy Rage, like theirs, unconstant prove!
 And so it will, if there be Pow'r in Love.
 Know'st thou not yet what Dangers Ships sustain?
 So often wreck'd, how dar'st thou tempt the Main?
 Which, were it smooth, were ev'ry Wave asleep,
 Ten thousand Forms of Death are in the Deep.
 In that Abyss the Gods their Vengeance store,
 For broken Vows of those who falsely swore.
 Their winged Storms on Sea-born *Venus* wait,
 To vindicate the Justice of her State.
 Thus, I to thee the Means of Safety show:
 And, lost my self, would still preserve my Foe.
 False as thou art, I not thy Death design:
 O rather live, to be the Cause of mine!
 Should some avenging Storm thy Vessel tear,
 (But Heav'n forbid my Words should Omen bear)
 Then in thy Face thy perjur'd Vows would fly;
 And my wrong'd Ghost be present to thy Eye.
 With threat'ning Looks, think thou behold'st me stare,
 Gasping my Mouth, and clotted all my Hair;
 Then shou'd fork'd Lightning and red Thunder fall;
 What cou'dst thou say, but, I deserv'd 'em all?

Left

Left this should happen, make not haste away;
 To shun the Danger will be worth thy Stay.
 Have Pity on thy Son, if not on me:
 My Death alone is Guilt enough for thee.
 What has his Youth, what have thy Godsdeserv'd,
 To sink in Seas, who were from Fires preserv'd?
 But neither Gods nor Parent didst thou bear,
 (Smooth Stories all to please a Woman's Ear)
 False as the Tale of thy Romantick Life;
 Nor yet am I thy first deluded Wife,
 Left to pursuing Foes *Creüsa* stay'd,
 By thee, base Man, forsaken and betray'd.
 This, when thou told'st me, struck my tender Heart,
 That such Requital follow'd such Desert.
 Nor doubt I but the Gods, for Crimes like these,
 Sev'n Winters kept thee wandering on the Seas.
 Thy starv'd Companions, cast a-shore, I fed,
 Thy self admitted to my Crown and Bed.
 To harbour Strangers, succour the Distrest,
 Was kind enough; but oh, too kind the rest!
 Curst be the Cave which first my Ruin brought,
 Where, from the Storm, we common Shelter sought!
 A dreadful Howling echo'd round the Place:
 The Mountain Nymphs, thought I, my Nuptials grace.
 I thought so then, but now too late I know
 The Furies yell'd my Fun'erals from below.
 O Chastity and violated Fame,
 Exact your Dues to my dead Husband's Name!
 By Death redeem my Reputation lost;
 And to his Arms restore my guilty Ghost.
 Close by my Palace, in a gloomy Grove,
 Is rais'd a Chapel to my murder'd Love;

There,

There, wreath'd with Boughs and Wool, his Statue stands,
The pious Monument of Artful Hands:
Last Night, methought, he call'd me from the Dome,
And thrice with hollow Voice, cry'd, *Dido*, come.
She comes; thy Wife thy lawful Summons hears;
But comes more slowly, clogg'd with conscious Fears.
Forgive the Wrong I offer'd to thy Bed,
Strong were his Charms, who my weak Faith mis-led,
His Goddess's Mother, and his aged Sire
Born on his Back, did to my Fall conspire.
O! such he was, and is, that were he true,
Without a Blush I might his Love pursue.
But cruel Stars my Birth-day did attend:
And as my Fortune open'd, it must end.
My plighted Lord was at the Altar slain,
Whose Wealth was made my bloody Brother's Gain:
Friendless, and follow'd by the Murd'rer's Hate,
To Foreign Countries I remov'd my Fate;
And here, a Suppliant, from the Natives Hands,
I bought the Ground on which my City stands,
With all the Coast that stretches to the Sea;
Ev'n to the friendly Port that shelter'd thee:
Then rais'd these Walls, which mount into the Air,
At once my Neighbours Wonder, and their Fear.
For now they arm; and round me Leagues are made,
My scarce establish'd Empire to invade.
To Man my new-built Walls I must prepare,
An helpless Woman, and unskill'd in War.
Yet thousand Rivals to my Love pretend;
And for my Person, wou'd my Crown defend:
Whose jarring Votes in one Complaint agree,
That each unjustly is disdain'd for thee.

To

To proud *Hyarbas* give me up a Prey ;
(For that must follow, if thou go'st away.)
Or to my Husband's Murd'rer leave my Life ;
That to the Husband he may add the Wife.
Go then : since no Complaints can move thy Mind :
Go, perjur'd Man, but leave thy Gods behind.
Touch not those Gods by whom thou art forsworn,
Who will in impious Hands no more be born :
Thy Sacrilegious Worship they disdain,
And rather wou'd the *Grecian* Fires sustain.
Perhaps my greatest Shame is still to come,
And part of thee lies hid within my Womb.
The Babe unborn must perish by thy Hate,
And perish guiltless in his Mother's Fate.
Some God, thou say'st, thy Voyage does command ;
Wou'd the same God had barr'd thee from my Land.

The same, I doubt not, thy Departure steers,
Who kept thee out at Sea so many Years.
Where thy long Labours were a Price so great,
As thou to purchase *Troy* wou'd'st not repeat.
But *Tyber* now thou seek'st ; to be at best,
When there arriv'd, a poor precarious Guest.
Yet it deludes thy Search : Perhaps it will
To thy Old Age lye undiscover'd still.
A ready Crown and Wealth in Dow'r I bring,
And without conqu'ring, here thou art a King.
Here thou to *Carthage* may'st transfer thy *Troy* :
Here young *Ascanius* may his Arms employ,
And, while we live secure in soft Repose,
Bring many Laurels home from conquer'd Foes.
By *Cupid's* Arrows, I adjure thee stay ;
By all the Gods, Companions of thy Way.

So may thy *Trojans*, who are yet alive,
 Live still, and with no future Fortune strive;
 So may thy Youthful Son old Age attain,
 And thy dead Father's Bones in Peace remain:
 As thou hast Pity on unhappy me,
 Who know no Crime, but too much Love of thee.
 I am not born from fierce *Achilles'* Line,
 Nor did my Parents against *Troy* combine,
 To bethy Wife, if I unworthy prove,
 By some inferior Name admit my Love.
 To be secur'd of still possessing thee,
 What wou'd I do, and what wou'd I not be.
 Our *Libyan* Coasts their certain Seasons know,
 When free from Tempests Passengers may go.
 But now, with Northern Blasts the Billows roar,
 And drive the floating Sea-Weed to the Shoar,
 Leave to my Care the Time to sail away;
 When safe, I will not suffer thee to stay.
 Thy weary Men wou'd be with Ease content;
 Their Sails are tatter'd and their Masts are spent,
 If by no Merit I thy Mind can move,
 What thou deny'st my Merit, give my Love.
 Stay, 'till I learn my Loss to undergo;
 And give me Time to struggle with my Woe.
 If not: Know this, I will not suffer long,
 My Life's too loathsome, and my Love too strong.
 Death holds my Pen, and dictates what I say,
 While cros my Lap the *Trojan* Sword I lay.
 My Tears flow down; the sharp Edge cuts their Flood,
 And drinks my Sorrows, that must drink my Blood.
 How well thy Gift does with my Fate agree!
 My Fun'ral Pomp is cheaply made by thee.

H

To

To no new Wounds my Bosom I display:
 The Sword but enters where Love made the Way.
 But thou, dear Sister, and yet dearer Friend,
 Shalt my cold Ashes to their Urn attend.
Sichans' Wife, let not the Marble boast,
 I lost that Title, when my Fame I lost.
 This short Inscription only let it bear,
 "Unhappy *Dido* lyes in Quiet here,
 "The Cause of Death, and Sword by which she dy'd
 "*Aeneas* gave: Therest her Arm supply'd.



The





The Foregoing

E P I S T L E

O F

D I D O to Æ N E A S.

By another Hand.

SO in unwonted Notes, when sure to die,
 The mournful Swan sings her own Elegy.
 I do not hope by this to change my Fate,
 Since Heav'n and you are both resolv'd to hate:
 Robb'd of my Honour, 'tis no Wonder now
 That you disdain me when I meanly sue;
 Deaf to my Pray'rs, that you resolve to go,
 And leave th' unhappy you have render'd so.
 You and your Love, the Winds away must bear,
 Forgot is all that you so oft did swear:
 With cruel Haste to distant Lands you fly,
 Yet know not whose they are, nor where they lye.
 On *Carthage* and its rising Walls you frown,
 And shun a Scepter, which is now your own;
 All you have gain'd, you proudly do contemn,
 And fondly seek a fancy'd Diadem.
 And should you reach at last this promis'd Land,
 Who'll give its Power into a Stranger's Hand?
 Another easie *Dido* do you seek;
 And new Occasions new-made Vows to break?
 When can you Walls like ours of *Carthage* build,
 And see your Streets with Crowds of Subjects fill'd?

But tho' all this succeeded to your Mind,
So true a Wife no Search could ever find.

Scorch'd up with Love's fierce Fire my Life does waste,
Like Incense on the flaming Altar cast;
All Day *Aeneas* walks before my Sight,
In all my Dreams I see him ev'ry Night:
But see him still ungrateful as before,
And such as, if I could, I should abhor.
But the strong Flame burns on against my Will,
I call him False, but love the Traytor still.

Goddeſs of Love, thee all the World adore!
And ſhall thy Son ſlight thy Almighty Pow'r?
His Brother's ſtubborn Soul let *Cupid* move,
Teach me to hate, or him to merit Love!
But the Impoſtor his high Birth did feign,
(Tho' to that Tale his Face did Credit gain,)
He was not born of *Venus*, who could prove
So cruel, and ſo faithleſs in his Love.
From Rocks or Mountains he deriv'd his Birth!
Fierce Wolves or Savage Tygers brought him forth!
Or elſe he ſprung from the Tempeſtuous Main,
To which ſo eagerly he flies again.
How dreadful the contending Waves appear!
Theſe winter Storms by force would keep you here.
The Storms are kinder, and the Winds more true!
Let me owe them, what I would owe to you.
You'll ſhew your Hatred at too dear a Rate,
It to fly me, you run on certain Fate.
Stay only till theſe raging Tempeſts ceaſe,
And breeding *Halcyons* all my Fears releaſe.
Then you perhaps may change your cruel Mind,
And will learn Pity, from the Sea and Wind,

Are you not warn'd by all you've felt and seen?
 And will you tempt the faithless Floods again?
 Tho' 'twere calm now, it would not long be so;
 Think to what distant Countries you would go.
 There's not one God who will that Vessel bless,
 Which Lies, and Frauds, and Perjuries oppress.
 The Sea let ev'ry faithless Lover fear,
 The Queen of Love rose thence, and governs there.
 Still the dear Cause of all my Ills I love,
 And my last Words Heav'n for your Safety move;
 That your false Flight may not as fatal be
 To you, as your disssembled Love to me.
 But in the Storm, when the huge Billows roul,
 (Th' unlucky Omen may kind Heav'n controul)
 Think what distracting Thoughts will fill your Soul.
 You'll then remember ev'ry broken Vow,
 With Horror think on murder'd *Dido* too.
 My Ghost all pale and ghastly shall be there,
 With mortal Wounds still bleeding I'll appear.
 Then you will own what to such Crimes is due,
 And think each Flash of Lightning aim'd at you.

Your cruel Flight till the next Calm delay,
 Your quiet Passage will reward your Stay.
 I beg not for my self, but do not join
 The Guilt of your *Ascanius*' Death to mine.
 What has your Son, what have your Gods deserv'd?
 For a worse Fate were they from Flames preserv'd?
 But sure you neither sav'd them from the Fire,
 Nor on your Shoulders bore your aged Sire;
 But did contrive that Story, to deceive
 A Queen, so fond, so willing to believe.

Your ready Tongue told many a pleasing Lie,
 Nor did it practise first these Cheats on me.
 You by like Arts did fair *Creüsa* gain,
 And then forsook her with a like Disdain.
 I've wept to hear you tell that Lady's Fate,
 My self now justly more unfortunate.
 'Tis to revenge these Crimes the Gods engage,
 And make you wander out your wretched Age.

A Ship-wreck'd Wretch I kindly did receive,
 My Wealth and Crown to Hands unknown did give.
 Had I stopp'd there, I had been free from Shame,
 And had not stain'd my clear and spotless Fame.
 Heav'n to betray my Honour did comply,
 When Thunder and black Clouds fill'd all the Sky,
 And made us to the fatal Shelter fly.
 The Furies howl'd, and dire Prefages gave,
 And shrieking Nymphs forsook the guilty Cave.
 I cannot live, that Crime torments me so,
 Yet full of Shame to my *Sichæus* go.

In a fair Temple built by skilful Hands,
 A sacred Image of *Sichæus* stands;
 With snowy Fleeces drest, and Garlands crown'd,
 From thence of late I've heard a dismal Sound!
 Four times he call'd me with a hollow Voice,
 My loosen'd Joints still trembled at the Noise!
 My dearest Lord, your Summons I obey,
 'Tis Shame to meet you makes this short Delay.

Yet such a Tempter might the Crime excuse,
 His Heav'nly Race, and all his solemn Vows!
 The best of Fathers, the most pious Son!
 Who could suspect, He, who such Things had done,
 So well had acted all the Parts of Life,
 Could have betray'd a Princess and a Wife?

Had

Had he not wanted Faith, your self must own
 He had deserv'd to fill my Bed and Throne.
 In my first Youth what Cares disturb'd my Peace?
 And my Misfortunes with my Years increase!
 My Husband's Blood was by my Brother spilt;
 And still his Wealth rewards the prosp'rous Guilt,
 Thro' Ways unknown a dang'rous Flight I take,
 His Ashes and my Native Soil forsake;
 Here shelter'd from my Brother's Cruelty,
 I bought this Kingdom, which I gave to thee.
 My City did in Glory daily rise,
 Which all my Neighbours saw with envious Eyes,
 And Force against unfinish'd Walls prepare,
 Threat'ning a helpless Woman with a War.
 Those many Kings, who did my Bed desire,
 Now to revenge their slighted Love conspire.

Go on, my People are at your Command,
 Give me up bound to some fierce Rival's Hand;
 Assist my cruel Brother's black Design;
 Drunk with *Sichæus'* Blood, he thirsts for mine:
 But then pretend to Piety no more,
 The false and perjur'd all the Gods abhor.
 Ev'n those you snatch'd from *Troy's* devouring Flame
 Are griev'd that from such Hands their Safety came;
 A growing Infant in my Womb you leave;
 Of your who'e self, you cannot me bereave.
 You kill not *Dido* only, if you go,
 The guiltless and unborn you murder too;
 With me a new unknown *Ascanius* dies,
 Tho' deaf to mine, yet think you hear his Cries.

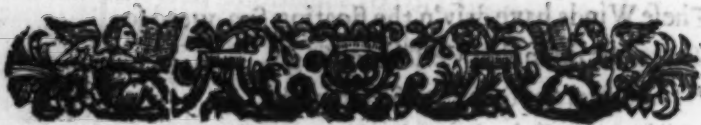
But 'tis the God commands, and you obey:
 Ah! would that he who now forbids your Stay,
 Had never led your shatter'd Fleet this way!

And now this God commands you out again,
 T' endure another Winter on the Main!
 Scarce *Troy* restor'd to all her Ancient State,
 Were worth the seeking at so dear a rate.
 Cease then thro' such vast Dangers to pursue
 A Place, which, but in Dreams, you never knew:
 In search of which you your best Years may waste,
 And come a Stranger there, and old at last.
 See at your Feet a willing People lies,
 And do not offer'd Wealth and Pow'r despise.
 Fix here the Reliques of unhappy *Troy*,
 And in soft Peace, all you have sav'd enjoy.
 But if new Dangers your great Soul desires,
 If Thirst of Fame your Son's young Breast inspires,
 You'll frequent Tryals here for Valour find;
 Our Neighbours are as rough as we are kind.
 By your dear Father's Soul I beg your Stay,
 By the kind Gods who hither blest your Way,
 And by your Brother's Dart, which all obey!
 So may white Conquest on your Troops attend,
 And all your long Mistortunes here take end.
 So with his Years may your Son's Hopes increase,
 So may *Anchises*' Ashes rest in Peace.

Some Pity let a suppliant Princess move,
 Whose only Fault was an Excess of Love.
 I am not sprung from any *Grecian* Race,
 None of my Blood did your lov'd *Troy* de face.
 Yet if your Pride think such a Wife a Shame,
 I'll sacrifice my Honour to my Flame,
 And meet your Love by a less glorious Name.

I know the Dangers of this stormy Coast,
 How many Ships have on our Shelves been lost.

These Winds have driv'n the floating Sea-weed so,
 That your intangled Vessel cannot go.
 Do not attempt to put to Sea in vain,
 'Till happier Gales have clear'd your Way again.
 Trust me to watch the calming of the Sea,
 You shall not then, tho' you desir'd it, stay.
 Besides, your weary Seamen Rest desire,
 And your torn Fleet new Rigging does require.
 By all I suffer, all I've done for you,
 Some little Respite to my Love allow.
 Time and calm Thoughts may teach me how to bear
 That Loss, which now alas 'tis Death to hear.
 But you resolve to force me to my Grave,
 And are not far from all that you would have.
 Your Sword before me, whilst I write, does lye,
 And by it, if I write in vain, I die.
 Already stain'd with many a falling Tear,
 It shortly shall another Colour wear.
 You never could an apter Present make,
 'Twill soon, the Life you made uneasy, take.
 But this poor Breast has felt your Wounds before;
 Slain by your Love, your Steel has now no Pow'r.
 Dear guilty Sister, do not you deny
 The last kind Office to my Memory;
 But do not on my Fun'ral Marble join
 Much wrong'd *Sichæus*' Sacred Name with mine.
 "Of false *Æneas* let the Stone complain;
 "That *Dido* could not bear his fierce Disdain,
 "But by his Sword, and her own Hand, was slain,



BRISEIS to ACHILLES.

By Sir J O H N C A R R L.

The ARGUMENT.

In the War of Troy, Achilles having taken and sack'd Chrynesium, a Town in the Lyrnesian Country. amongst his other Booty he took two very fair Women, Chryseis and Briseis: Chryseis he presented to King Agamemnon, and Briseis he reserv'd for himself. Agamemnon, after some time, was forc'd by the Oracle to restore Chryseis to her Father, who was one of the Priests of Apollo: Whereupon the King by Violence took away Briseis from Achilles, at which Achilles incens'd left the Camp of the Grecians, and prepared to sail Home; in whose Absence the Trojans prevailing upon the Grecians, Agamemnon was compell'd to send Ulysses and others to offer him rich Presents, and Briseis, that he would return again to the Army: But Achilles with Disdain rejected them all. This Letter therefore is written by Briseis, to move him that he would receive her, and return to the Grecian Camp.

Captive Briseis in a foreign Tongue
 More by her Blots, than Words, sets forth her Wrong;
 And yet these Blots, which by my Tears are made,
 Above all Words or Writing, should persuade.
 Subjects (I know) must not their Lords accuse;
 Yet Pray'rs and Tears we lawfully may use.
 When ravish'd from your Arms, I was the Prey
 Of Agamemnon's Arbitrary Sway;

• BRISEIS to ACHILLES.

135

I grant, you must at last have left the Field,
 But for a Lover, you too soon did yield:
 A Warrior's Glory it must needs disgrace,
 At the first Summons to yield up the Place.
 The Enemies themselves, no less than I,
 Stood wond'ring at their easie Victory:
 I saw their Lips in Whispers softly move,
 Is this the Man so fam'd for Arms, and Love?
 Alas! *Achilles*, 'tis not so we part
 From what we love; and what is near our Heart.
 No healing Kisses to my Grief you gave,
 You turn'd me off an unregarded Slave.
 Was it your Rage, that did your Love suppress?
 Ah, love *Briseis* more, and hate *Atrides* less!
 He is not born of a true Hero's Race,
 Who lets his Fury of his Love take place.
 Tygers and Wolves can fight, Love is the Test,
 Distinguishing the Hero from the Beast.
 Alas! when I was from your Bosom tore'd,
 I felt my Body from my Soul divorc'd;
 A deadly Paleness overspread my Face;
 Sleep left my Eyes, and to my Tears gave place:
 I tore my Hair, and did my Death decree;
 Ah! learn to part with what you love, from me.
 A bold Escape I often did essay,
 But *Greeks*, and *Trojans* too, block'd up the Way;
 Yet tho' a tender Maid could not break thro',
 Methinks *Achilles* should not be so slow:
Achilles, once the Thunderbolt of War,
 The Hope of conqu'ring *Greece*, and *Troy's* Despair,
 Me in his Rival's Arms can he behold?
 And is his Courage with his Love grown cold?

Bat.

But I confess, that my neglected Charms
 Did not deserve the Conquest of your Arms;
 Therefore the Gods did, by an easier Way,
 Our Wrongs atone, and Damages repay:
Ajax with Phanix and Ulysses bring
 Humble Submissions from their haughty King:
 The Royal Penitent rich Presents sends,
 The strongest Cement to piece broken Friends.
 When Pray'rs well seconded with Gifts are sent,
 Both mortal and immortal Pow'rs relent.
 Twenty bright Vessels of *Corinthian* Brass,
 Their Sculpture did the costly Mine surpass;
 Seven Chairs of State of the same Art and Mold,
 And twice five Talents of persuasive Gold;
 Twelve fiery Steeds of the *Epirian* Breed,
 Matchless they are for Beauty, and for Speed;
 Six *Lesbian* Maids (but these I well cou'd spare)
 Their Island sack'd, these were the Gen'ral's share;
 And last a Bride, (ah! tell 'em I am thine)
 At your own Choice out of the Royal Line:
 With these they offer me: But might I chuse,
 You should take me, and all their Gifts refuse:
 But me and those you sullenly reject;
 What have I done, to merit this Neglect?
 Is it that you, and Fortune jointly vow,
 Whom you make wretched, still to keep them so?
 Your Arms my Country did in Ashes lay,
 My House destroy, Brothers and Husband slay.
 It had been Kindness to have kill'd me too,
 Rather than kill me with Unkindness now.

With

With Vows, as faithless as your Mother Sea,
 You loudly promis'd, that you would to me
 Country, and Brothers and a Husband be.
 And is it thus that you perform your Vow,
 Ev'n with a Dowry to reject me too?
 Nay, Fame reports, that with the next fair Wind,
 Leaving your Honour, Faith, and Me behind,
 You quit our Coasts: Before that fatal Hour,
 May Thunder strike me, or kind Earth devour!
 I all Things, but your Absence, can endure!
 That's a Disease, which Death must only cure.
 If to *Achaia* you will needs return,
 Leaving all *Greece* your sullen Rage to mourn,
 Place me but in the Number of your Train,
 And I no servile Office will disdain:
 If I'm deny'd the Honour of your Bed,
 Let me at least be as your Captive led:
 Rather than banish'd from your Family,
 I will endure another Wife to see;
 A Wife, to make the great *Aeacian* Line,
 Like Starry Heav'n, as numerously shine;
 That so your spreading Progeny may prove
 Worthy of *Thetis*, and their Grandfire *Jove*.
 Let me on her an humble Handmaid wait,
 On her, because to you she does relate.
 I fear (I know not why) that she may be,
 Than to her other Maids, more harsh to me:
 But you are bound to guard your Conquer'd Slave,
 And to maintain the Articles you gave:
 Yet should you yield to her imperious Sway,
 Do what you will, but turn me not away.

But

But why should you depart? the King repents;
 The *Grecian* Army wants you in their Tents:
 You conquer all, conquer your Passion too;
 Or else with *Hector*, you will *Greece* undo.
 Take Arms (*Æncides*), but first take me,
 Your juster Rage let routed *Trojans* see.
 For me begun, for me your Anger end;
 The Fault I caus'd, let me have Pow'r to mend.
 In this to me you may with Honour yield,
 Rul'd by his Wife, *Oenides* took the Field.
 His Mother's sacred Curses him disarm'd,
 Rul'd by his Wife's more pow'rful Spells uncharm'd,
 His Armour once put off, he buckles on,
 And fights and conquers for his *Calidon*:
 That happy Wife prevail'd, why should not I?
 But you that Title, and my Pow'r deny:
 Title, and Pow'r, and all ambitious Strife
 Of being call'd your Mistress, or your Wife,
 I quietly lay down; but I must have
 This Claim allow'd, to be your faithful Slave.
 I by those dread, ill-cover'd Ashes swear,
 (Alas their Tomb *Lyrnesian* Ruins are)
 Of my dead Spouse, and by each sacred Ghost
 Of my three Brothers honourably lost,
 Who for, and with their Country bravely fell;
 By all that's awful both in Heav'n and Hell;
 And last of all, by thine own Head and mine,
 Whom Love, tho' parted now, did sometimes join,
 That I preserve my Faith entire and chaste,
 That I no foreign Love, or Pleasure taste:
 That no Aspersions can my Honour touch;
 O! that *Achilles* too could say as much!

Some

Some think he mourns for me; But others say,
 In Love's soft Joys he melts his Hours away;
 That some new Mistress with *Circean* Charms
 Has lockt him up in her lascivious Arms,
 And so transform'd from what he was before,
 That he will fight for *Greece*, or me no more,
 The Trumpet now to the soft Lute must yield:
 To Midnight Revels, Marches in the Field,
 He whom of late *Greece*, as her *Mars*, ador'd,
 He, on whose massie Spear, and glitt'ring Sword,
 The Fates, and Death did wait, that mighty Man,
 Now wields a Busk, and brandishes a Fan.
 Avert it Heav'n! can he be only brave,
 To waste my Country, not his own to save?
 And when his Arms my Family mow'd down,
 Lost he his Sting, and so became a Drone?
 Ah! cure these Fears; and let me have the Pride,
 To see your Jav'lin fixt in *Hector's* Side,
 O! that the *Grecians* would send me to try,
 If I could make your stubborn Heart comply:
 Few Words I'd use, all should be Sighs, and Tears,
 And Looks, and Kisses, mixt with Hopes and Fears;
 My Love like Light'ning thro' my Eyes should fly,
 And thaw the Ice, which round your Heart does lye:
 Sometimes my Arms about your Neck I'd throw;
 And then imbrace your Knees, and humbly bow:
 There is more Eloquence in Tears, and Kisses,
 Than in the smooth Harangues of sly *Ulysses*:
 That noisie Rhetorick of a twanging Tongue,
 Serves but to lug the heavy Crowd along:
 But Souls with Souls speak only by the Eye,
 And at those Windows one another spy:

Thus,

Thus, than your Mother Sea rais'd with the Wind
 More fierce, I would compose your stormy Mind;
 And my Love shining on my Tears that flow,
 Should make a Rain-Bow, and fair Weather show.
 So dreams my Love. Ah! come, that I may try,
 It I can turn my Dream to Prophecy.
 So may your *Pyrrhus* live to equalize
 His Grandfire's Years, his Father's Victories.
 Let me no longer pin'd in Absence lye;
 Rather than live without you, let me die:
 My Heart's already cold, and Death does spread
 His livid Palenels o'er my lively Red.
 My Life hangs only on the slender Hope,
 That your reviving Love your Rage will stop.
 If that shou'd fail, let me not linger on,
 But let that Sword (to mine, ah! too well known)
 Me to my Brothers and my Husband send;
 Your Hand began, your Hand the Work must end.
 But why such Cruelty? Come then and save
 Afflicted *Greece*, and me your humble Slave.
 How much more decently might you employ
 Your ill-spent Rage against *Neptunian Troy*!
 Then furl your Sails, once more your Anchors cast:
 Leave not your Country, nor your Honour blast.
 But go or stay; with you I ought to move,
 Made yours by Right of War, and Right of Love.



DEJANIRA





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DEJANIRA, to HERCULES.

By Mr. OLD MIXON.

The ARGUMENT.

Dejanira having heard that Hercules was fallen in Love with Iole, Daughter of the King of Oechalia, whom he had lately Vanquish'd and Slain; and at the same time that he was dying by a poison'd Shirt she had sent him, to recover, as she had been told it wou'd, his lost Affection; between Jealousie and Rage for the first, and Grief and Despair for the latter, writes him the following Epistle.

IN your late Triumphs I rejoyce, and share
 Your new Renown, Oechalia's finish'd War,
 But should the Victor to the Vanquish'd yield,
 Curs'd be the Day that you the Town compell'd.
 Thro' Greece the Rumour flies, nor faster Fame
 Proclaims your Conquest, than she spreads your Shame.
 By your vile Bonds your former Life's defil'd,
 And all the Lustre of your Labours soil'd:
 Those Labours you with matchless Might o'ercame,
 And Juno's Hate, and rais'd a Godlike Name.
 But to young Iole's base Yoke you bow;
 Crispeus now is pleas'd, and Juno now.
 Nor will your Step-Mother be griev'd to hear,
 The Blot indelible your Fame will bear.
 When Jove your Mother for your Birth enjoy'd,
 The God, too little One, Three Nightemploy'd.

But

But who'll believe the Tale? for such a Son
 Might, surely, have been well conceiv'd in One.
Juno ne'er hurted you as *Venus* has,
 She rais'd you when she purpos'd to depress.
 But *Venus* on your Neck her Foot has plac'd,
 And ne'er was *Hero* more by Love disgrac'd.
 From you, the World deliver'd, holds her Peace,
 By you the Land's secure, and safe the Seas.
 Both Houses of the Sun your Merit know,
 And Heav'n does more to you than *Atlas*, owe.
 Your Strength did once the sinking Stars sustain,
 And save those Orbs, where you at last shall reign.
 Without you, he on whom the Burthen lyes
 Had fall'n, and unsupported left the Skies.
 What have you done? but all your Glory stain'd,
 And lost the Praise you with such Peril gain'd.
 Tell me no more what Deeds you once could do,
 Nor boast you in the Cradle Serpents slew.
 Two horrid Snakes that then to Death you wrung,
 And prov'd the Blood divine of which you sprung.
 The Man belies the God; your Infant Name
 Is now forgotten, and your riper Fame.
 He, who the Son of *Steneleus* subdu'd,
 And tam'd the fellest Monsters of the Wood,
 Who long did *Juno*'s Hate undaunted prove,
 He, to whom all Things yielded, yieldsto Love.
 What then? the Thund'rer was your Sire; 'tis said;
 And highly I am honour'd by your Bed.
 But as the Plow an equal Yoke requires,
 So *Hymen*'s Torch should burn with equal Fires.
 And higher if my Husband's in Degree,
 What do I gain? his Greatness lessens me..

The worſe in this, a Wiſe thus wedded ſares,
 And not an Honour, but a Burthen bears,
 Tho' the Name flatters, and the Brightneſs glares.
 She that weds well, will wiſely match her Love,
 Nor be below her Husband, nor above.
 My Lord ſo ſeldom in my Houſe I ſee,
 A Stranger I ſhould know as ſoon as he.
 To war with dreadful Monſters he delights,
 And with the Fierceſt of the Forſt fights.
 While I a Widow's Life in Wedlock lead,
 And mourn with fruitleſs Tears my injur'd Bed.
 Oft my chaſt Vows for him to Heav'n I pay,
 The Dangers to avert, my Fears diſplay;
 That ever you with Conqueſt may be crown'd,
 For your Deſeat is mine, and mine your Wound.
 My Fancy ſtill preſents you to my Mind,
 Amid your Foes of ev'ry Savage kind.
 The Dragon's fork'd Tongue methinks I view,
 And the Boar's Tuſk, and Lion's Claw in you.
 The worrying Dogs with freezing Blood I ſee,
 And intercept the Death, and bleed for thee.
 Ill Omens from my ſlaughter'd Victims riſe,
 No Flame of od'rous Incenſe upward flies,
 But the choak'd Fire, as ſoon as kindled, dies.
 Foreboding Dreams my anxious Soul affright,
 And mine are all the Horrors of the Night.
 Much I enquire, impatient of your Fate,
 What None, or but with doubtful Truſt, relate.
 I hope, I fear, and with alternate Pain
 At once for thee the double Care ſustain.
 Your Mother abſent feels the ſame Alarms,
 Repents the Fortune of her envy'd Charms,
 That e'er they pleas'd a God, and bleſt his Arms.

Me, all as a forsaken Widow shun,
 Nor is *Amphytrion* here, nor is your Son.
 No War but with *Eurystheus* now you wage,
 The Minister of *Juno's* restless Rage.
 Your Dangers and your Toils she still renews,
 Still your dear Life with cruel Hate pursues.
 It of your Foreign Loves I should complain,
 You'd laugh at my Laments, and mock my Pain.
 Each Maid you meet to your Embrace you take,
 And each that you enjoy a Mother make.
 Shall I *Parthenian Auge's* Rape relate,
 Or what by Force was *Astydamia's* Fate?
 You'll never blush to hear your broken Vows,
 Nor think you err'd in wronging *Theutra's* House,
 Where fifty Sisters in one Night you knew;
 But what are fifty ruin'd Nymphs to you?
 Another such Offence I've lately known,
 And *Lamus* by your Lust is made my Son;
 His Stepdame I; and o'er the *Libyan* Plains
 My Rival, his abandon'd Mother, reigns.
 And where thro' flow'ry Vales *Meander* glides
 With winding Waves, and turns with reflux Tides,
 Has *Hercules* been seen in shameful Guise,
 Ill suiting him, whose Shoulders bore the Skies;
 With Bracelets deck'd, and other Female geer,
 Which wanton Damsels at their Revels wear.
 Bright Chains of Gold around those Arms they view,
 Which in *Nemean* Woods the Lion flew.
 Whose Skin, a glorious Robe, he proudly wore,
 And on his Back the dreadful Trophy bore.
 See his rude Locks with gaudy Ribbans bound,
 And purple Vests his manly Limbs surround:

Such

Such as the soft *Maonian* Virgins wear,
To catch in Silken Folds the flowing Air.
Now Horror in your Mind his Image breeds,
Who fed with human Flesh his pamper'd Steeds.
His Conqu'ror had *Busiris* thus beheld,
He'd doubt his Fall, and stil' dispute the Field.
These Toys, *Anteus* from your Neck would tear,
Asham'd his Victor should such Trinkets wear.
'Tis said, you with *Ionian* Girls are seen,
In base Attendance on their haughty Queen,
That Baskets in your Hands like them you bear,
And the vain Menace of your Mistress fear.
For shame; were those Victorious Hands design'd
For Women's Service? or to free Mankind?
How, think you, to the wond'ring World 'twill sound,
That at Command you turn the Spindle round?
Your Work's set out, your Mistress you must please,
And your Toils dwindle to such Tasks as these.
But your rough Fingers break the slender Thread,
And from the Fair a Drubbing oft you dread.
Now at her Feet, methinks, I see you lye,
While she looks from you with an angry Eye.
To plead for Pity, you your Error own,
And brag, in your Exeuse, what Deeds you've done.
How, when a Child, two Serpents you o'ercame,
And then the *Erymanthean* Boar did tame.
The Heads that were on *Thracian* Gates affix'd,
And what to them you did, you vaunt of next.
Of *Diomedes*, and his Mares you boast,
Of your fam'd Conquests to th' *Iberian* Coast.
Of *Gerion's* Herd, and *Cerberus* you tell,
And the dread Wonders you perform'd in Hell;
How thrice they both reviv'd, and thrice they fell.

How the huge Giant, by a fierce Embrace
 You grip'd to Death, and kill'd with a Caress;
 How the swift Horses that out-flew the Wind
 By you were left in Race, and lag'd behind.
 You put them on *Theſſalian* Hills to flight,
 Nor you their Speed, nor double Forms affright.
 But ill by you are ſuch high Things expreſt,
 A Suppliant, like *Sidonian* Harlots dreſt.
 Your Tongue might by your Figure well be ty'd,
 And you, for ſhame, the Tale you tell her hide.
 Nor can all this alone preſerve her Smiles,
 She wears your Arms, and Triumphs with your Spoils.
 Go, boaſt your glorious Acts, while all that ſee
 Your differing Garbs, will gueſs you both to be,
 Thou the ſoft Harlot, and the Hero ſhe. }
 As greater you than all your Conqueſts are,
 The leſs you to your Conqu'ror can compare;
 And as you can't your lewd Deſires ſubdue,
 The mightier ſhe, who maſters them and you.
 To her the Glory of your Deeds redounds,
 And Fame her Pow'r with your Diſgrace reſounds.
 The Victor's Praise, the Laurel Wreath, reſign,
 Thoſe Songs and Trophies are no longer thine.
 She Heirs them all. Eternal Shame to ſee
 That Skin on her, which ſuited none but thee!
 And the rude Robe that thou with Pride haſt worn,
 Her feeble Limbs enfold, and ſink to Scorn,
 Theſe Spoils, miſtaken Man, are not her Aim,
 Thy Self's her Triumph, and her Spoil's thy Fame.
 By her the Merit of thy Might's ſuppreſt,
 Her Conqueſt was thy ſelf, and thine, a Beaſt.

She leaves the laden Reel, and learns the Use
 Of Arrows poison'd with *Lernaean* Juice.
 She, who can scarce the flying Wheel command,
 And turn the Spindle with her trembling Hand,
 Now teaches it the massy Club to wield,
 Which tam'd the fiercest Monsters of the Field,
 This with Delight she in her Mirror views,
 Fights o'er thy Fights, and all thy Foes subdued.
 Haply Report, tho' loud it speaks, may err;
 Yet tell of others Truth, if not of her.
 I see of others what of her I hear,
 And that my Rage provokes, as this my Fear.
 A Foreign Wanton's to the City brought,
 And to be false, with thee's no more a Fault,
 No more solicitous thy Shame to hide,
 As if to publish it thou took'st a Pride,
 As if to Triumph here thou sent'st the Slave,
 To shew thy Folly, and my Fury brave.
 Unbidden; is she like a Suppliant seen,
 With Hair neglected, and an humble Mien?
 She strives not to conceal her Captive State,
 And ill her Front erect becomes her Fate.
 In Gold she shines, her gay Attire's the same
 As when you deign to act the *Phrygian* Dame.
 Who can believe, so high she holds her Head,
 That you're a Conqueror, or her Father dead?
 These weeping Eyes your perjur'd Vows can prove,
 And her bold Pride confirms my slighted Love.
 Perhaps you'll drive me from your Bed and House,
 And of a Mistress make the Slave your Spouse.
 A noble Match 'twill be, should *Hymen* join
 Her Infamy in equal Bonds with thine.

The

She

The God must, sure, to light his Torch be glad,
 The Wife a Captive, and the Husband mad;
 I cannot bear the Thought, it turns my Brains,
 Strikes to my Heart, and freezes all my Veins.
 Me once you lov'd, and guiltless was your Flame,
 With double Conquest to your Arms I came,
 And crown'd not more your Passion than your Fame. }
 Shorn of his Horns *Achelous* hides his Head,
 And vanquish'd plunges in his slimy Bed.
Nessus from thee receives the deadly Wound,
 And falling foams with Rage, and bites the Ground.
 From the Man-Beast a purple Deluge flow'd,
 And stain'd *Evenus* with his streaming Blood.
 Why do I write these vain Complaints to thee,
 Ev'n now I hear thou dy'st, and dy'st by me?
 Mine was the poison'd Robe my Husband wears,
 Whose hidden Fire his cracking Sinews tears.
 What have I done? What Frenzy had possess'd
 My Mind, and more than Love inflam'd my Breast?
 Lifeless my Lord on *Oeta's* Top may lye,
 And yet, ah Wretch! dost doubt if thou should'st die:
 Wilt thou thy Guilt, and him, alas! survive?
 His Widow wilt thou, and his Murd'rer, live?
 No, ne'er will I appear so fond of Life,
 Or shew I ill deserv'd to be his Wife.
 What *Meleager's* Sister ought, I'll do,
 And both their Steps with dauntless Soul pursue.
 Nor Sister will they then, nor Wife deny,
 And yet, ah Wretch! dost doubt if thou should'st die?
 Unhappy House, to sudden Ruin doom'd,
 To Exile some are sent, and some entomb'd.

Agrus usurps my Royal Father's Throne,
 And old *Oeneus* mourns a banish'd Son,
 Here in devouring Flames another fries,
 And my dear Mother there Self-murder'd lyes.
 None now of all their Race is left, but I,
 And yet, ah Wretch! dost doubt if thou should'st die?
 By all that ever to my Soul was dear,
 By *Hymen's* sacred Rites and Joys, I swear,
 No Mischief was to thee, believe me, meant;
 I knew no Poison when the Shirt I sent.
 From Weakness only, not Design, it came,
 In hopes to light afresh thy languid Flame.
 When *Nessus* te'l, the fraudulent Villain swore
 A wondrous Charm was in his flowing Gore,
 That 'twould to ev'ry thing it touch'd impart
 A Virtue, to reclaim a wand'ring Heart:
 On thine I thought its latent Pow'r to prove,
 And not in Malice dipt the Robe, but Love.
 A latent Pow'r it had, ah curst Deceit!
 That Pow'r was Poison, and the Charm was Fate.
 On whom didst thou its fatal Magick try?
 And yet, ah Wretch! dost doubt if thou should'st die?
 Adieu, my Father, Country, Friends, Adieu
 The Light that with these dying Eyes I view:
 I fly, my *Hercules*! to thee I fly;
 Life ebbs apace, and I with Pleasure die.



DEIANIRA to HERCULES.

By another Hand.

THE ARGUMENT.

Deianira having heard that Hercules was fall'n in Love with Iſſe a Captive; and at the same time that he was dying by a poison'd Shirt she had presented him with, and had been told wou'd recover a lost Affection; betwixt Disdain and Anger for the first, and Grief and Despair for the latter, she writes the following Lines to her Husband.

I'M pleas'd with the Success your Valour gave,
 But grieve the Victor is his Captive's Slave.
 This unexpected News soon flew to me,
 And with your former Life does still agree.
 Continual Actions, nor yet *Juno's* Hate,
 Ne'er hurt whom *Iſſe* does Captivate:
Euryſtheus this, this did *Jove's* Wife design,
 Laugh at your Weakness, and these Tears of mine;
 But *Jupiter* hop'd better Things, when he,
 To make this Hero, made one Night of three.
Venus has hurt you more by her soft Charms,
 Than angry *Juno* that Implants your Arms;
 She by depressing you, rais'd you the more,
 The other treads on you, whom you adore.
 You've freed the World from Troublers of Mankind,
 All Things submit to your Heroick Mind:
 You make the Seas secure, the Earth have rest,
 Your mighty Name fills both the East and West.
 Heaven, that must bear you, you did bear before,
 When weary *Atlas* did your Aid implore.

Yet for all this, the greater is your Shame,
 If with mean Acts you stain your glorious Name.
 You kill'd two Serpents with your Infant Hand,
 Which then deserv'd *Jove's* Scepter to command.
 Your last Deeds differ from your first Success,
 The Infant makes the Man appear the less.
 No Savage Beasts, nor fiercer Enemies,
 Cou'd conquer him whom Love does now surprize,
 Some think my Marriage a great Happiness,
 Being *Jove's* Daughter, Wife of *Hercules*;
 But as Extreame do very ill agree,
 The greatness of my Husband lessens me:
 This seeming Honour gives a mortal Wound:
 Amongst our Equals Happiness is found:
 At Home in quiet they their Lives enjoy;
 Tumults, and Wars, do all his Hours employ:
 This Absence makes me so unfortunate,
 I buy your Glory at too dear a Rate.
 I weary Heav'n with Vows and Sacrifice,
 Lest you should fall by Beasts, or Enemies.
 When you assault a Lion, or wild Boar,
 You hazard much, but still I hazard more.
 Strange Dreams and Visions set before mine Eyes
 The Dangers that attend your Victories.
 Unhappy I to vain Reports give Ear,
 Then vainly hope, and then as vainly fear,
 Your absent Mother blushes she pleas'd *Jove*,
Amphytrio's absent, and the Son you love.
 I see *Eurytheus* has contriv'd your Fate,
 And will make use of *Juno's* restless Hate.
 This I could bear, did you love none but me,
 But you are Amorous of all you see.

Yet *Omphale* does now inrage me more,
Than all the Beauties you admir'd before.
Meander's Streams have seen those Shoulders wear
Rich Chains, that Heaven as a small Weight did bear.
But were you not ashamed to behold
Those Arms weigh'd down with Jewels, and with Gold,
That made the fierce *Nemean* Lion die,
And wore his Skin to shew the Victory?
When like a Woman you did dress your Hair,
Lawrel had been for you a fitter Wear.
As wanton Maids, you thought it was no Shame
To wear a Sash, to please your haughty Dame.
Fierce *Diomedes* was not in your Mind,
That fed his bloody Horses with Mankind:
Did but *Busiris* see this strange Disguise,
The Conquer'd wou'd the Conqueror despise.
Anteus wou'd retrieve his Captive State,
And scorn a Victor so effeminate.
Among the *Grecian* Virgins you sit down,
And spin, and tremble at a Woman's Frown.
A Distaff, not a Scepter, fills that Hand
That conquer'd all Things, and did all Command.
Then in her Presence you do trembling stand,
And fear a Blow, as Death, from her fair Hand;
And to regain her Favours, you reveal
Those glorious Actions you shou'd then conceal.
How you that strange and fruitful Serpent slew,
That by his Wounds more fierce and stronger grew.
How when you fought, you never lost the Field,
But made great Kings and cruel Monsters yield.
And can you boast or think on Things so great,
Now you wear Silks, and are with Jewels set?

These Actions and that Garb do disagree,
 So soft a Dress does give your Tongue the Lie,
 Your Mistress too puts on your Conqu'ring Arms,
 And makes you stoop to her more pow'rful Charms,
 She wears your Robes to shew her Victory,
 And is, what you once thought your self to be,
 Your glorious Conquest, and illustrious Fame,
 Give her Renown, but you eternal Shame.
 All is to her, by whom you're conquer'd, due,
 Go now and brag of what remains to you,
 Is't not a Shame that her soft Arms should bear
 The Lion's rugged Skin you once did wear?
 The Spoils are not the Lion's, but your own;
 The Beast you conquer'd, you she overcome.
 She takes your Club into her feeble Hand,
 And in her Glass she learns how to command.
 All this I heard: yet I could not believe
 The sad Report which causes me to grieve.
 Your *Töle* is brought before my Face,
 I must be Witness of my own Disgrace.
 Whilst I reflect on my unhappy Fate,
 She makes her Entry in the Town in State.
 Not as a Captive with her Hair unbound,
 Nor yet dejected Eyes fix'd on the Ground;
 But cover'd o'er with Jewels and with Gold,
 As *Phrygia* once did *Hercules* behold:
 And salutes all with as much Majesty,
 As if her Father had the Victory.
 Perhaps to leave me is design'd by you,
 True to your Mistress, to your Wife untrue.
 You'll be divorc'd from me, and marry her,
 The Conquer'd must obey the Conqueror.

This Fear torments me more than all the rest,
 And as a Dagger wounds my troubled Breast.
 I knew the time when you did love me more
 Than any she whom you do now adore.
 But oh! as I am writing, the News flies,
 That by a poison'd Shirt my Husband dies,
 What have I done whither has Love drove me?
 Is Love the Author of such Cruelty?
 Shall my dear *Hercules* endure this Pain,
 And I, th' unhappy Cause, alive remain?
 My Title to him, by my Death I'll prove,
 And surely Death's an Argument of Love.
Meleager will a Sister find in me:
 Shall *Deianira* be afraid to die?
 Unhappy House! Usurpers fill the Throne,
 Whilst the true Sov'raign is esteem'd by none.
 One Brother wastes his Life in foreign Lands,
 The other perish'd by his Mother's Hands,
 Who on herself reveng'd the Crime: Then why
 Should *Deianira* be afraid to die?
 Only this Thing I beg with my last Breath,
 Not to believe that I design'd your Death.
 As soon as you struck *Nessus* with your Dart,
 His Blood, he said, would charm a straying Heart;
 In it I dipt the Shirt; 'twas but to try:
 O *Deianira*, make, make haste to die:
 Adieu my Father, Sister too adieu!
 Adieu my Country, and my Brother too!
 Farewel this Light, the last that I shall see.
Hyllus farewel; my Dear, I come to thee.



ACONTIUS to CYDIPPE.

By Mr. R. D U K E.

The ARGUMENT.

Acontius, in the Temple of Diana at Delos, (famous for the Resort of the most Beautiful Virgins of all Greece) fell in Love with Cydippe, a Lady of Quality much above his own; not daring therefore to Court her openly, he found this Device to obtain her: he writes upon the fairest Apple that could be procur'd a couple of Verses to this effect,

“ I swear by Chaste Diana, I will be

“ In Sacred Wedlock ever join'd to thee.

and throws it at the Feet of the young Lady: She suspecting not the Deceit takes it up, and reads it, and therein promises her self in Marriage to Acontius; there being a Law there in Force, that whatever any Person should Swear in the Temple of Diana of Delos, should stand good, and be inviolably observ'd. But her Father not knowing what had pass'd, and having not long after promised her to another, just as the Solemnities of Marriage were to be perform'd, she was taken with a sudden and violent Fever, which Acontius endeavours to persuade her was sent from Diana, as a Punishment of the Breach of the Vow made in her Presence. And this with the rest of the Arguments, which on such an Occasion would occur to a Lover, is the Subject of the following Epistle.

Read boldly this; here you shall swear no more,
For that's enough which you have sworn before.

Read it; so may that violent Disease,

Which thy dear Body, but my Soul doth seize,

I 4

Forget

Forget its too-long practis'd Cruelty,
 And Health to you restore, and you to me.
 Why do you blush ? for blush you do, I fear,
 As when you first did in the Temple swear.
 Truth to your plighted Faith is all I claim :
 And Truth can never be the Cause of Shame.
 Shame lives with Guilt, but you your Virtue prove
 In fav'ring mine, for mine's a Husband's Love.
 Ah ! to your self, those binding Words repeat,
 When once your wishing Eyes ev'n long'd to meet,
 When th' Apple brought 'em dancing to your Feet.
 There you will find the solemn Vow you made,
 Which, if your Health, or mine, can ought persuade,
 You to perform should rather mindful be,
 Than great *Dianna* to revenge on thee.
 My Fears for you increase with my Desire,
 And Hope blows that already raging Fire.
 For Hope you gave ; nor can you this deny,
 For the great Goddess of the Fane was by ;
 She was, and heard, and from her hallow'd Shrine
 A sudden kind auspicious Light did shine ;
 Her Statue seem'd to nod its awful Head,
 And give its glad Consent to what you said.
 Now, if you please, accuse my prosp'rous Cheat,
 Yet still confess 'twas Love that taught me it.
 In that Deceit what did I else design,
 But with your own Consent to make you mine ?
 What you my Crime, I call my Innocence,
 Since Loving you has been my sole Offence.
 Nor Nature gave me, nor has Practice taught
 The Nats with which young Virgins Hearts are caught.

}

You
 I

You my Accuser taught me to deceive,
 And Love, with you, did his Assistance give;
 For Love stood by, and smiling bad me write
 The cunning words he did himself indite:
 Again, you see I write by his Command,
 He guides my Pen, and rules my willing Hand;
 Again, such kind, such loving Words I send,
 As makes me fear that I again offend.
 Yet if my Love's my Crime, I must confess;
 Great is my Guilt, but never shall be less;
 Oh that I thus might ever guilty prove!
 In finding out new Paths to reach thy Love.
 A thousand Ways to that steep Mountain lead,
 Tho' hard to find, and difficult to tread.
 All these will I find out, and break through all,
 For which, my Flames compar'd, the Danger's small.
 The Gods alone know what the End will be;
 Yet if we Mortals any thing foresee,
 One way or other you must yield to me.
 If all my Arts should fail, to Arms I'll fly,
 And snatch by Force what you my Prayers deny:
 I all those Heroes mighty Acts applaud,
 Who first have led me this illustrious Road.
 I too—but hold, Death the Reward will be;
 Death be it then—
 For to lose you is more than Death to me.
 Were you less Fair, I'd use the vulgar Way,
 Of tedious Courtship, and of dull Delay;
 But thy bright Form-kindles more eager Fires,
 And something wond'rous, as it self, inspires;
 Those Eyes that all the Heav'nly Lights out-shine;
 (Which Oh! may'st thou behold, and love in mine):

Those snowy Arms, which on my Neck should fall,
 If you the Vows you made, regard at all;
 That modest Sweetness, and becoming Grace,
 That paints with living Red your blushing Face;
 Those Feet, with which they only can compare
 That through the Silver Flood bright *Thetis* bear;
 Do all conspire my Madness to excite,
 With all the rest that is deny'd to Sight.
 Which could I praise alike, I then were blest,
 And all the Storms of my vex'd Soul at rest.
 No wonder then if with such Beauty fir'd,
 I of your Love the sacred Pledge desir'd.
 Rage now, and be as angry as you will,
 Your very Frowns all other Smiles excel;
 But give me leave that Anger to appease
 By my Submission, that my Love did raise.
 Your Pardon prostrate at your Feet I'll crave,
 The humble Posture of your guilty Slave.
 With falling Tears your fiery Rage I'll cool,
 And lay the rising Tempest of your Soul.
 Why in my Absence are you thus severe?
 Summon'd at your Tribunal to appear,
 For all my Crimes, I'd gladly suffer there,
 With Pride whatever you inflict receive,
 And love the Wounds those Hands vouchsafe to give.
 Your Fetters too.—But they alas are vain,
 For Love has bound me, and I hug my Chain.
 Your hardest Laws with Patience I'll obey,
 'Till you your self at last relent, and say,
 When all my Sufferings you with Pity see,
He that can love so well, is worthy me.

But if all this should unsuccessful prove,
Diana claims for me your promis'd Love.
 O may my Fears be false! yet she delights
 In just Revenge of her abused Rites.
 I dread to hide, what yet to speak I dread,
 Lest you should think that for my self I plead.
 Yet out it must, — 'Tis this, 'Tis surely this,
 That is the Fuel to your hot Disease;
 When waiting *Hymen* at your Porch attends,
 Her fatal Messenger the Goddess sends;
 And when you would to his kind Call consent,
 This Feaver does your Perjury prevent.
 Forbear, forbear thus to provoke her Rage,
 Which you so easily may yet assuage.
 Forbear to make that lovely charming Face
 The Prey to ev'ry envious Disease;
 Preserve those Looks to be enjoy'd by me,
 Which none shou'd ever but with Wonder see:
 Let that fresh Colour to your Cheeks return,
 Whose blooming Flame did all Beholders burn;
 But let on him, th' unhappy Cause of all
 The Ills that from *Diana's* Anger fall,
 No greater Torments light, than those I feel,
 When you my dearest, tend'rest Part are ill.
 For oh! with what dire Tortures am I rackt,
 Whom different Griets successively distract!
 Sometimes my Grief from this does higher grow,
 To think that I have caus'd so much to you:
 Then great *Diana's* Witness, how I pray,
 That all our Crimes on me alone she'd lay.
 Sometimes to your lov'd Doors disguis'd I come,
 And all around 'em up and down I roam:

Till

'Till I your Woman coming from you spy,
 With Looks dejected, and a weeping Eye.
 With silent Steps, like some sad Ghost I steal,
 Close up to her, and urge her to reveal
 More than new Questions suffer her to tell:
 How you had slept, what Diet you had us'd?
 And oft the vain Physician's Art accus'd.
 Heev'ry Hour (Oh, were I blest as he!)
 Does all the turns of your Distemper see;
 Why sit not I by your Bed-side all Day,
 My mournful Head in your warm Bosom lay,
 'Till with my Tears the inward Fires decay?
 Why press not I your melting Hand in mine,
 And from your Pulse of my own Health divine?
 But oh! these Wishes all are vain; and he
 Whom most I fear, may now sit close by thee,
 Forgetful as thou art of Heav'n and me.
 He that lov'd Hand does press, and oft does feign
 Some new Excuse to feel thy beating Vein.
 Then his bold Hand up to your Arm does slide,
 And in your panting Breast it self does hide;
 Kisses sometimes he snatches too from thee,
 For his officious Care too great a Fee,
 Robber, who gave thee Leave to taste that Lip,
 And the ripe Harvest of my Kisses reap?
 For they are mine, so is that Bosom too,
 Which, false as 'tis, shall never harbour you.
 Take, take away those thy adult'rous Hands,
 For know, another Lord that Breast commands.
 'Tis true, her Father promis'd her to thee,
 But Heav'n and she first gave her self to me;

And

And you in Justice therefore should decline
 Your Claim to that which is already mine;
 This is the Man, *Cyddippe*, that excites
Diana's Rage to vindicate her Rites;
 Command him then not to approach thy Door;
 This done, the Danger of your Death is o'er.
 For fear not, beauteous Maid, but keep thy Vow,
 Which great *Diana* heard, and did allow,
 And she who took it, will thy Health restore,
 And be propitious as she was before.
 " 'Tis not the Steam of a slain Heifer's Blood;
 " That can allay the Anger of a God.
 " 'Tis Truth, and Justice to your Vows, appeals
 " Their angry Deities, and without these
 " No slaughter'd Beast their Fury can divert;
 " For that's a Sacrifice without a Heart.
 Some, bitter Portions patiently endure,
 And kiss the wounding Lance that works their Cure;
 You have no need these cruel Cures to feel,
 Shun being perjur'd only, and be well.
 Why let you still your pious Parents weep,
 Whom you in Ign'rance of your Promise keep?
 Oh! to your Mother all our Story tell,
 And the whole Progress of our Love reveal;
 Tell her how first at great *Diana's* Shrine
 I fixt my Eyes, my wond'ring Eyes, on thine;
 How like the Statues there I stood amaz'd,
 Whilst on thy Face intemp'rately I gaz'd;
 She will her self, when you my Tale repeat,
 Smile, and approve the amorous Deceit.
 Marry, she'll say, whom Heav'n commends to thee;
 He who has pleas'd *Diana*, pleases me.

But should she ask from what Descent I came,
 My Country, and my Parents, and my Name,
 Tell her that none of these deserve my Shame. }
 Had you not sworn, you such a one might chuse;
 But were haworse, now sworn, you can't refuse.
 This in my Dreams *Diana* bid me write,
 And when I wak'd sent *Cupid* to indite:
 Obey 'em both, for one has wounded me,
 Which Wound if you with Eyes of Pity see, }
 She too will soon relent that wounded thee.
 Then to our Joys with eager Haste we'll move,
 As full of Beauty you, as I of Love:
 To the great Temple we'll in Triumph go,
 And with our Offerings at the Altar bow.
 A Golden Image there I'll consecrate
 Of the false Apple's innocent Deceit;
 And write below the happy Verse, that came:
 The Messenger of my successful Flame;
 " Let all the World this from *Acontius* know;
 " *Cydispe* has been faithful to her Vow.
 More I could Write, but since thy Illness reigns,
 And wracks thy tender Limbs with sharpest Pains,
 My Pen falls down for fear, lest this might be,
 Altho' for me too little, yet too much for thee.





C R D I P P E

Her Answer to

A CONTIUS.

By Mr. BUTLER.

I N silent Fear I read your Letter o'er;
 Lest I shou'd Swear, as I had done before!
 Nor had I read, but that I fear'd t'engage
 By my Neglect the peevish Goddess' Rage:
 In vain I deck her Shrine, her Rites attend,
 The partial Goddess still remains your Friend:
 A Virgin rather shou'd a Virgin aid;
 But where I seek Relief I am betray'd!
 I languish, and the Cause of my Disease
 As yet lyes hid, no Med'cine gives me Ease.
 In how much Pain do I this Letter write!
 To my weak Hand my sicklier Thoughts indite:
 What anxious Fear alas afflicts me too,
 Lest any but my trusty Nurse shou'd know!
 To gain me Time to write, the Door she keeps,
 And whisp'ring tells the Visitants, *She Sleeps*.
 Worse Ills I could not for your sake sustain,
 Tho' you had Merit equal to my Pain.
 Your Love betrays, my Beauty proves my Snare,
 I had been happy had I seem'd less fair.

Whilſt

Whilst with your Rival you contend to raise
 My Beauty's Fame, I perish by your Praise:
 Whilst neither will admit the other's Claim,
 The Chase is hinder'd, and both miss the Game.

My Nuptial Day draws on, my Parents press
 The Sacred Rites, my blooming Years no less:
 But whilst glad *Hymen* at my Door attends,
 Grim Death waits near to force me from his Hands.
 Some call my Sickness, Chance, and some pretend
 The Gods this Lett to cross my Nuptials send:
 Whilst by severer Censure you are guest;
 By *Philtra's* to have wrought upon my Breast.
 If then your Love such Mischief can create,
 What Mis'ry is reserv'd for her you Hate!

Wou'd I to *Delos* ne'er had found the Way,
 At least not found it on that fatal Day!
 When in our Port our Anchors first we weigh'd,
 Th' unwilling Vessel still i' th' Harbour stay'd;
 Twice did cross Winds beat back our flapping Sails;
 Said I, cross Winds? no, those were prosp'rous Gales!
 Those Winds alone blew fair, that back convey'd
 Our Ship, and those that off our Passage stay'd.
 Yet I to see fam'd *Delos* am in Pain,
 And fondly of each hind'ring Blast complain.
 By *Tenos* Isle, and *Myconé* we steer'd,
 At last fair *Delos*' winding Cliffs appear'd;
 And much I fear lest now the *Fairy* Shore
 Shou'd Vanish, as 'tis said t' have done before.
 At Night we land; soon as the Day return'd
 My platted Tresses are with Gems adorn'd,
 Then to attend the sacred Rites we go,
 And pious Incense on each Altar throw.

My Parents there at their Devotion stay;
 My Nurse and I through all the Temple stray:
 We view each Court, and each fresh Wonder brings,
 Pictures and Statues, Gifts of ancient Kings.
 But whilst into these Rarities I pry'd,
 I am my self by sly *Acontius* spy'd.
 Thence to the inmost Temple we remove,
 The Place that should a Sanctuary prove.
 Yet there I find the Apple with this Rhime——
 Ah me! I'd like to have Sworn the second time!
 The Name of Wedlock I no sooner read
 But thro' my Cheeks a troubled Blush was spread.
 Why didst thou cheat an unsuspecting Maid?
 I shou'd have been intreated, not betray'd:
 Is then the Goddess bound to take thy Part?
 And ratifie an Oath without the Heart?
 The Will consents, but that was absent there;
 I read indeed the Oath, but did not swear.
 Yet cannot I deny that I suspect
Diana's Rage this Sicknesh does inflict;
 Glad *Hymen* thrice did to our Courts repair,
 Thrice frighted fled to find Death planted there.
 Thin Cov'rings on my Feav'rish Limbs are spread,
 My Parents mourn me as already Dead.
 What have I done to merit this Distress,
 Reading but Words whose Fraud I cou'd not guess!
 Do thou, ev'n thou from whom my Sufferings spring,
 T' appease the Goddess' Rage thine Off'rings bring.
 When will those Hands, that writ the fatal Rhime,
 Bear Incense to remove my Pain, thy Crime!
 Nor think that thy rich Rival, tho' allow'd
 To visit, is of greater Favours proud.

By

By me he sits, but still just Distance keeps,
 Restless as I, talks seldom, often weeps :
 Blushing he takes a Kiss, and leaves a Tear,
 And once his Courage serv'd to cry— My Dear.
 But from his Arms still by Degrees I creep,
 And to prevent Discourse pretend to sleep.
 He finds, but wou'd his Sense o' th' Flight disguise,
 He checks his Tongue, but chides me with his Eyes.
 With Grief he wastes, and I with Feavers pine,
 'Tis we that suffer, but th' Offence was thine.

You write for leave to come and see me here,
 Yet know your former Visit cost me dear.
 Why wouldst thou hither come ? thou canst but see
 The double Trophies of thy Cruelty.
 My Flesh consum'd, my Cheeks of Bloodless Hue,
 Such as I once did in thy Apple view.
 Shou'dst see me now thou wou'dst repent thy Cheat,
 Nor think me worth such exquisite Deceit.
 To *Delos* back with greater haste wou'dst go,
 And beg the Goddess to release my Vow :
 On new Designs thy Fancy wou'dst employ,
 Contrive new Oaths the former to destroy.

No Means have been omitted to procure
 My Health, but still my Feav'rish Fits endure.
 We ask'd the Oracle what caus'd my Pains ?
 The Oracle of broken Vows complains !
 The Gods themselves on your behalf declare :
 What hast thou done to merit this their Care ?
 But so it is—and I at last incline,
 Since that thou art their Choice, to make thee Mine.
 Already to my Mother I've declar'd,
 How by your Cunning I have been insnar'd.

I've done, and what I have already said;
I fear is more than will become a Maid.
My Thoughts are now confus'd, and can indite
No more, my feeble Hand no more can write.
Nor need I more Subscribe, but this, Be True!
And (since it must be so) *my Dear, Adieu!*

F I N I S.



THE THREE
EPISTLES

OF

Aulus Sabinus:

In Answer to as many of

O V I D.

Made *English* by

Mr. SALUSBURY.

Printed in the YEAR M DCC XXVII.

THE THREE

EPISTLES

Advertisement.

Aulus Sabinus flourish'd in the Reign of Augustus, and was contemporary with Ovid. He wrote a Book of Elegies to his Mistress Teriſſena; and left some unfinish'd Poems of the ancient Roman Religion and Ceremonies; and also wrote several Epistles like Ovid's, in Answer to so many of that excellent Poet's, viz. Hippolytus to Phædra, Æneas to Dido, Jason to Hypsipile, Phaon to Sapho, Ulyſſes to Penelope, Demophoon to Phyllis, and Paris to OEnone; of all which, excepting the three last, the Injury of Time has deprived us.

The learned Heinſius speaking of these three Epistles, calls them a Treasure; and indeed they express so much of a true Poetick Genius, and maintain their Character so well, that it has been thought fit in this Edition to give 'em an English Version, since in all the late and best Editions of Ovid's Works these Epistles of Sabinus are found inserted.

E P I S T. I.

ULYSSES to PENELOPE.

The ARGUMENT.

Ulysses having received Penelope's Epistle, by this Answer endeavours to clear her Doubts, and calm her Thoughts. He tells her with what Fortitude he had gone through the various Hardships that had befall'n him; and that having consulted Tiresias and Pallas, he was determin'd to return suddenly to Ithaca; but (to comply with the Oracles) alone, and in Disguise. And as he is careful to magnifie his Love, and Fears of her, and her extraordinary Constancy and Chastity: So he forgets not to tell her what he saw in Elysium, whither he went to consult Tiresias.

CHance does at last let sad Ulysses see

The welcome Lines of his Penelope;

So much thy known dear Characters did please,

That my long Troubles found an instant Ease.

If I am slow, 'tis only to relate

To thee my many Wounds from angry Fate.

Well might the *Greeks* indeed have thought me slow,

When by feign'd Madneſs I delay'd to go:

Nor had I Will or Pow'r to leave thy Bed,

But to possess thy Charms from Honour fled.

You bid me come, and never stay to write;

But adverse Winds detain me from your Sight.

Troy hinders not, a Place once so rever'd,

In Ashes now, nor longer to be fear'd.

Hector and all her mighty Men of Fame

Are now no more, are nothing but a Name:

By Night the *Thracian* Monarch *Rhesus* slain,

I safely to our Camp return'd again,

Lead-

Leading his warlike Horses, my just Spoil,
 The noble Triumph for the Victors Toll.
 The Shrine wherein the *Phrygian* Safety lay,
 My fortunate Contrivance brought away.
 Clos'd in that Horse which prov'd the Bane of *Troy*,
 Unmov'd I heard *Cassandra* cry—destroy
 The Engine quick; the Foe your Ruin seeks:
 Burn, burn it quite, nor trust the crafty *Greeks*.
 To me oblig'd the great *Achilles* lyes
 For his last Rites, his Fun'ral Obsequies:
 Which Action so the *Grecian* Army warms,
 For his recover'd Corps they give his Arms.
 But, what avails! the Sea has all ingross'd!
 My Ships, my Arms, and my Companions lost!
 Tho' all things else Fate's Cruelties remove,
 They have no Pow'r to shake my constant Love.
 That still endures, and triumphs over all;
 Nor can by *Scylla*, or *Charibdis* fall;
 To alter that the charming *Sirens* fail,
 Nor can the fell *Antiphates* prevail.
 Not touch'd by *Circe's* Arts, from her I fled;
 Nay shun'd the Proffer of a Goddess' Bed:
 Each promis'd, so she might become my Wife,
 To give me deathless Joys, and endless Life.
 Both I reject, and having thee in view,
 My dang'rous Travels chearfully renew.
 (Let not these Female Names beget new Fears,
 Alarm thy Breast, nor drown thine Eyes in Tears)
 What *Circe*, what *Calypso* could effect:
 Secure of me, all chilling Doubts neglect.
 That you my open Soul may naked view,
 I will confess that I have fear'd for you.

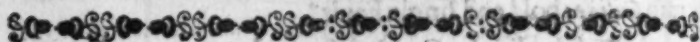
When

When I was told how num'rous a Resort
 Of eager Rivals crowded in your Court,
 All pale I grew; Life left my outward Part,
 Scarce the retiring Blood preserv'd my Heart.
 Besieg'd by pressing youthful Lovers round,
 Their Bowls with Wine, their Heads with Roses crown'd,
 My growing Doubts to wild Disorders haste;
 Ah! can I think she still is mine, and chaste!
 If me she wept, her Charms wou'd not be such:
 Cou'd she thus conquer, if she sorrow'd much?
 Yet quickly Love returns, when I perceive
 How well your chaste, your pious Arts deceive
 Your hasty Suitors, and procure Delay,
 By Night undoing what you weave by Day.
 Yet fear I, lest some busie Lover's Eyes
 Thee at thy honest Artifice surprize.
 Better by *Polyphemus* had I dy'd,
 Than know thee sacrific'd to Lust and Pride.
 Better to *Thracian* Arms have fall'n a Prey,
 Whilst there as yet my wand'ring Navy lay:
 Or then have yielded finally to Fate,
 When I return'd safe from the *Stygian* State.
 'Twas there I saw, among th' immortal Dead,
 My late dear Mother's venerable Shade.
 She told his House's Troubles to her Son;
 I griev'd she thrice did my Embraces shun.
 There too the great *Protesilaus* I met,
 Who scorning Death, first of the *Grecian* Fleet
 With Hostile Arms the *Phrygian* Shores did greet.
 Now happy with his much-prais'd Wife heroves,
 Fearless of Change, through the *Elisian* Groves:

Lamenting not he did so Young descend;
 Pleas'd with an early, since so brave an End.
 I saw, a'as! nor cou'd from Tears refrain,
 The noble *Agamemnon* newly slain,
 That mighty Chief, glorious and safe at *Troy*,
 Escaping too in the *Eubean* Sea,
 Where furious *Nauplius's* horrid Arts had done
 Such Ills, for Vengeance for his guilty Son.
 But whilst, rejoycing for his safe Return,
Atrides does his grateful Incense burn,
 By impious Hands his sacred Blood is spill'd,
 And by a thousand Wounds the Prince is kill'd:
 This tragick End had the great Hero's Life,
 Contriv'd and manag'd by a wretched Wife;
 Pretending Vengeance for his am'rous Crime,
 To cover her's, strikes first and murders him.
 When Victory had blest the *Grecian* side,
 And we our *Trojan* Prisoners did divide,
 Great *Hector's* Wife and Sister I refuse,
 And ancient *Hecuba* do rather chuse;
 To her neglected Age I give my Voice,
 Left Love might seem to mingle in the Choice.
 No longer her in human Form we meet,
 A fearful Omen to my parting Fleet.
 Her enrag'd Heart with Grief and Rancour burns,
 And suddenly to a mad Bitch she turns;
 In barking, howles, and snarling now she ends
 The loud Complaints her wild Affliction sends.
 As if amaz'd, the late calm Winds and Sea
 Start into Tempests at the Prodigy.
 By dang'rous Storms now am I rudely tost;
 Now wand'ring long in unknown Regions lost.

But if the wise *Tiresias* can as well
 Our future Joys as Miseries foretel;
 The prophecy'd Disasters having past,
 I enter on my kinder Fate at last.
Pallas now joins me, on a unknown Coast:
 Sate led by her, I can no more be lost.
Pallas, whom now the first time I salute
 Since *Ilium's* Fall, with Pleasure hears my Suit.
 What mighty Ills upon the *Greeks* were brought
 By rash *Oilides* bold and single Fault!
 Not ev'n *Tydides* did the Goddess spare,
 His Virtue too did our Affliction share.
 None could his Favour or his Merit plead,
 But all were punish'd for the impious Deed.
 Yet happy *Menelaus* no Chance could harm;
 His beauteous Wife was still a Counter-charm;
 In vain the Winds, in vain the Billows rage,
 While she is there his Passion to assuage,
 Winds had no Pow'r his Kisses to restrain,
 Nor his Embraces the tumultuous Main.
 Thrice happy I, did I but travel so,
 For calm'd by thee all Seas wou'd gentle grow.
 But since *Telemachus* with thee I hear
 Is safe, extreemly lessen'd is my Care:
 Whose too rash Voyage yet I needs must blame,
 Whatever *Sparta* cou'd or *Pylos* claim.
 Too weak the Excuse ev'n of his Piety,
 For vent'ring out in such a dang'rous Sea.
 But now the Prophet bids me hope, ill Fate
 Is o'er, and now I thy Embraces wait.
 Alone I come; temper thy rising Joy,
 For all Excesses equally destroy.

Not open Force, but Management and Art,
 The Gods foretel, will Victory impart.
 Amidst a Feast, and in the heights of Wine,
 Perhaps my just Revenge I may design,
 And make the scorn'd *Ulysses* nobler shine.
 Swift fly the Hours, and speed that happy Day;
 And when arriv'd for Ages let it stay:
 That Day! which shall restore Joys so long fled,
 And all th' intrancing Pleasures of thy Bed.



E P I S T. II.

Demophoon to Phillis.

THE ARGUMENT.

Phillis, the young Queen of Thrace, impatient of the too long Absence of her lately marry'd Husband Demophoon, the Son of Theseus King of Athens, had written him a very passionate Letter intermixt with Hope, Fear, Love and Despair. Which Letter Demophoon receiving, he returns this Answer. Wherein owning her Kindness, he shews he loves her with an extream Passion; and that he has no Thoughts of any other Love. Tells her that the Disorders of his Family, requiring more time to resettle than he expected, are the true and only Causes of his Stay. He gently blames her Doubts and her Impatience; handsomely excuseth himself; promises an inviolable Constancy, and that, his Affairs settled, he will certainly return.

WHile this is from recover'd Athens sent,

Can I forget the Aid my Phillis lent?

No other Torch has Hymen held for me.

Ah! were I happy now, as then with thee!

Theseus: (whose noble Blood your Mind did move
 Much less than your own free unbiass'd Love)

Hard Fate for us! driv'n from his Regal Throne;
 But Death has put the bold Usurper down.
Theſeus, who did an equal Glory share
 With great *Alcides* in the Toils of War,
 When the brave Heroes, with united Strength,
 Broke the fierce *Amazonian* Troops at length.
Theſeus, who, when the *Minotaur* he'd slain,
 Did of an Enemy a Father gain.
 Cou'd such a Prince, cou'd such a Parent be,
 Without a Crime, abandon'd, left by me?
 This, my dear *Phillis*, is *Demophoon's* Charge;
 On this my Brother loudly does enlarge.
 You press, he cries, for the fair *Thracian's* Charms,
 And all your Courage soften in her Arms.
 Swittly the while Occasion flies away,
 And our Disasters grow by your Delay.
 Our Father's Fate, had you made haste on Board;
 You had prevented, or with Easerestor'd.
 Should *Athens* less to you than *Thrace* appear,
 And why a Woman more than both be dear?
 Thus rages *Acamas*. Old *Ethra* now
 With equal Anger bends her wrinkled Brow;
 That her Son's Hands close not her aged Eyes,
 On my Delay with feeble Wrath she flies.
 I silent stand, while me they both accuse;
 Nor on their Anger, but thy Absence muse.
 Methinks this Moment still I hear 'em say,
 While on thy Coast my shatter'd Navy lay,
 To Sea, to Sea, the Weather now is kind,
 On Board, and spread thy Canvas to the Wind.
 By what, hard *Demophoon*, art thou so took!
 To thy lost Country, and thy Father look.

Phillis you love; her your Example make,
 Her Country she for Love will not forsake.
 Begg your Return, but with you will not stir;
 And does a barb'rous Crown to yours prefer.
 Yet in the midst of all how oft I pray'd
 By adverse Winds to be still longer stay'd!
 Oft when I parting did embrace thy Neck,
 I blest the Storms that did our Parting check,
 Nor to my Father will I fear to own
 Whate'er for my sweet *Phillis* I have done,
 That I avow, or he that Story hear,
 Is owing to the Merits of my Fair.
 I'll tell him freely that I cou'd not leave
 Thy dear Embraces, but my Soul must grieve.
 What rocky Breast from such a Wife could part,
 But weeping Eyes wou'd speak his sinking Heart!
 The Ships she might deny, she does bestow,
 And only bids they be a little slow.
 Nor can he chuse but pardon such a Crime;
 Bright *Ariadne's* not so lost in him:
 Up to the Stars whene'er he casts his Eyes,
 He sees his shining Mistress in the Skies.
 My Father's blam'd, as he his Wife forfook,
 Tho' by a God she forcibly was took.
 Shall my ill Fate too *Phillis* be the same?
 Enquire the Cause, nor me unjustly blame.
 Take this sure Pledge for *Demophoon's* Return,
 His Heart for you, and only you does burn.
 Is't possible you ignorant should be
 Of the Disasters of my Family?
 I mourn a Parent's Fate, involv'd in Snarcs!
 And oh that nothing else employ'd my Cares!

My Soul laments a noble Brother dead,
 Torn by his frighted Horses as he fled.
 Not to excuse Returning, have I told
 Some of the many Causes that with-hold
 Me from thy Ports. Believe it Fortune's Crime;
 That I still beg of thee a little Time.
 Declining *Thesus* I must first inter:
 Honour will that to ev'ry Thing prefer.
 That done, for which my Pray'rs I do repeat
 For Leave, to *Thrace* I instantly retreat.
 I am not false, but still adore thy Charms,
 No do I think I'm safe but in thy Arms.
 Not War nor Tempests, since the Fall of *Troy*,
 Cou'd me in my Return so much annoy
 To cause Delay: No, that was only seen
 Effected by the kind fair *Thracian* Queen.
 Cast on thy Shores, thou freely didst supply:
 To all my pressing Wants a Remedy.
 Be still the same: Then nothing shall remove
 The happy *Demophoon* from *Phillis* Love.
 What if a ten Years War shou'd now renew;
 That Honour shou'd engage me to pursue?
Penelope thy great Example be,
 So fam'd for her Unspotted Chastity.
 Her curious artful Web, ill understood,
 Did her hot Lovers cunningly elude.
 The Wool advanc'd the Day, the Nights restrain,
 And ravel to its primitive Wool again.
 But you with Fear, it seems are almost dead,
 Lest the scorn'd *Thracians* should despise your Bed.
 Ah, cruel! would you with another Wed?

Is then your Love, is then your Faith solight?
 Nor can the Fear of broken Vows affright?
 Think what your Shame, think what your Grief will be,
 When my Returning Sails from far you see.
 Then all in vain repenting Tears will flow,
 And own the Constancy you question now.
Demophon comes! then in Amaze, you'll cry;
 And to my Arms through Winter Storms does fly.
 Ah, why so great a Guilt did I contract!
 And what I blam'd in him, why did I act?
 But Heav'n avert: Nor let it e'er be said,
 That thy fair Vertue cou'd be so mis-led.
 It such a Fate should on my *Phillis* light,
 The mighty load wou'd overwhelm me quite.
 But ah! what d'reful threat'ning Words are those:
 With which your Letter you unkindly close!
 Abstain, at least 'till greater Cause you see,
 To charge my House with Double Perfidy.
 If to desert the *Cretan* were a Fault;
 Yet I've done nothing to be guilty thought.
 Farewel my Hope's best Object, Soul of Love:
 All that obstructs, our Meeting, Heav'n remove.
 May ev'ry Joy Love can, or Fortune give,
 For ever with my Charming *Philli* live.
 The Winds now bear my Words; my Person they
 I hope shall safely to thy Arms convey;
 There to repeat another Nuptial Day.
 My Wishes are with thee; and that I pause,
 My Duty, and my Honour are the Cause.

EPIST.

EPIST. III.

PARIS to OENONE.

The ARGUMENT.

The forsaken Nymph OEnone having written to Paris, to persuade him to return again to her Embraces, and to send back the Fair Grecian to her Husband: Paris, in this Epistle, endeavours to extenuate his Fault; laying the blame sometimes on Fate and Fortune, and sometimes on the Force of Love. With gentle Words he tries to mitigate her Affliction: and concludes, advising her to exert her utmost Skill in Magick (for which she was Famous) to procure Quiet to her self, by reviving his Passion for her, or by extinguishing her own.

WHile you of me so justly, Nymph, complain,
 I seek for plausible Replies in vain.
 I own my Fault, confess my broken Vows,
 Yet my new Love no Penitence allows.
 May this Acknowledgment procure the Rest,
 And calm the Tempests of OEnone's Breast.
 I Cupid's Slave his Order but obey,
 Deserting thee for charming Helena.
 Your Wit and Beauty, Nymph, you know did move
 My first young Wishes, and my Bloom of Love.
 My glorious Birth then troubl'd not our Joy;
 Love and our Flocks did all our Thoughts employ.
 If talk of Greatness mingled with our Sport,
 I swore OEnone might adorn a Court.
 Thus, tho' now chang'd, did then upon thee smile
 Love; whom to Reason, what can reconcile When

When you from *Pan* and from the Satyrs fled,
 To take a Private Shepherd to your Bed,
 Was it your Reason then you did pursue?
 Or kept you ought besides your Love in View?
 My present Passion is from Fate; for ere
 I did of *Leda's* beauteous Daughter hear,
 Inspir'd *Cassandra* did foretel the Thing,
Paris shall *Helen* to *Ilium* bring.
 In ev'ry Circumstance too well you see
 Th' Event has justify'd her Prophecy:
 Except those Wounds of mine, which yet remain,
 To bring me to my pitying Nymph again.
 Still I remember sweet *OEnone's* Fear,
 When first we did the strange Prediction hear.
 Melting in Tears—— Ah then, will Fate remove
 Her *Paris* from the lost *OEnone's* Love!
 Must he such Wars, Slaughters, and Ruin bring!
 Befound a Prince, thus to involve the King!
 Love taught me threaten'd Dangers to despise:
 And Love equipt me for my Enterprize.
 To him impute the Crime, and me forgive;
 The God, not *Paris*, does the Nymph deceive.
 Against his Pleasure what can Mortals say,
 Whose Pow'r th' immortal Gods themselves obey?
 When mighty *Jove* the Fire of *Cupid* burns,
 In to a thousand various Shapes he turns.
Europa's Bull, and *Danae's* golden Show'r,
 Put each a lovely Virgin in his Pow'r.
 Not charming *Helen* (Cause of all thy Care)
 Had been so wond'rous, so divinely Fair,
 Had not great *Jove* the Silver Plumes put on,
 And cheated *Leda* with a seeming Swan.

O'er Piny *Ida*, *Jove*, an Eagle, flies;
 With his lov'd *Ganymede* to distant Skies;
 The valiant *Hercules*, so Fierce and Bold,
 For *Omphale*, did a weak Distaff hold:
 Glad like a Maid he sat him down to Spin,
 And Conqu'ring she put on the Lion's Skin.
 Your self *Apollo's* proffer'd Love decline,
 And shun a God's Embrace to be mine;
 Not that a Shepherd with a God can vye,
 But it so pleases *Cupid's* Deity.
 If my new Passion still thy Mind displease,
 Yet this at least methinks might give thee Ease;
 That nothing in my Breast cou'd quench thy Love,
 But the bright Daughter of the awful *Jove*:
 Tho' yet her boasted Birth and mighty Race
 Enflame me less than her enchanting Face,
 I wish'd I had unskill'd in Beauty been;
 Then Rival Goddesses I had not seen:
 Not been obnoxious to great *Juno's* Hate;
 Nor wise *Minerwa* then shou'd irritate.
 The fatal Apple I to *Venus* gave,
 Binds me for ever *Cisberea's* Slave.
 She her Son's Darts will distribute around,
 And give him Orders when and where to wound;
 Yet is her self oft wounded by his Dart:
 The wanton Boy spares not his Mother's Heart.
Mars to her Bed so often did resort,
 All Heav'n at last was Witness to their Sport.
 Then to attract *Anchises* to her Arms,
 Appears a Mortal with Celestial Charms.
 What Wonder Love shou'd have transported me,
 When his own Mother *Venus* is not free!

Wrong'd

Wrong'd *Menelaus*, tho' hated, loves: Can I
 On whom she dotes, from the fair Prince's fly?
 I see the gath'ring Clouds from *Sparta* rise;
 And threat'ning Tempests thick in the Skies.
 The angry *Greeks*, with Armies menace us,
 And Hostile Fleets rig out for *Pergamus*.
 Let 'em come on, and Fight us if they dare;
 To keep this Beauty we accept their War.
 Her Face, *OEnone*, 's so Divine a Thing,
 'Tis worth the Cares and Dangers of a King.
 The *Grecian* Princes, hasting all to Arms,
 Enough evince, (if you still doubt her Charms.)
 But her for whom thy Fleets and Armies send,
 With greater Force the *Trojans* will defend.
 If any Hope, *OEnone*, you retain,
 Of ever freeing me from *Helen's* Chain,
 Quick to those pow'rful Herbs and Arts repair,
 By which thou rul'st in Heav'n, in Earth, and Air.
 Not *Phæbus*' self is learneder than thee,
 Scarce are the Gods from thy strong Magick free.
 Thou, by the mighty Workings of thine Art,
 From their pale Orbs the trembling Stars canst part.
 Call down the Moon, the Sun's swift Motion stay,
 Protract the Darkness, and arrest the Day.
 As Bulls I fed, among the Herd there came
 Fierce Lions, made by thy Enchantments tame.
 Swift *Simois* and *Xanthus*, Chrystal Wave
 Forbore to flow, when your Command you gave.
 Your Father *Cebres*' Waters too submit;
 Nor slight thy Charm, since all acknowledge it.
 Now, wisest Nymph, exert thy utmost Art,
 Quench thy own Fires, or re-inflame my Heart.



A. mourr



O V I D's

A M O U R S,

In Three BOOKS.

Nec Iussiffe pudet.-----

Hor.



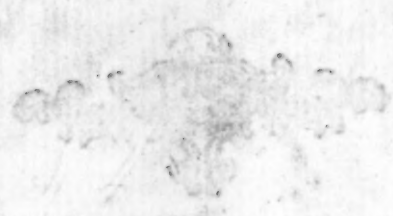
Printed in the YEAR M DCC XXVII

O V I Da

A M O U R S

THE BOOKS

For



—

in the Year MDCCLXXIV



OVID's AMOURS.

BOOK I.

ELEGY I.

By Mr. DRYDEN.



OR mighty Wars I thought to Tune my
Lute,

And make my Measures to my Subject
fute.

Six Feet for ev'ry Verse the Muse de-
sign'd,

But *Cupid*, Laughing, when he saw my Mind,
From ev'ry Second Verse a Foot purloin'd.

Who gave Thee, Boy, this arbitrary Sway,
On Subjects, not thy own, Commands to lay,
Who *Phaëbus* only, and his Laws obey?

'Tis more absurd, than if the *Queen of Love*
Shou'd in *Minerva's* Arms to Battel move;
Or Manly *Pallas* from that *Queen* shou'd take
Her Torch, and o'er the dying Lover shake.
In Fields as well may *Cynthia* sow the Corn,
Or *Ceres* wind in Woods the Bugle Horn.
As well may *Phœbus* quit the trembling String,
For Sword, and Shield; and *Mars* may learn to Sing.
Already thy Dominions are too large;
Be not ambitious of a Foreign Charge.
It thou wilt Reign o'er all, and ev'ry where,
The God of Musick for his Harp may fear.
Thus when with soaring Wings I seek Renown,
Thou pluck'st my Pinions, and I flutter down.
Cou'd I on such mean Thoughts my Muse employ,
I want a Mistress, or a blooming Boy.
Thus I complain'd; his Bow the Stripling bent,
And chose an Arrow fit for his Intent.
The Shaft his Purpose fatally pursues;
Now, Poet, there's a Subject for thy Muse,
He said: (too well, alas, he knows his Trade,)
For in my Breast a Mortal Wound he made.
Far hence ye proud *Hexameters* remove,
My Verse is pac'd, and tramell'd into Love.
With Myrtle Wreaths my thoughtful Brows inclose,
While in unequal Verse I Sing my Woes.



ELEGY



E L E G Y II.

By *Mr. CREECH*.

AH me! why am I so uneasie grown?
Ah! why so restless on my Bed of Down?
Why do I wish to sleep, but wish in vain?
Why am I all the tedious Night in Pain?
What Cause is this, that Ease, that Rest denies?
And why my Words break forth in gentle Sighs?
Sure I should know if Love had fix'd his Dart,
Or creeps he softly in with treach'rous Art,
And then grows Tyrant there, and wounds the Heart?

'Tis so, the Shaft sticks deep, and galls my Breast;
'Tis Tyrant Love, that robs my Thoughts of Rest!
Well, shall I tamely yield, or must I fight?
I'll yield; 'tis Patience makes a Burthen light:
A shaken Torch grows fierce, and Sparks arise;
But, if unmov'd, the Fire looks pale, and dyes.
The hard-mouth'd Horse smarts for his fierce Disdain,
The Gentle's ridden with a looser Rein.
Love smooths the Gentle, but the Fierce reclaims;
He fires their Breasts, and fills their Souls with Flames.

I yield, Great Love, my former Crimes forgive,
Forget my Rebel Thoughts, and let me live:
No need of Force: I willingly obey,
And now unarm'd, shall prove no glorious Prey.
Go take thy Mother's Doves, thy Myrtle Crown,
And, for thy Chariot, *Mars* shall lend his own;

There thou shalt sit in thy triumphant Pride,
 And, whilst glad Shouts resound on ev'ry side,
 Thy gentle Hands thy Mother's Doves shall guide.
 And there, to make thy glorious Pomp, and State,
 A Train of fighting Youths, and Maids shall wait,
 Yet none complain of an unhappy Fate.
 There newly conquer'd I, still fresh my Wound,
 Will march along, my Hands with Myrtle bound;
 There Modesty, with Veils thrown o'er her Face,
 Now doubly blushing at her own Disgrace;
 There sober Thoughts, and whatsoe'er disdains
 Love's Rule, shall feel his Power, and bear his Chains:
 Then all shall fear, all bow, yet all rejoice;
To Triumpe be the publick Voice.
 Thy constant Guards, soft Fancy, Hope, and Fear,
 Anger, and soft Careless shall be there:
 By these strong Guards are Men and Godso'erthrown;
 These Conquer for thee, Love, and these alone:
 Thy Mother, from the Sky, thy Pomp shall grace,
 And scatter sweetest Roses in thy Face:
 There Glorious Love shall ride, profusely drest
 With all the richest Jewels of the East:
 Rich Gems thy Quiver, and thy Wheels in fold,
 And hide the poorness of the baser Gold.
 Then thou shalt conquer many, then thy Darts
 Shall scatter thousand Wounds on tender Hearts:
 Thy Shafts themselves will fly, thy neighb'ring Fire
 Will catch Men's Breasts, and kindle warm Desire.
 Thus conqu'ring *Bacchus* looks in *Indian* Groves,
 He drawn by Tygers, thou by murm'ring Doves,
 Well then, since I too can encrease thy Train,
 Spend not thy Force on me, and Rage in vain;

Look on thy Kinsman *Cæsar's* happy Slaves,
The same victorious Arm that conquers, saves.



ELEGY III.

To his Mistress.

By Mr. CHARLES HOPKINS.

BE just, dear Maid, and equal Passion prove,
Or show me Cause why I should ever love.
I do not at your cold Disdain repine,
Nor ask your Love, do you but suffer mine.
I dare not aim at more exalted Bliss,
And *Venus* will bestow her Votary this.
Take him, who will for endless Ages serve;
Take him, whose faithful Flame will never swerve.
Tho' no illustrious Names my Race adorn,
Who am but of *Equestrian* Order born;
Tho' a few Plows serve my paternal Fields,
Nor my small Table many Dishes yields;
Yet *Bacchus*, *Phœbus*, and the tuneful Nine,
Are all my Friends, and to my side encline,
And Love's Great God, at last, will make me thine.
Heav'n knows, dear Maid, I love no other Fair;
In thee lives all my Love, my Heav'n lyes there.
Oh! may I by indulgent Fate's Decree
With thee lead all my Life, and die with thee.
Thy Beauties yield me my transporting Theme;
And while I celebrate thy charming Name,
My Verse shall be as sacred as my Flame.

Jove's sev'ral Rapes, his injur'd *Io's* Wrongs,
 Are made immortal in his Poet's Songs.
 Verse still reveals, whence *Leda's* Flames began,
 Rais'd by the secret Godhead in the Swan.
 The Story of the Rape *Europa* bore,
 Shall last while Winds shall rage, or Waters roar.
 Your Name shall live like theirs, while Verse endures,
 And mine be ever writ, and read with yours.



ELEGY IV.

*To his Mistress, whose Husband is invited to a
 Feast with them. The Poet instructs her how to
 behave her self in his Company.*

By Mr. DRYDEN.

YOur Husband will be with us at the Treat;
 May that be the last Supper he shall eat.
 And am poor I, a Guest invited there,
 Only to see, while he may touch the Fair?
 To see you kiss, and hug your nauseous Lord,
 While his lewd Hand descends below the Board?
 Now wonder not that *Hippodamia's* Charms,
 At such a Sight, the *Centaur's* urg'd to Arms:
 That in a Rage, they threw their Cups aside,
 Assail'd the Bridegroom, and wou'd force the Bride:
 I am not half a Horse, (I wish I were:)
 Yet hardly can from you my Hands forbear,

Take,

Take, then, my Counsel; which, observ'd, may be:
Of some Importance both to you, and me.
Be sure to come before your Man be there,
There's nothing can be done, but come howe'er.
Sit next him, (that belongs to Decency;)
But tread upon my Foot in passing by.
Read in my Looks what silently they speak,
And slyly, with your Eyes, your Answer make.
My lifted Eye-brow shall declare my Pain,
My Right-Hand to his fellow shall complain,
And on the Back a Letter shall design,
Besides a Note that shall be writ in Wine.
Whene'er you think upon our last Embrace,
With your Fore-Finger gently touch your Face:
If any Word of mine offend my Dear,
Pull, with your Hand, the Velvet of your Ear.
If you are pleas'd with what I do, or say,
Handle your Rings, or with your Fingers play,
As Suppliants use at Altars, hold the Board,
Whene'er you wish the Devil may take your Lord;
When he fills for you, never touch the Cup;
But bid th' officious Cuckold drink it up,
The Waiter on those Services employ;
Drink you, and I will snatch it from the Boy,
Watching the Part where your sweet Mouth has been;
And thence, with eager Lips, will suck it in.
If he, with Clownish Manners thinks it fit
To taste, and offers you the nasty Bit,
Reject his greazy Kindness, and restore
Th' unfav'ry Morfel he had chew'd before.
Nor let his Arms embrace your Neck, nor rest
Your tender Check upon his hairy Breast.

Let not his Hand within your Bosom stray,
And rudely with your pretty Bubbies play.
But, above all, let him no Kifs receive;
That's an Offence I never can forgive.
Do not, O do not that sweet Mouth resign,
Lest I rise up in Arms, and cry 'tis mine.
I shall thrust in betwixt, and void of Fear
The manifest Adult'rer will appear.
These things are plain to sight, but more I doubt
What you conceal beneath your Petticoat.
Take not his Leg between your tender Thighs,
Nor, with your Hand, provoke my Foe to rise.
How many Love-Inventions I deplore,
Which I, my self, have practis'd all before ?
How oft have I been forc'd the Robe to lift
In Company; to make a homely shift
For a bare Bout, ill huddled o'er in haste,
While o'er my Side the Fair her Mantle cast ?
You to your Husband shall not be so kind;
But, lest you shou'd, your Mantle leave behind:
Encourage him to Tope, but kifs him not,
Nor mix one drop of Water in his Pot.
If he be Fuddled well, and Snores apace,
Then we may take Advice from Time, and Place.
When all depart, while Compliments are loud,
Be sure to mix among the thickest Crowd:
There I will be, and there we cannot raise,
Perhaps to grubble, or at least to kifs,
Alas, what length of Labour I employ,
Just to secure a short, and transient Joy!
For Night must part us; and when Night is come,
Tuck'd underneath his Arms, he leads you home.

He locks you in, I follow to the Door,
 His Fortune envy, and my own deplore.
 He kisses you, he more than kisses too;
 Th' outrageous Cuckold thinks it all his due.
 But, add not to his Joy, by your Consent;
 And let it not be giv'n, but only lent:
 Return no Kiss, nor move in any sort;
 Make it a dull, and a malignant Sport.
 Had I my Wish, he shou'd no Pleasure take,
 But slubber o'er your Business for my sake.
 And whate'er Fortune shall this Night befall,
 Coakes me to-morrow, by forswearing all.



E L E G Y V.

By Mr. DUKE.

'T WAS Noon, when I, scorch'd with the double Fire,
 Of the hot Sun, and my more hot Desire,
 Stretch'd on my Downy Couch at Ease was laid,
 Big with Expectance of the lovely Maid.
 The Curtains but half drawn, a Light let in,
 Such as the Shades of thickest Groves is seen;
 Such as remains, when the Sun flies away,
 Or when Night's gone, and yet it is not Day.
 This Light to modest Maids must be allow'd,
 Where Shame may hope its guilty Head to shrowd.
 And now my Love *Corinna* did appear,
 Loose on her Neck fell her divided Hair;
 Loose as her flowing Gown, that wanton'd in the Air.

}
In

In such a Garb, with such a Grace, and Mien,
 To her rich Bed camethe *Assyrian* Queen.
 So *Lais* look'd, when all the Youth of *Greece*
 With Adoration did her Charms confess.
 Her envious Gown to pull away, I try'd,
 But she resisted still, and still deny'd;
 But so resisted, that she seem'd to be
 Unwilling to obtain the Victory.
 So I at last, an easy Conquest had,
 Whilst my fair Combatant her self betray'd:
 But when she naked stood before my Eyes,
 Gods! with what Charms did she my Soul surprise?
 What snowy Arms did I both see, and feel?
 With what rich Globes did her soft Bosom swell;
 Plump, as ripe Clusters, rose each glowing Breast;
 Courting the Hand, and suing to be prest!
 What a smooth Plain was on her Belly spread?
 Where thousand little Loves and Graces-play'd!
 What Thighs! What Legs! But why strive I in vain,
 Each Limb, each Grace, each Feature to explain?
 One Beauty did through her whole Body shine,
 I saw, admir'd, and prest it close to mine.
 The rest, who knows not? Thus intranc'd we lay,
 'Till in each others Arms we dy'd away;
 O give me such a Noon (ye Gods) to ev'ry Day.





ELEGY VI.

To his Mistress's Porter, to open the Gate to him.

By an unknown Hand.

Slave, if Thou worthy of thy Chains wou'dst be,
A grateful Office do to Love, and Me.
Unbar the Wicket, and a Friend admit;
The Trouble is not much, nor Favour great:
I ask thee not to spread the Foldings wide,
Keep it at jar, I'll softly by Thee slide.
In Love's Labours have so long been us'd,
My Shapes are to a Lath's lank Size reduc'd.
The smallest Crevice will my Bus'ness do,
It cannot be so strait, but I'll slip thro'.
Love guides Me, when by Night I walk the Street;
And, when I grope my Way, directs my Feet.
By Night I was, a Youth, afraid to walk;
Frighted by Childrens, and old Nurses Talk.
I wonder'd Men cou'd wander in the Gloom;
And kept, for fear of Spirits, close at home.
Love, and his Mother, when they knew my Care,
Cry'd Fool, thou shalt not long these Phantoms fear.
Nor fear'd I long, for Love my Heart possess'd,
Those Visions vanish'd, and my Terrors ceas'd.
Nor Ghosts, nor Scourers did I dread, but strol'd
The Streets a-nights, and grew in Peril bold.

Thee

Thee only do I fear, and trembling stand
To wait the Motions of thy tardy Hand.
With soft Request, thy Succour I implore,
Nor sue to *Jove*, nor dread the Thund'rer more.
See, how the Gate is moisten'd with my Tears,
What Marks of my impatient Love it bears.
Remember, when thou for the Lash wer't stript,
Who sav'd thee, at whose Suit thou wer't not whipt.
Did not I sooth thy angry Lady's Mind,
And makethy Peace? Be thou to me as kind.
Think what soft things to move her Soul, I said;
And let them in her Lover's Favour plead.
But Ah! The tender Things that made her kind,
Work no such Wonders on thy cruel Mind.
Wou'dst thou my friendly Offices repay?
Fate throws a fair Occasion in thy Way:
Unlock the Gate; the Morning will not stay.
Unlock the Gate; and as thou'rt kind to me,
So may thy gentle Lady prove to thee.
May she to loose thy hateful Chains incline,
And stead of Water, be thy Portion Wine.
But what avail my soothing Words? Thy Ear
Is deaf, Inhumane to my moving Pray'r.
Your Gates with Posts of pond'rous Oak are barr'd,
As if your House was for a Siege prepar'd.
Why all this Fence, what Foe have you to fear?
And why in Peace do you provide for War?
Thus rudely if your Lady's Friends you treat,
What Usage must her Foes expect to meet?
Unlock the Gate, the Morning will not stay,
Unlock the Gate, and give my Love its Way.

By Treaty I would enter, not by Force;
With Arms I come not, nor with Foot, or Horse.
I have no Aid, and Company have none,
And were it not for Love, should be alone.
Where-e'er I go, by Love I'm still pursu'd,
And cannot shake him from me, if I wou'd.
He's of my Being now become a part;
Dwells in my Veins, and revels in my Heart.
A Flowing Glas has fill'd with genial Fire
My fev'rish Blood, and kindled new Desire;
My flushing Cheeks my rising Fumes confess,
And my dropt Garland shews a Lover's Dress:
What dreadful Arms are these, and who would fear
To meet a Man, that's thusequipt for War?
Unlock the Gate, the Morning will not stay,
Unlock the Gate, and make no more Delay.

Or is it Sloth, or is it Sleep, that brings
This Lett to Love, and pinions down his Wings?
Why else do I in vain repeat my Pray'r?
Is it, thou dost not, or thou wilt not hear?
When first I waited at thy Gate, and thought
To 'scape thy Care, I was at Midnight caught.
With Over-Diligence, thou then look'dst out,
To spie what Lover was upon the Scout.
These are wild GuesSES, thou'rt perhaps employ'd
More sweetly, and enjoy'st what I enjoy'd.
And while I'm waiting with Impatience here,
Thy envy'd Fortune's with the faithless Fair.
Oh for thy Pleasures, give me all thy Pains,
Let us change Chances, and be mine thy Chains.
Unlock the Gate, the Morning will not stay,
Unlock the Gate, and Kindness past repay.

Hark;

Hark; or I dream, or on the Hinge I hear
 The Wicket turn, or Bolts unloosen'd jar.
 I dream indeed, the Bolts as they were laid
 Stand fixt; the Noise was by my Fancy made,
 Or by a Northern Blast, that hoarse did groan,
 And with the Wind away my Hopes are blown:
 Oh that the Blast had broke the Barrier down:
 But all, alas! is hush'd, I hear no Sound,
 All in the Silence of the Night is drown'd.
 Here, hopeless of Admittance, I attend
 While on my Head the pearly Dews descend:
 Unlock the Gate, the Morning will not stay,
 Unlock the Gate, I will no longer pray,
 But force, by Sword and Fire, my readier Way.
 What need of Fire and Sword? my self alone
 More pow'rful, than or Sword or Firearm grown.
 Around your Heads shall flaming Torches fly,
 By *Jove*, the House shall burn, as well as I.
 Night, Love, and Wine encourage, and enflame;
 These triumph over Fear, and that o'er Shame.
 All Ways I've try'd, but all successless prove;
 Nor Threats can fright thee, nor Entreaties move,
 Deaf to my Pray'rs, as to my Tears thou'rt blind,
 Thy Gate is less obdurate than thy Mind.
 Unworthy of a lovely Lady's Latch,
 Thou shouldst the Wicket of some Miser watch.
 But see, the ruddy Morn begins to rise,
 And paints with rose Streaks the Eastern Skies.
 While crowing Cocks the Lab'ror's Sloth revile,
 And summon Wretches to their daily Toil.
 Throw then, fond Man, thy fragrant Chaplet by,
 And let it at thy Lady's Threshold lie.

When

When in the Morn thy faded Flow'rs she spies,
Kind Thoughts of me may in her Bosom rise.
Perhaps she may resent her Porter's Crime,
And grieve, that here so ill I spent my Time.
Whatever Cause to wish thee All I have,
Farewel, thou Lazy, or thou Drousy Slave:
Against me, tho' thou shut'st thy Lady's Gate,
I cannot one, that serves my Mistress, hate.
You Both, who did against my Hopes rebel,
Ah Porter, and Ah cruel Gate, Farewel.



ELEGY VII.

To his Mistress, whom he had beaten.

By HENRY CROMWELL, Esq;

Come, if ye're Friends, and let these Hands be bound,
Which could with impious Rage a Mistress wound;
What more did *Ajax* in his Fury do?
When all the Sacred grazing Herd he slew;
Or * He who spar'd not her who gave him Breath;
So ill the Son reveng'd his Father's Death!
Then I had broke the most Religious Ties,
Both to my Parents, and the Deities:
I tore (O Heav'ns!) her finely braided Hair;
How charming then look'd the disorder'd Fair!
So *Atalanta* in her Chaise is drawn,
Where the *Arcadian* Beasts her Empire own:

* *Orestes.*

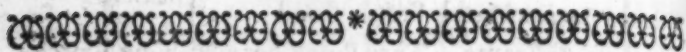
So

So *Ariadne*, left upon the Shore,
 Does all alone her lost Estate deplore,
 Curses the Winds and Seas, which perjur'd *Theseus* bore:
 Who would not then have rail'd, and talk'd aloud?
 (Which to the helpless Sex might be allow'd;)

She only did upbraid me with her Eye,
 Whose speaking Tears did want of Words supply,
 'Twas but too much, (ye Gods) to make me die:
 O that some Merciful Superior Pow'r
 Had struck me lame before that fatal Hour,
 And not have suffer'd me to pierce my Heart
 So deeply, in the best, and tend'rest Part;
 To make a Lady that Subjection own,
 Which is not to the meanest *Roman* known.
 'Twas *Diomed*, who first a Goddess strook,
 I from his Hand that curs'd Example took;
 But he was far less Criminal than I,
 I was a Lover, he an Enemy:
 March like a Conqueror in Triumph now,
 With Laurel-wreaths encompassing your Brow,
 And render to the mighty Gods your Vow;
 So, as you pass, th' attending gazing Croud,
 By their Applause shall speak your Courage loud;
 Let your sad Captive in the Front appear,
 With streaming Cheeks, and with dishevell'd Hair,
 Thro' all her Grief and Wounds most eminently fair.
 Such Lips were form'd for kinder Wounds, than these,
 Wounds made by Lovers furious Ecstasies:
 Though like a Torrent I was hurry'd on,
 A Slave to Passion, which I cou'd not shun;
 I might have only pierc'd her tender Ear
 With threat'ning Language, such as Virgins fear;

Fear having chill'd the Current of her Blood,
Pale as a *Parian* Marble Statue stood
The senseless Frame—Then shook her trembling Knees,
As when the Winds do whistle thro' the Trees,
Or softly curl the Surface of the Seas:
So slender Rushes, easily inclin'd,
By ev'ry Blast are ruffled by the Wind;
Tears, which Suspence did for a while restrain,
Gush'd forth, and down her Cheeks the Deluge ran,
As when the Sun does by a pow'rful Beam
Dissolve the Frost, it runs into a Stream:
The lamentable Object struck me dead,
And Tears of Blood to quench those Tears I shed;
Thrice at her Feet the prostrate Suppliant fell,
And thrice did she repulse the Criminal:
What would I not, your Anger to abate,
Redeem your Favour—or remove your Hate?
To your Revenge no Means or Method spare;
Revenge, alas! is easie to the Fair:
But lest some eloquent remaining Sign
Should still reproach me with so black a Crime,
Let no Disorder in your Face appear,
From your bright Eyes let there not 'scape a Tear,
And once again compose your scatter'd Hair.





ELEGY VIII.

*He curses a Bawd, for going about to debauch his
Mistress.*

By Sir CHARLES SIDLEY.

THere is a Bawd renown'd in *Venus*' Wars,
 And dreadful still with honourable Scars:
 Her Youth and Beauty, Craft and Guile supply,
 Sworn Foe to all Degrees of Chastity:
Dyppas, who first taught Love-sick Maids the Way
 To cheat the Bridegroom on the Wedding-Day,
 And then a Hundred subtle Tricks devis'd,
 Wherewith the am'rous Theft might be disguis'd;
 Of Pigeons-Blood, squeez'd from the panting Heart,
 With Surfeit-Water, to contract the Parr,
 She knows the Use: Whilst the good Man betray'd,
 With eager Arms hugs the false bleeding Maid.
 Of Herbs and Spells she tries the guilty Force,
 The Poyson of a Mare that goes to Horse.
 Cleaving the Midnight Air upon a Switch,
 Some for a Bawd, most take her for a Witch.
 Each Morning sees her reeling to her Bed,
 Her native Blue o'creome with drunken Red.
 Her ready Tongue ne'er wants an useful Lie,
 Soft moving Words, nor charming Flattery.
 Thus I o'erheard her to my *Lucia* speak,
 Young *Damon*'s Heart wilt thou for ever break?

He long has lov'd thee, and by me he sends
To learn thy Motions, which he still attends.
If to the Park thou go'st, the Plays are ill;
If to the Plays, he thinks the Air wou'd kill.
The other Day he gaz'd upon thy Face,
As he wou'd grow a Statue in the Place;
And who indeed does not? like a new Star,
Beauty, like thine, strikes Wonders from afar.
Alas, methinks thou art ill-drest to-night,
This Point's too poor; thy Necklace is not right
This Gown was by some botching Taylor made,
It spoils thy Shape; this *Fucus* is ill laid.
Hear me, and be as happy as thou'rt Fair,
Damon is Rich, and what thou want'st, can spare.
Like thine his Face, like thine his Eyes are thought,
Wou'd he not buy, he might himself be bought.
Fair *Lucia* blush'd; it is a sign of Grace,
Dyphas reply'd, that Red becomes thy Face.
All Lovers now, by what they give, are weigh'd,
And she is best lov'd, that is best paid.
The Sun-burnt *Latines*, in old *Tatius*' Reign,
Did to one Man perhaps their Lover restrain.
Venus in her *Aeneas*' City rules,
And all adore her Deity, but Fools.
Goon, ye Fair, Chaste only let such live,
As none will ask, and know not how to give.
How prettily you frown? But I'll speak on,
Hear me, another Day 'twill be your own.
Vertuous *Penelope* is said t'have try'd,
With a strong Bow, each lusty Lover's side.
Nor did *Lucretia* kill herself for Rage,
But Love of *Tarquin*, in that colder Age.

To the young Prince she vow'd, ne'er more to joyne
In dull Embraces with her *Collatine*.
To keep her Word she dy'd—
Life steals away, and our best Hours are gone,
Ere the true Use, or Worth of them, be known.
Things long neglected of themselves decay;
What we forbear, Time rudely makes his Prey.
Beauty is best preserv'd by Exercise,
Nor for that Task can one, or few suffice.
Wou'dst thou grow Rich, thou must from many take;
From one 'twere hard continually to rake.
Without new Gowns, and Coaches, who can live?
What does thy Poët, but new Verses give?
A Poet, the last thing that Earth does breed,
Whose Wit, for Sixpence, any one may read.
Him that will give, to *Homer* I prefer,
To give is an ingenious Thing, I swear.
Despise not any can a Present make;
It matters not from whom, but what we take.
Nor with the Sound of Title be thou caught;
For nothing can with empty Names be bought.
Hang the poor Lover, and his Pedigree;
The thriving Merchant, or fat Judge, give me.
If any beardless Stripling ask a Night,
And think thee paid with mutual Delight;
Bid him go earn thy Price among the Men,
And when he has it, come to thee again.
Love truly none, but seem in Love with all,
And at old Friends to thy new Lover rail.
Sometimes deny, 'twill Appetite procure;
The sharp-set Hawks will stoop to any Lure.

Then

Then grant again, lest he a Habit get
Of living from thee; but be sure thou let
No empty Lover in: murmur sometimes,
And as first hurt, reproach him with thy Crimes.
Seem jealous, when thou'st been thy self to blame,
'Twill stop his Mouth, if thou the first complain.
All thou hast done be ready to forswear:
For Lover's Oaths Fair *Venus* has no Ear.
Whilst he is with thee, let some Woman bring
Some *Indian* Stuff, or Foreign precious Thing;
Which thou must say thou want'st, and he must buy,
Though for it six Months hence in Goal he lye.
Thy Mother, Sister, Brother, and thy Nurse,
Must have a pull each at thy Lover's Purse.
Let him from Rivals never be secure,
That Hope once gone, Love will not long endure.
Shew him the Presents by those Rivals sent,
So shall his Bounty thy Request prevent.
When he will give no more, ask him to lend,
If he want Money, find a trusting Friend.
Get Hangings, Cabinets, a Looking-Glass,
Or any thing for which his Word will pass.
Practise these Rules, thou'lt find the Benefit;
I lost my Beauty, ere I got this Wit.

I at that Word stept from behind the Door,
And scarce my Nails from her thin Cheeks forbore.
Her few Grey Hairs in Rage I vow'd to pull,
And thrust her drunken Eyes into her Skull.
Poor in a Dungeon's Bottom mayst thou rot,
Die with a Blow with thy beloved Pot;
No Brandy, and eternal Thirst, thy Lot.



E L E G Y IX.

*Of Love and War.*By HENRY CROMWELL, *Esq;*

TRUST me, my *Atticus*, in Love are Wars;
 And *Cupid* has his Camp, as well as *Mars*:
 The Age that's fit for War best suits with Love,
 The old in both unserviceable prove,
 Infirm in War, and impotent in Love.
 The Soldiers which a General does require,
 Are such as Ladies would in Bed desire:
 Who, but a Soldier, and a Lover, can
 Bear the Night's Cold in Show'rs of Hail, and Rain?
 One in continual Watch his Station keeps,
 Or on the Earth in broken Slumbers sleeps;
 The other takes his still repeated Round
 By's Mistress' House—then lodges on the Ground:
 The Soldiers long and tedious Marches make;
 The active Lover, for his Mistress' Sake,
 Will any Toils and Dangers undergo;
 Not rugged Mountains, nor untrodden Snow,
 Rivers by Floods increas'd, no raging Sea,
 Nor adverse Winds can ever make him stay,
 When *Love* commands, and Beauty leads the Way.
 Soldiers, and Lovers, with a careful Eye,
 Observe the Motions of the Enemy:

One to the Walls makes his Approach in Form,
Pushes the Siege, and takes the Town by Storm;
The other lays his close to *Celia's* Fort,
Presses his Point, and gains the wish'd-for Port:
As Soldiers, when the Foe securely lyes
In Sleep, and Wine dissolv'd, the Camp surprize;
So when the Jealous to their Rest remove,
And all is hush'd,——the other steal to Love:
Uncertain is the State of Love, and War,
The Vanquish'd rally, and their Loss repair,
Regain the Ground, and rout the Conqueror:
You then, who think that Love's an idle Fit,
Know, that it is the Exercise of Wit:
In Flames of Love the fierce *Achilles* burns,
And, quitting Arms, absent *Briseis* mourns:
From the Embraces of *Andromache*
Went *Hector* arm'd for War, and Victory:
As *Agamemnon* saw *Cassandra* pass
With Hair dishevell'd, and disorder'd Dress,
H' admir'd the *Beauties* of the Prophetess:
The God of War was caught in th' Act of Love;
A Story known to all the Court above:
Once did I pass my Hours in Sloth, and Ease,
Cool Shades and Beds of Down could only please;
When a commanding *Beauty* rais'd my Mind,
I left all little trifling Thoughts behind,
And to her Service all my Heart resign'd:
Since, like an active Soldier, have I spent
My Time, in Toils of War, in *Beauty's* Tent;
And for so sweet a Pay all Dangers underwent:
You see, my *Atticus*, by what I prove,
Who would not live in Idleness,——must love.



E L E G Y X.

To his Mercenary Mistress.

By HENRY CROMWELL, Esq;

A^s *Helen*, when to *Troy* she did escape,
 And *Greeks* with Fire and Sword pursu'd the Rape;
 As *Leda*, when the God his Love-trick play'd,
 Under the Figure of a Swan betray'd;
 As *Anymone*, wand'ring o'er the Plains,
 That rural Fair, admir'd by all the Swains;
 So fair was you, so much in Love was I,
 I ran to the Extreame of Jealousie,
 Fear'd Eagles, Bulls, and ev'ry Shape that *Jove*
 Had e'er transform'd himself into, for Love:
 Now, free from Love or Fears, my Mind's at ease,
 Nor does that *Beauty* any longer please.
 This Humour, you may say, is wond'rous strange,
 And ask the Reason of this sudden Change:
 Once, when your undesigning Heart was kind,
 Fair was your Face, and perfect was your Mind:
 But now the slighter *Beauties* of the Skin
 Do yield to the prevailing Vice within:
 Love is a Child, who uses no Deceit,
 Nor wears he Cloaths to cover any Cheat,
 Accepts no Bribes;—why for a wretched Fee
 Should you then prostitute his Deity?
 Make *Venus* to her Son serve ev'ry Day,
 And drudge i' th' meanest Offices for Pay?
 They're softly bred, and would not work, but play:

The Whore, to whom each Purchaser has Right,
Forces for Gain decaying Appetite,
Yet there's a Bawd to whom the Spoils accrue;
She fain would shun, what you by Choice pursue:
These sordid Ways the very Brutes reprove,
Who by their Practice teach you how to Love;
The lusty Bull his Female does enjoy,
Nor can a Bribe their mutual Loves destroy:
Woman alone rejoices in the Spoil,
And makes Advantages of ev'ry Smile,
Rates at her Pleasures the high-priz'd Delight,
And Men must purchase ev'ry happy Night;
Yet does she meet him with as much Desire,
And no less fierce, and raging is the Fire.
Since with an equal pace our Passions move,
Why should one buy, and th' other sell in Love?
Why since the Pleasure's mutual, should it be
To you Advantage, and a Loss to me?
The Way is infamous a Witness takes,
Who of his Perjury a Living makes;
So for the raising of a low Estate
To set your Body at a common Rate!
Can you to such mean Ends as these employ
The Gifts, by Nature's Bounty you enjoy?
Grant but the Blessing freely, and you may
An everlasting Obligation lay;
But where's the mighty Favour, when we pay?
Forbear, ye Fair, to make a Trade of Love,
The Wealth, that's got so ill, can ne'er improve;
Justly the * Vestal by their Armour sell,
Who would her Honour for their Bracelets sell:

* *Tarpeia.*

M 2

The

The Rich your Wishes are oblig'd to meet,
 And lay their frequent Presents at your Feet;
Alcineus' Orchards Fruit enough can spare,
 From the full Vines the Grapes in Clusters tear,
 And caseth' o'er-loaded Boughs, which num'rous Apples
 Let Faith, and Love supply my little Store, [bear:
 The Will shall ne'er be wanting to the Pow'r:
 Verse is the greatest Tribute I can bring;
 Your Charms I could to future Ages sing:
 Jewels and Gold will perish,—but the Fame
 The Muses give, shall ever be the same:
 You check my generous Passion when you crave,
 Not that I'm loath to part with what I have;
 Had you not ask'd me, I had freely gave.



E L E G Y XI.

To Nape, praying her to deliver his Letter to her Mistress.

By the same Hand.

N*Ape*, who know'st so well to set the Hair,
 And all the Fashions of the Modish Fair,
 Likethee, no Lady's Woman in the Town
 Can forward an Intreague, or pin a Gown;
 No Maid, than thee, can boast a quicker Eye,
 Nor sooner the four Husband's Coming spy;
 None can with better Art her Signs employ,
 To tell the Lover, when her Lady's coy,
 'Tis all a Feint, and she expects the Joy.
 Thou who dost oft *Corinna's* Passions move,
 And kindle, when they cool, the Fire of Love;

Thou,

Thou, who oft cur'st Her of her false Alarms,
And bring'st her, tho' reluctant, to my Arms;
Here, *Nape*, take this Billet-doux, and bear
My Soul's soft Wishes to the absent Fair.
If I can guess, thy Heart is not of Flint,
Nor is there the least Vein of Ir'n in't;
I, something in thy Looks, and Manners see,
Above the Rudeness of thy low Degree;
A softer Turn, to Pity more inclin'd,
Than vulgar Souls, a more complacent Mind;
Thou feel'st, if I can guess, an equal Flame,
And thine, and my Distemper is the same:
If how I do, she asks, do thou reply,
For the dear Night, and Night's dear Joys, I die.
Tell her the Letter will the rest explain,
And does my Soul, and all it's Hopes contain.
But Time, while I am speaking, flies; be sure
To give the Billet in a leisure Hour.
Don't be content with her imperfect View,
But make her, when she has it, read it thro'.
I charge thee, as she reads, observe her Eyes,
Catch, if thou canst, her gentle Looks, and Sighs:
As these are sure Presages of my Joy,
So Frowns and Low'rs my flatt'ring Hopes destroy.
Pray her, when she has read it, to indite
An Answer, and a long Epistle write:
I hate a Billet, where at once I view
A Page all empty, but a Line or two.
Let her without a Margent fill it up,
And crowd it from the Bottom to the Top.
But why should I her pretty Fingers tire
A Word's enough, and all that I desire.

Ah *Nape*, let her only bid me come.
 The Page is large, which for that Word has room.
 Her Letter, like a Conqu'ror's, shall be bound
 With Bays, for it with Conquest shall be crown'd.
 The Billet shall at *Venus*' Shrine be laid,
 And this Inscription with Devotion made.
 " *Naso*, thy ever-faithful Votary,
 " This Tablet, *Venus*, dedicates to thee.
 " Tho' late it from the Log was cut, 'tis Now
 " Become the sacred Table of my Vow.



E L E G Y XII.

He curses his Letter because it was not Answer'd.

AH pity me, my Friends! the cruel Fair
 Will neither read my just Complaint, nor hear.
 The Billet-doux I sent her, she return'd,
 And e'en to ope the tender Letter scorn'd.
 Ill was the Omen, for the Slave I sent
 Tript at the Still, as out of Doors he went.
 If e'er you on an Errand go for me
 More careful, Sirrah, how you stumble, be;
 Step soberly, and warily along:
 The End's ne'er right, if the Beginning's wrong.
 Since thus, in vain, her Pity I implore,
 I'll ne'er to Tablets trust my Passion more.
 Nor with my Wax, for Death my Warrant Seal;
 Worse, than her Scorn, what Torture can I feel?
 From Combs of *Corfica* the Wax was ta'en,
 The latent Poison was the Lover's Bane.

Bees there from Venom'd Flow'rs their Honey suck,
And surely to my Wax that Venom stuck.
Chance on the Seal did my Misfortune paint,
And shew'd my Doom by the Vermilion Feint.
Curse on the Instruments of my Disgrace,
May you lie rotting in some filthy Place,
By Carts run o'er, may you to Bits be torn,
And your Mishap revenge *Corinna's* Scorn.
The Man that first to smoothe your Surface toil'd,
The Wooden Work with Hands impure defil'd.
Twas Gallows-Timber, and was ne'er design'd
To waite the Wishes of a tender Mind;
Nor grew to bless, but to destroy Mankind.
Gibbets and Racks should of the Wood be made,
And the rough Tools of all the murd'ring Trade.
Batts roosted in its Branches as it grew,
And Birds of Prey for Shelter thither flew:
The Vulture, and all Kinds of rav'nous Fowl,
There hatch'd their Young, and there the om'nous Owl.
How mad to use such Tablets must I be?
Curst, and ill-fated, as their Parent Tree.
Were these fit Things soft Sentiments to bear,
And to a Lady tell a Lover's Care?
Lawyers, on you, might horrid Jargon write,
With Sound the Ear, with Sense the Soul to fright.
Well might your Plane the wicked Writings bear,
Where the rich Miser robs the ruin'd Heir.
When I first purchas'd you, I fear'd no less,
Your Numbers even, made me doubt Success:
May you by Worms be in old Age devour'd,
And by all Mortals, as by me, abhorr'd.



E L E G Y XHI.

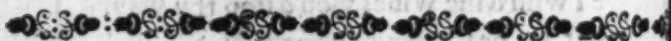
To the Morning, not to make Haste.

By an unknown Hand.

A *Uro*ra, rising from old *Tishon's* Bed,
 Does o'er the Eastern Skies her Roses spread:
 Stay, beauteous Morn, awhile thy Chariot stay,
 Awhile with lagging Wheels retard the Day.
 So may young Birds, as often as the Spring
 Renews the Year, o'er *Memnon's* Ashes sing.
 Now I lie folded in *Corinna's* Arms,
 And all her Soul is mine, and all her Charms.
 I now am to her panting Bosom press'd,
 And now, if ever Lover was, am bless'd.
 As yet sweet Sleep sits heavy on our Eyes,
 And warbling Birds forbid, as yet, to rise.
 Stay, beauteous Morning; for to Lovesick Maids,
 And Youths, how grateful are these dusky Shades?
 Ah stay, and do not from the blushing East,
 With dawning Glories break our balmy Rest.
 When Night's black Mantle does those Glories hide,
 The Pilot by the Stars his Ship can guide,
 And in Mid-sea a certain Course pursue,
 As safe as when he has thy Sun in View.
 What Pleasure in thy Light shou'd Mortals take?
 Thou dost the weary Traveller awake;
 Tho' to the Down his heavy Head reclines,
 Up he must lift it, for the Morning shines.

The Soldier braces on his Brazen Shield,
Quits his warm Tent; and fits him for the Field.
The lab'ring Hind his Harrow takes, and now
The Peasant yokes his Oxen to the Plough.
The Boy half-wak'd, and rubbing still his Eyes,
Is loth alike to go to School, or rise;
While o'er his Task he does imperfect, nod,
He fears the Ferula, he dreads the Rod.
The Bridegroom, starting from his Bride's Embrace,
Runs to his Lawyer to consult his Case;
A Word is wanting in the Dower Deed,
And what, to save the Portion, must he Plead?
Now hungry Serjeants quit their tempting Ease,
To haunt the croud'd Courts and pick up Fees.
Thy Rise brings Labour to the Female Band,
And puts the Spindle in the Spinster's Hand.
Night are these Toils, and little is the Pain
To rise to Work, and rest at Night again:
But who, that e'er knew Love's transporting Joys,
Cou'd from the Arms of Youth and Beauty rise?
Oft have I wish'd that Night wou'd keep her Ground,
And all her Stars beat at thy Rising round.
Oft have I wish'd the Winds wou'd stop thy Way,
Repel thy Car, or Clouds involve the Day.
Do'st thou in Envy lash each lazy Steed,
And whirl thy Chariot with unwonted Speed?
Black was thy Son, and in his Hue's exprest
The gloomy Passions of his Parent's Breast.
He, born of *Cephalus*, his ravish'd Sire,
Is a known Proof of thy adult'rous Fire.
Thou, by his Colour, wou'dst thy Crime conceal:
Ah that to *Tiphon* I the Tale cou'd tell.

Search all the Records of Heav'n's Letchers round,
 A fouler Story cannot there be found.
 In *Cephalus*' Embraces when you lay,
 And oft, by Theft, renew'd your wanton Play,
 When *Tiphon*'s Impotence you made your Sport,
 Did you not think the joyous Moments short:
 Lock'd in his Arms, did you in Transports lie,
 Ah would you not, like Me, to *Phœbus* cry,
 Stop, stop thy rapid Course? Am I to blame,
 That *Tiphon*'s old, and cannot feel thy Flame?
 See how the Moon does her *Endimion* keep
 In Night conceal'd; and drown'd in dewy Sleep?
 As lovely is the Moon, as Fair as thou,
 Who freely where she loves, her Favours does bestow.
 Jove, when he robb'd *Amphytrion* of his Joy,
 Did two whole Nights in am'rous Thefts employ.
 Unknown, when in *Alcmena*'s Arms she lay,
 The Night he doubles, and suspends the Day.
 The Morning heard my Railing, and for shame
 Blush'd that, by Force, she must disturb my Flame:
 Bright *Phœbus* rushing forth, the glorious Day
 Drove the dear Shades, that hid our Joys, away.



E L E G Y XIV.

*He comforts his Mistress for the Loss of her Hair, by the Man
 she took to beautifie it.*

By an unknown Hand.

I Us'd to warn you, not with so much Care,
 And waste of Ointment, to adorn your Hair:

That Warning now is useless, you have none;
And with your Hair, that Trouble too is gone.
Where are the Silken Tresses, which adown
Your Shoulders hung? A Web was never spun
So fine, but, ah! those flowing Curls are gone.
Ah fatal Art! Ah fatal Care; and Pains!
That robb'd me of the dearest of my Chains,
Nor of a Black, nor of a Golden Hue,
They were, but of a Dye between the Two,
Such as in rindless Cedar we behold,
The Black confounded with the dusky Gold.
How cou'd you hurt, or poyson with Perfume
Those Curls that were so easy to the Comb?
That to no Pains expos'd you, when you set
Their shining Tresses, for young Hearts a Net?
That ne'er provok'd you with your Maids to War,
For hurting you with your entangled Hair?
You ne'er were urg'd to some indecent Fray,
Nor in a Fury snatch'd the Comb away.
The Teeth near touch'd you, and her Constant Care,
Withoutill Arts, wou'd have preserv'd your Hair.
Behind your Chair, I oft have seen her stand,
And comb and curl it with a gentle Hand.
Oft have I seen it on your Shoulders play
Uncomb'd, as on your Purple Bed you lay.
Your artless Tresses with more Charms appear,
Than when adorn'd with all your Cost and Care.
When on the Grass the *Thracian* Nymphs recline,
Of *Bacchus* full, and weary of their Wine,
Lies lovely are their Locks; than yours, less fair:
The Ringlets of their soft dishevel'd Hair:
Softer was thine, like fleecy Down it felt,
And to the Finger did as freely yield.

How

How did'st thou torture it, the Curls to turn,
How with hot Irons at thy Toilet burn?
This Rack, with what Obedience did it bear?
Ah spare, I cry'd, thy patient Tresses spare,
To hurt them is a Sin, this needless Toil
Forbear, and do not, what adornsthee, spoil.
Without such Force, in native Curls they flow,
And of themselves in greater Order grow.
'Tis now too late to give your Labour o'er,
Those tortur'd Ringlets are, alas! no more.
Apollo might for thine have chang'd his Hair,
And *Bacchus* have been proud thy Locks to wear,
Not *Venus*, rising from the foamy Sea,
Such Curls can show, or vie in Hair with thee.
Its Lustre to the Painter's Art she owes,
And thine in Rings with genuine Beauty flows.
Ah, cease the cruel Thought, and cease to pass
Such irksome Minutes at your faithful Glass.
In vain thou seek'st thy silken Locks to find,
Banish the dear Remembrance from thy Mind.
No Weeds destroy'd them with their pois'nous Juice,
Nor canst thou Witches magick Charms accuse,
Nor Rival's Rage, nor dire Enchantment blame,
Nor Envy's blasting Tongue, nor Fever's Flame.
The Mischief by thy own fair Hands was wrought,
Nor dost thou suffer for another's Fault.
How oft I bad thee, but in vain, beware
The venom'd Essence, that destroy'd thy Hair?
Now with new Arts, thou shalt thy Pride amuse,
And Curls, of *German* Captives borrow'd, use.
Drusus to *Rome* their Vanquish'd Nation sends,
And the fair Slave to thee her Tresses lends.

With

With Alien Locks thou wilt thy Head adorn,
 And Conquest gain'd by Foreign Beauty scorn.
 How wilt thou blush, with others Charms to please,
 And cry, How fairer were my Locks than those!
 The Youth who charm'd with such coarse Curls can be,
 Some rude *Sicambrian* wou'd prefer to me.
 Time was when I could greater Glory boast;
 But ah, that Glory, and that Time is lost.
 By Heav'n's, to Heart she takes her Heads Disgrace,
 She weeps, and covers with her Hands her Face.
 She weeps, as in her Lap her Locks she views;
 What Woman wou'd not weep, such Locks to lose?
 Ah, that they still did on her Shoulders flow,
 Ah, that they now, where once they grew, did grow;
 Take Courage, fair *Corinna*, never fear,
 Thou shalt not long these borrow'd Tresses wear;
 Time for your Beauty shall this Loss repair,
 And you again shall Charm with native Hair.



ELEGY XV.

*Of the Immortality of the Muses. Inscríb'd to
 Mr. Dryden.*

By HENRY CROMWELL, *Esq*;

THY well-known Malice, fretful Envy, cease;
 Nor tax the Muse and me—
 With a weak Genius, and inglorious Ease;
 What—I should then, whilst Youth does Vigour yield,
 Pursue the dusty Glories of the Field:

Our

Our Father's Praise! or bend my utmost Care
 To the dull Noise of the litigious Bar:
 No! these must die;—but the most noble Prize,
 That which alone can Man immortalize,
 Must from the Muses Harmony arise:
Homer shall live, whilst *Tenedos* shall stand;
 Or *Ida's* Top survey the Neighb'ring Strand;
 Whilst *Simois'* Streams along the Vallies glide,
 And in the Sea discharge their rapid Tide:—
Hesiod shall live 'till Corn is not in Use,
 'Till the plump Grape denies its wealthy Juice:—
 The World *Callimachus* shall ever prize,
 For what his Fancy wants, his Art supplies:
 The Tragedies of mighty *Sophocles*
 Shall in no Age their just Applauses miss:—
 So well *Aratus* of the Planets wrote,
 That Sun and Moon must fail, when he's forgot:—
 When Crafty *Davus* a hard Father cheats
 To serve the Son,—when easy Cully treats
 The jilting Whore, and Bawd; the Figures shew;
 The Comick from *Meander's* Model drew:—
Ennius, whose Muse by Nature was design'd
 Compleat, had Art with bounteous Nature join'd;—
 And Tragick *Accius*, of Stile sublime;
 And weighty Words, shall stand the shock of Time:
 Whilst *Jason's* Golden Fleece shall have a Name,
 Who shalt a Stranger be to *Varro's* Fame?—
Lucretius Nature's Causes did rehearse.
 In such a lofty, and commanding Verse,
 As shall remain 'till that one fatal Day,
 Which must the World it self in Ruins lay:—

Virgil, thy Works Divine shall Patterns stand
 For each succeeding Age's copying Hand,
 Whilst *Rome* shall all its conquer'd World command: — }
 Whilst *Cupid* shall be arm'd with Bow, and Dart,
 And flaming Shafts shall pierce the Lover's Heart;
 Shall we, O sweet *Tibullus*, love each Line
 That comes from that soft, moving Pen of thine —
 Both East and West resound with *Gallus*' Fame;
Gallus, and his *Lycoris*, are their Theme: —
 Statues, and Tombs with Age consume, and die;
 'Tis Verse alone has Immortality:
 To Verse must yield the greatest Acts of Kings;
 Riches and Empire are but empty things, }
 Without the lasting Fame a Poet brings,
 Let vulgar Spirits trivial Blessings chuse
 May thy *Castalian* Spring inspire my Muse,
 O God of Wit! and Myrtles wreath my Hair;
 Then the too fearful Lover may repair }
 To what I write, to free his Breast from Care:
 As living Worth Detraction still attends,
 Which after Death a juster Fame defends;
 So I shall my last Fun'ral Flame survive,
 And in my better Part for ever live.





O V I D's
A M O U R S
BOOK II.

E L E G Y I.

By HENRY CROMWELL, *Esq;*



Am the Man, whose brisk and gamesome
Muse, [pursues]

By Love's Command, this Subject sit
Far hence be all prophane! Approach
not here,

Matrons of Virtue rigid and severe,

Left these loose Numbers shou'd offend your Ear.

Come all ye Virgins of a soft Desire,

And Am'rous Youths touch'd with an unknown Fire;

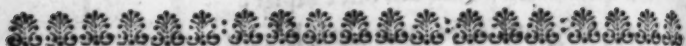
One in my State, among ye may be found,

Who, conscious of the Nature of his Wound;

Will wonder, by what strange prophetick Art,

The Poet touch'd the Secret of his Heart,

My vain ambitious Muse did once aspire,
To sing prodigious Acts, with mighty Fire;
rais'd my Spirit to that Enterprize,
The darling Giants form'd against the Skies,
When Mother Earth on dire Revenge was bent,
Whose monstrous Birth to scourge the Gods was sent;
Who with vast Mountains scaling Tow'rs did build,
Helion with *Osse*, on huge *Olympus* pil'd:
Thunder, and Lightning, — was I just upon —
Which *Jove* had brandish'd, to secure his Throne;
When I perceiv'd *Corinna*'s Doors were barr'd;
Then I the Gods design'd Revenge deterr'd;
And strait resum'd my Elegiack Strain,
Whose gentle Force unbarr'd the Doors again!
Forgive my hasty Passion, mighty *Jove*,
There is no Thunder, like neglected Love;
My Verse the hissing Snake shall burst, and die;
And the horn'd Moon drop from the Starry Sky;
Verse can recall the Chariot of the Sun,
And make the Streams back to their Fountains run;
Thus each insensible and rugged Door,
Leap'd from the Hinges, and obey'd its Pow'r:
Why should my Thoughts th' *Atrides*' Acts employ,
The Death of *Hector*, or the Fate of *Troy*?
The fierce *Achilles* is an ample Field,
But the illustrious Name can nothing yield: —
No! Let the Lady be my constant Song,
Her lasting Praises dwell upon my Tongue,
This might be worth our Care; — for Beauty's Smiles
Can best repay the Poet's pleasing Toils;
The Hope of a Reward the Fancy fires,
While every Charm the chearful Muse inspires.



ELEGY II.

*To Bagoe, not to be so over-diligent in watching
his Mistress.*

I Know Thou hast the keeping of my Fair,
Oh *Bagoe*, but awhile suspend thy Care.
Let us confer, I'll not detain thee long,
And mean no', that thou shou'dst thy Mistress wrong.
Last Night, as in the Gallery I stood,
And the fine Picture of the *Danaids* view'd;
It happen'd that I cast my wand'ring Eye
On a fair Lady, who was passing by.
I met her Glance, and soon the piercing Dart
Its easy Passage made, and reach'd my Heart.
I lik'd, I lov'd, and how I might enjoy
The lovely Dame, did all my Thoughts employ.
Impatient of the Bliss, my Mind I wrote,
And by a trusty Slave dispatch'd the Note.
Give me one joyous Night, my Dear, I cry'd;
I dare not, she with trembling Hand reply'd.
And when I ask'd, Why will you not agree
To grant my Suit? She throws the Blame on Thee:
My Maid, who strictly watches me, 'sat Home,
She'll smell your Errand, and you must not come.
Of too much Caution, gentle Nymph, beware,
And don't provoke her Wrath by too much Care;
Thou'lt then have Cause to curse thy cruel Fate;
For if she hates Thee, all the World will hate.

To guard her thus, why all this needless Pain?
What wou'd she lose, if I my Wish shou'd gain?
If to a Blockhead she were giv'n in Charge,
The Fool wou'd leave the Lady more at large,
The best Construction on her Actions put,
Nor wou'd her Door against her Lover shut.
If with her Fav'rite She the Night had past,
He'd think the best, and hope she might be chaste.
Whatever Freedomsthou allow'st the Dame,
To thee, assure thy self, she'll give the same;
Her Confident if thou consent'st to be,
She'll take it kind, and be as good to thee:
But if that Trust thou dost too dangerous think,
At what, to see thou art not willing, wink:
And when she reads a Billet in thy Sight,
Conclude her Mother did the Letter write:
If to a Stranger thou dost quit the Room,
Think, that he only as a Friend does come;
That when the Door is fast upon him clos'd,
He came to see her, as one indispos'd.
She's well in Health, and thou perceiv'st the Trick,
Yet fancy, that he's visiting the Sick.
But if to tire thy Patience he shou'd hap,
Divert the tedious Minutes with a Nap.
Think them not long, or guilty of a Crime,
But rest content, and sleep away the Time.
Should she by Chance to *Isis*' Temple go;
What she did there, don't thou demand to know.
Egyptian Linnen's there expos'd to Sale;
Believe she went to buy, and that was all.
And tho' perhaps she to the Playhouse goes,
Fear nothing; that she's always safe, suppose.

If thou art trusty, and Temptation Proof,
For thee, she'll think she ne'er can do enough;
Wife as thou art, consider she is young,
And sure 'tis no hard Task to hold one's Tongue.
Whate'er thou dost, she then will always like,
And ne'er again will lift her Hand to strike.
Thy Fellow-Servants will with Envy see
The many Favours, which she'll heap on thee.
The Truth ne'er let her Husband understand,
But ready always have a Lie at Hand.
Be sure, you in your Story still agree,
And what she says, be still confirm'd by thee.
Her Spouse, when in a fullen Fit you find,
By soft Caresses let her sooth his Mind.
Let her complain of thee, and weeping cry,
The Wench will kill me with her Cruelty,
Madam, do thou reply in angry Tone,
My Comfort is, I have my Duty done.
She'll look, as if she fear'd thou wou'dst reveal
The Truth, and thus you will the Crime conceal:
Thus thou'lt her Husband both deceive, and please,
And many Favours gain, and many Fees.
Trust me, if thou these Methods dost pursue,
Thy Liberty e'er long he'll give thee too.
For Faults but doubted, thou behold'st what Pains
Thy Fellow-Slaves endure, what heavy Chains;
How oft they're into filthy Dungeons thrown,
And punish'd for Offences not their own;
For if Suspicion of their Truth is made,
They fare as ill, as if it was betray'd.
Say nothing then, whate'er thou see'st, but strive
In both his Confidence, and her's to live.

Remember

Remember *Tantalus's* Plague in Hell,
Why on his Head accurst such Vengeance fell,
Why from his Lips the River backwards runs,
And why his Bites the tempting Apple shuns.
Such Torment does the Tell-tale there sustain,
And such, if thou dost tell, will be thy Pain.
While *Juno's* Guardian with officious Care
Fair *Io* watch'd, did *Jove* the Watchman spare?
The Slave, e'er half his Years were number'd, dies,
And *Io* reigns a Goddess in the Skies.
My self the Marks of cank'ring Fetters saw,
When from a Wretch the Spouse the Tale did draw.
A Whisper makes him jealous of the Fact,
And for his Jealousy the Slave is rack'd.
Hard was his Hap, and he, who caus'd his Pain,
Deserv'd, Ah mischievous! a double Chain.
To Husband, and to Wife, alike to blame;
He lost his Peace of Mind, and she her Fame.
Believe me, to the Husband if you bear
Such Tidings, they're not grateful to his Ear;
And when your Informations you relate,
Who hears the Story will th' Informer hate.
Fond of his Wife, or careless let him be,
His Obligation is the same to thee.
Thou shew'dst thy zealous Purpose to destroy
The Sweets of wedded Life, and Nuptial Joy.
Should'st thou besides attest her faithless Love,
How wilt thou, what thou hast attested, prove?
Should'st thou bring Proofs to vindicate thy Tale,
She'll by the Favour of her Judge prevail.
Tho' he were Witness to the wicked Deed,
Not always will such Evidence succeed.

If she the Fact, in which she's caught, denies,
 His Dear he will believe, and doubt his Eyes,
 To cheat himself he'll with thy Mistress join,
 The Fault, and Punishment will then be thine.
 Weeping himself, Ah do not weep, he'll say;
 The babbling Jade shall for her Prating pay.
 Why wilt thou in unequal Fight engage?
 Thy Malice will provokethy Master's Rage;
 And, while his Wife he's dandling on his Knee,
 Him she'll caress, and he will threaten thee.
 We nothing Ill, if we should meet, design,
 No Poyson will we mingle with our Wine,
 No Daggers will we draw, no Harm we mean;
 But by our selves to act a tender Scene.
 To love a little, when we are alone,
 That's all; I beg of thee no other Boon,
 And beg it in so soft, so sweet a Strain,
 'Tis Cruelty to let me sue in vain.



ELEGY III.

To the Eunuch, who had the keeping of his Mistress.

HOW hard's my Hap, to have my Fair consign'd
 To one, who is imperfect in his Kind;
 To one, who ne'er can have the Pow'r to prove
 As Woman, or as Man, the mutual Joys of Love?
 Who practis'd first on Boys the cutting Steel,
 Deserv'd himself the fatal Wound to feel.
 Cou'dst thou be capable of *Cupid's* Fires,
 Or the least sensible of Love's Desires;

Some Pity thou wou'dst have on me, and grant
Thy Aid, for what thou canst not know, I want.
Ill suits thee now, the Warrior's Lance to wield,
To mount the manag'd Horse, or lift the brazen Shield:
Arms are for Men, and not for such as thee,
Who shou'dst from ev'ry manly Thought be free.
No Banner shou'dst thou, but thy Lady's, bear,
And have no other Leader, but the Fair.
Much it behoves thee then to strive to gain
Her Favour, and thou need'st not strive in vain.
Consult her Pleasure, and her Will obey,
To Favour that's the sure, the ready Way.
Without it, How unhappy wilt thou be?
Life is without it of no Use to thee.
Thou'rt beautiful, and may'st thy Prime enjoy,
And well thy Beauty, and thy Youth employ.
Study to serve thy gentle Mistress well,
And merit her good Graces by thy Zeal.
Watch as thou wilt, the Trouble thou may'st spare,
She'll easily deceive thy utmost Care.
When too fond Lovers are agreed to meet,
Canst thou their well-concerted Plot defeat?
The Ways of Kindness thou should'st rather use;
By being civil, thou wilt nothing lose;
And when an Opportunity is fair,
For thy own Sake be friendly to our Pray'r.
A Friend be to thy Lady, not a Guard.
And we, with bounteous Hand, thy Friendship will reward.



ELEGY IV.

That he loves all Sorts of Women.

Vice by my Verse I never will defend,
Nor by false Arms to fence my own pretend,
Frankly my Failings I with Shame confess;
To hide my Errors, would not make them less.
My Faults, whate'er I suffer by't, I own,
That others, if they please, those Faults may shun;
I hate my self, my Follies, and wou'd fain
Be, were it in my Pow'r, another Man.
How difficult it is, ye righteous Gods,
Against our Wills to bear such heavy Loads?
I have not Strength to guard my self from Ill;
And as I wish to rule my wicked Will,
I'm hurry'd on, as by the boistrous Sea
The driving Bark is swiftly born away.
No certain Form inflames my am'rous Breast,
All Beauty is alike to me the best,
A hundred Causes kindle my Desires,
And Love ne'er wants a Torch to light my Fires.
When on the Earth the modest Virgin looks,
That very Modesty of her's provokes,
And if I chance to meet a forward Fair,
I'm taken with her frank and easy Air;
I figure to my self a thousand Charms,
A thousand Raptures in her wanton Arms.

It, like the Damsels of the *Sabine* Race,
She's rude, I look upon it as Grimace.
That fullen as she seems at first, 'Tis Art,
That I the more may prize the Conquest of her Heart.
New Joys, if she's a Wit, I hope to find;
And with her Body, to possess her Mind;
If Foolish, I in that can see no Harm,
And in her very Folly find a Charm.
I know a Maid so very fond, and dull,
To me, she thinks *Callimachus* a Fool.
I soon am pleas'd with one that's pleas'd with me;
Alike we in our Taste, and Wish agree.
But if the Fair my Verses don't approve,
I bragging tell her, she will like my Love;
If with her Tongue, or with her Heel she's brisk,
Her Prattle pleases, and her gamesome Frisk.
But if she's heavy, I suppose at Night
She'll change, and prove, as I would have her, light.
The Fair that sings, enchants me with her Voice;
Oh, what a Gust it gives a Lover's Joys?
When her shrill Shakes afresh his Bosom wound,
And from her Lips he kisses off the Sound;
When her soft Fingers touch the Silver Strings,
And sweetly to the sounding Lute she sings;
Who can resist such strong redoubled Charms?
Her Musick melts me, as her Beauty warms.
If in the Dance the nimble Nymph I find,
And view how she her pliant Limbs do's wind,
How artfully she to the Musick moves,
O cry, How happy is the Man she loves!
My Humour, in a Word, is plainly this,
All Objects please, and nothing comes amiss.

To love, and be lov'd, 's my sole Employ;
Dispos'd to be enjoy'd, and to enjoy.
This Lady for her Length I like, her Spread
Will swell my Arms, and fill the joyous Bed:
She's like the lusty Heroines of old,
And with a strong Embrace her Lover will enfold.
This Lads, because she's little, I approve;
The Least are lightest in the Sports of Love.
With every Size my Passion do's agree,
And Tall, and Short are both alike to me.
I fancy, when undrest I find the Fair,
'Tis less her want of Charms, than want of Care.
If with her Dishabille, I cry, I'm pleas'd,
How beauteous would she be, if she were drest.
And when she do's her best Apparel wear,
I think her Riches in her Pride appear.
The Fair, the Olive are to me the same,
Alike the Swarthy, and the Sandy Dame.
When her black Curls adown her Shoulders flow,
Such *Leda's* were, her Skin as white as Snow.
And when her golden Locks her Head adorn,
I streight compare her to the Saffron Morn.
My Love with no Completion disagrees,
But all alike my ready Passion please.
The Younger by their Bloom my Heart secure,
The Elder win it, as they're more mature;
And tho' the Younger may excell in Charms,
The Elder clasp you with experienc'd Arms.
What all the City like, is lik'd by me,
And I with them in all my Loves agree.
I'm proud to be the Rival of the Town,
And to their Taste will still conform my own.

ELEGY V.

*To his false Mistress.**By Mr. EUSDEN.*

Cupid, be gone! I can for Beauty sigh;
 But not be forc'd to wish each Hour to die.
 For so I wish, whene'er my restless Thoughts
 Dwell on her Falshoods, and repeated Faults.
 All other Plagues know sometimes to be civil,
 But Woman is a sure, perpetual Evil.
 No Pimp I brib'd to prove thy perjur'd Vows,
 Nor intercepted once thy Billets doux.
 O! cou'dst thou but my Arguments disprove!
 A Cause so good is here unwish'd in Love.
 Happy, whodarest t'avow his censur'd Flame,
 And vindicate the secret-tripping Dame.
 Useless tho' guilty, with uplifted Eyes
 His false, my Life, by yon bright Heav'n, she cries.
 Himself he fools, and madly feeds his Grief,
 Who from Conviction seeks the sad Relief.
 Wretched I saw thy Wantonness unsought,
 And thee in Sleep secure, and Eyless, thought.
 With Glances on each other how you hung!
 How ev'ry Nod had more than half a Tongue!
 How rould thy glowing Eyes! how lewd they spoke!
 And from thy artful Fingers Language broke,

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While

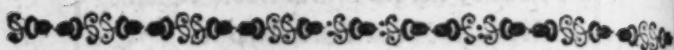
While Writing on the Board with Pens they vy'd,
And the spill'd Wine the Want of Ink supply'd.
The silent Speech too well I understood,
For to deceive a Lover, yet who cou'd?
Tho' thou didst write in a *Laconick* Hand,
And Words for Sentences were taught to stand.

Now ended was the Treat, and ev'ry Guest
Indulg'd his Ease, and lay compos'd to Rest.
Your close, lascivious Kisses then I spy'd,
And something more, than Lips to Lips apply'd:
Such from a Sister Brothers ne'er receive,
But yielding fair ones to warm Lovers give.
Not so *Diana* would to *Phœbus* press,
But *Cytherea* to her *Mars* would Bless.
Too far provok'd, at last I cry'd aloud,
On whom are Pleasures, due to me, bestow'd?
I must not, will not, cannot bear this Sight;
'Tis lawful sure to seize upon my Right.

These Raptures to us both in common are,
But whence, ye Furies, claims a Third his Share?

Enrag'd I spoke, and o'er her Cheeks were spread
Swift new-born Glories in a sudden Red.
Such Blushes on the bridal Night adorn
The trembling Virgin; such the rising Morn.
So sweet a Hue the lab'ring *Cynthia* shows,
Or the fair Lilly damask'd by the Rose;
Or Iv'ry, which Time's yellow Taint defies,
When twice enrich'd with proud *Affyrian* Dies,
Such were her Looks, and a diviner Grace
Had never brighten'd that enchanting Face.
She cast her Eyes down on the humble Ground;
Her Eyes so cast, an unknown Sweetness found.

Mournful her Looks; her mournful Looks became,
Shining thro' Grief, and beautiful in Shame.
Rush'd, resolv'd her golden Locks to tear,
And with mad Violence disrobe the Fair:
But as I view'd her Face, th' extended Hand
Shrunk back, nor hearkn'd to the harsh Command.
Others Protection seek by Dint of Arms,
Her only Safe-guard were her wond'rous Charms.
Who but late, look'd insolently brave,
Fell from my Height, and couch'd a Suppliant Slave.
I sav'd no longer at another's Bliss,
But begg'd the Transport of as sweet a Kiss.
Smiling she said, How grateful thy Request!
If e'er my Kisses please thee, take the best.
Oh! with what Gust, as from her Soul they came?
Such might melt *Jove* and stop the vengeful Flame;
I fear'd my Rival too enjoy'd the same. }
These better, than from me she learn'd, I thought,
Something taught new, alas! I wish'd untaught.
What most gave Pleasure, that now stings the most;
Why were our darting Tongues entirely lost!
Nor fret I, thou in kissing shouldst excel,
And yet 'tis strange to know to kiss so well:
But ah! such Lectures only could be read
By youthful Tutors, and imbib'd abed.
That Sage, who e'er these large Improvements made,
Was by his Pupil preciouslly repay'd.



ELEGY VI.

By Mr. CREECH.

A Las, poor *Poll*, my *Indian* Talker, dies!
 Go Birds, and celebrate his *Obsequies*.
 Go Birds, and beat your Breasts, your Faces tear,
 And pluck your gaudy Plumes, instead of Hair.
 Let doleful Tunes the frighted Forests wound,
 And your sad Notes supply the Trumpet's Sound.
 Why, *Philomel*, dost mourn the *Thracian* Rage?
 It is enough, thy Grief at last assuage:
 His Crimson Faults are now grown white with Age.
 Now mourn this Bird; the Cause of all this Woe
 Was great, 'tis true, but it was long ago,
 Mourn a'lye wing'd Inhabitants of Air,
 But you, my *Turtle*, take the greatest Share!
 You two liv'd constant Friends, and free from Strife,
 Your Kindness was intire, and long as Life.
 What *Pylades* to his *Orestes* vow'd,
 To thee, poor *Poll*, thy friendly *Turtle* show'd
 And kept his Love as long as Fate allow'd.
 But ah, what did thy Faith, thy Plumes, and Tail,
 And what thy pretty Speaking-Art avail?
 And what that thou wert given, and pleas'd my Miss,
 Since now the Bird's unhappy Glory dies?
 A lovely *verdant* Green grac'd every Quill,
 The deepest *vivid* Red did paint thy Bill:
 In speaking thou didst every Bird excell,
 None pratted, and none lisp'd the Words so well.

Tw'as Envy only sent this fierce Disease,
Thou wert averse to War, and liv'dst in Peace,
A talking harmless thing, and lov'dst thine Ease.
The fighting Quails still live 'midst all their Strife,
And even that, perhaps, prolongs their Life.
Thy Meat was little, and thy prating Tongue
Would ne'er permit to make thy Dinner long:
Plain Fountain-Water all thy Drink allow'd,
And Nut, and Poppy-seed were all thy Food,
The preying *Vultures*, and the *Kites* remain,
And the unlucky *Crow* still caws for Rain.
The *Chough* still lives, 'midst fierce *Minerva's* Hate,
And scarce nine hundred Years conclude her Fate.
But my poor *Poll* now hangs his sickly Head,
My *Poll*, my Present from the East, is dead.
Best things are sooner snatcht by cov'tous Fate,
To worse she freely gives a longer Date.
Her sister brave *Achilles' Fate* surviv'd;
And *Hector* fell, whilst all his Brothers liv'd.
Why should I tell, what Vows *Corinna* made?
How oft she beg'd thy Life, how oft she pray'd?
The Seventh-day came, and now the Fates begin
To end the Thread, they had no more to Spin.
Yet still he talk'd, and when Death nearer drew,
His last Breath said, *Corinna*, now adieu.
There is a shady Cypress Grove below,
And thither (if such doubtful things we know)
The Ghosts of pious Birds departed go.
'Tis water'd well, and verdant all the Year,
And Birds obscene do never enter there:
There harmless *Swans* securely take their Rest,
And there the single *Phanix* builds her Nest.

Proud *Peacocks* there display their gaudy Train,
 And billing *Turtles* Coo o'er all the Plain.
 To these dark Shades my *Parrot's* Soul shall go,
 And with his Talk divert the Birds below.
 Whilst here his Bones enjoy a Noble Grave,
 A little Marble, and an Epitaph:

*In Talking I did every Bird excell,
 And my Tomb proves, my Mistress lov'd me well.*



ELEGY VII.

*He protests, that he had never any thing to do with
 the Chamber-maid.*

By the same Hand.

AND must I still be guilty, still untrue, [new]
 And when old Crimes are purg'd, still charg'd with
 What tho' at last my Cause I clearly gain?
 Yet I'm asham'd to strive so oft in vain,
 And when the Prize will scarce reward the Pain.
 If at the Play I in Fop-corner sit,
 And with a squinting Eye glote o'er the Pit,
 Or view the Boxes, you begin to fear,
 And fancy streight some Rival Beauty there,
 If any looks on me; you think you spy
 A private Affignation in her Eye,
 A silent soft Discourse in every Grace,
 And Tongues in all the Features of her Face.

If I praise any one, you tear your Hair,
Shew frantick Tricks, and rage with wild Despair.
It discommend, O then 'tis all Deceit,
I strive to cloak my Passion by the Cheat:
If I look well, I then neglect your Charms,
Lye dull and lazy in your active Arms;
If weak my Voice, if pale my Looks appear,
O then I languish for another Fair.
Would I did sin, and you with Cause complain;
For when we strive to shun, yet strive in vain,
'Tis Comfort sure to have deserv'd the Pain.
But sure fond Fancies now such Heats engage,
Your credulous peevish Humour spoils your Rage;
In frequent Chidings I no Force can see,
You frown too often to prevail with me:
The Ass grows dull by Stripes, the constant Blow
Bears off his Briskness, and he moves but slow:
But now I'm lavish of my kind Embrace,
And Moll forsooth supplies her Lady's Place!
Kind Love forbid, that I should stoop so low:
What, unto mean ignoble Beauties bow?
A Chamber-maid! no Faith, my Love flies high,
My Quarry is a Miss of Quality.
Ay, who would clasp a Slave, who joy to feel
Her Hands of Iron, and her Sides of Steel?
Twill damp an eager Thought, 'twill check my Mind,
To feel those Knubs the Lash hath left behind.
Besides she dresses well, with lovely Grace
She sets thy Tour, and does adorn thy Face;
Thy natural Beauty all her Arts improve,
And make me more enamour'd of my Love:

Then why should I tempt her? and why betray
 Thy useful Slave, and have her turn'd away?
 I swear by *Venus*, by Love's Darts, and Bow,
 A desperate Oath, you must believe me now;
 I am not guilty, I've not broke my Vow.



ELEGY VIII.

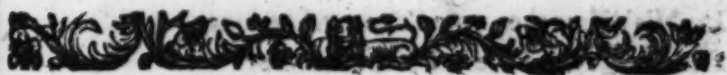
To Corinna's Chamber-maid.

By the same Hand.

DEAR skilful *Betty*; whodoft far excell
 My Lady's other Maids in dressing well ::
 Dear *Betty*, fit to be preferr'd above
 To *Juno's* Chamber, or the Queen of Love;
 Genteel, wellbred, not rustically coy,
 Not easie to deny desired Joy;
 Through whose soft Eyes still secret Wishes shine,
 Fit for thy Mistress' Use, but more for mine;
 Who, *Betty*, did the fatal Secret see,
 Who told *Corinna*, you were kind to me?
 Yet when she chid me for my kind Embrace,
 Did any guilty Blush spread o'er my Face?
 Did I betray thee, Maid, or could she spy
 The least Confession in my conscious Eye?
 Not that I think it a Disgrace to prove,
 Stolen sweets, or make a Chamber-maid my Love.
Achilles wanton'd in *Briseis'* Arms;
Atrides bow'd to fair *Cassandra's* Charms.

Sure I am less than these; then what can bring
 Disgrace to me, that so became a King?
 But when she lookt on you, poor harmless Maid
 You blusht, and all the kind Intrigue betray'd:
 Yet still I vow'd, I made a stout Defence,
 I swore, and look'd as bold as Innocence:
 Damme, I'gad, all that, and let me dye:
 Kind *Venus*, do not hear my Perjury.
 Kind *Venus*, stop thy Ears when Lovers lye.
 Now *Betty*, how will you my Oaths requite?
 Come pr'ythee let's compound for more Delight,
 Faith I am easie, and but ask a Night.
 What! Start at the Proposal? how! deny?
 Pretend fond Fears of a Discovery?
 Refuse, lest some sad Chance the thing betray?
 Is this your kind, your damn'd Obliging Way?
 Well, deny on, I'll lye, I'll swear no more,
Corinna now shall know thou art a Whore;
 I'll tell, since you my fair Address forbid,
 How often, when, and where, and what we did.

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ELEGY IX.

To LOVE.

By the late Earl of ROCHESTER.

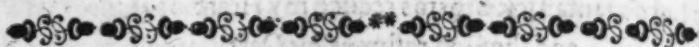
O Love! how cold, and slow to take my Part,
 Thou idle Wanderer about my Heart?
 Why thy old faithful Soldier wilt thou see
 Opprest in thy own Tents? they murder me:

Thy

Thy Flames consume, thy Arrows pierce thy Friends,
Rather on Foes pursue more noble Ends.
Achilles' Sword would certainly bestow
A Cure, as certain as it gave the Blow.
Hunters, who follow flying Game, give o'er
When the Prey's caught, Hopes still lead on before.
We thine own Slaves feel thy Tyranick Blows,
Whilst thy tame Hand's unmov'd against thy Foes.
On Men disarm'd how can you gallant prove?
And I was long ago disarm'd by Love.
Millions of dull Men live, and scornful Maids;
We'll own Love valiant, when he these invades.
Rome from each Corner of the wide World snatch'd
A Laurel, or't had been to this Day thatch'd.
But the old Soldier has his resting Place,
And the good batter'd Horse is turn'd to Grass.
The harraſt Whore, who liv'd a Wretch to please,
Has leave to be a Bawd, and take her Ease.
For me then, who have truly spent my Blood
(Love) in thy Service, and so boldly stood
In *Celia's* Trenches, were't not wisely done,
E'en to retire and live in Peace at Home?
No — might I gain a Godhead to disclaim.
My glorious Title to my endless Flame,
Divinity with scorn I would forswear,
Such sweet dear tempting Devils Women are.
Whene'er those Flames grow faint, I quickly find
A fierce black Storm pour down upon my Mind;
Headlong I'm hurl'd like Horsemen, who in vain
Their Fury-flaming Coursers would restrain;
As Ships, just when the Harbour they attain,
Are snatch'd by sudden blasts to Sea again;

So Love's fantastick Storms reduce my Heart
Half rescu'd, and the God resumes his Dart.
Strike here, this undefended Bosom wound,
And for so brave a Conquest be renown'd.
Shafts fly so fast to me from every part,
You'll scarce discern the Quiver from my Heart.
What Wretch can bear a live-long Night's dull Rest,
Or think himself in lazy Slumbers blest?
Fool — is not Sleep the Image of pale Death,
There's time for Rest when Fate hath stopt your Breath.
Me may my soft deluding Dear deceive,
I'm happy in my Hopes, while I believe:
Now let her flatter, then as fondly chide,
Often may I enjoy, 'oft be deny'd.
With doubtful Steps the God of War does move,
By thy Example in Ambiguous Love.
Blown to and fro, like Down from thy own Wing.
Who knows when Joy, or Anguish thou wilt bring?
Yet at thy Mother's, and thy Slave's Request,
Fix an eternal Empire at my Breast:
And let th' inconstant charming Sex,
Whose wilful Scorn does Lovers vex,
Submit their Hearts before thy Throne,
The vassal World is then thy own.





ELEGY X.

*Ovid tells Græcinus that he is fallen in Love with
a Couple of Ladies.*

By an unknown Hand.

WHat you affirm'd, my Friend is prov'd untrue;
 That none at once could madly dote on two.
 Deceiv'd unarm'd, we *Cupid* soon o'er-came,
 And I glow shameless with a double Flame.
 They both are Fair, both dress so nicely well,
 That the Preheminence is hard to tell.
 Sometimes for This, sometimes for That I burn;
 And each more Beauteous sparkles in her turn.
 Each claims my Passion, and my Heart divides,
 As to and fro the doubtful Galliot rides,
 Here driven by Winds, and there redriven by Tydes.
 Why doubly chain'd? was not a single Fair
 Enough to load me with perpetual Care?
 Why are more Leaves brought to the Shady Wood,
 Stars to the Sky, or Water to the Flood?
 Yet better so, than not to Love at all;
 Still on my Foes may such dull Blessings fall.
 May they, insipidly supine, be spread
 Along the Middle of a Widow'd Bed,
 While I with sprightliness Love's Vigils keep,
 Stretch'd out for something far more sweet, than Sleep.
 Others from Ruin fly, to mine I run,
 To be by Women pleasingly undone,
 Longing for two, since undestroy'd by one.

Still

Still let my slender Limbs for Love suffice;
I want no Nerves, but want the bulky Size.
My Limbs tho' Lean, are not in vain display'd;
From me no Female ever rose a Maid.
Oft have I, when a luscious Night was spent;
Saluted Morn, nor cloy'd nor impotent:
Happy, who gasps in Love his latest Breath;
Give me, ye Gods, so softly sweet a Death.
Let the rough Warriours grapple on the Plain,
And with their Blood immortal Honour gain.
Let the vile Miser plough for Wealth the Deep,
And Shipwreck'd in th' unfathom'd Waters sleep,
May *Venus* grant me but my last Desire,
In the full height of Rapture to expire.
Perhaps some Friend with kindly Dew supply'd,
Weeping will say, As *Ovid* liv'd he dy'd.

ELEGY XI.

To his Mistress going a Voyage at Sea.

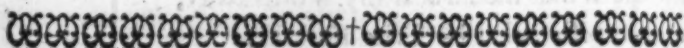
THose that the Top of *Pelion* bar'd, to build
The first huge Ship, that plow'd the wat'ry field,
Surpriz'd with their stupendous Work, the Sea;
But such Adventures are not fit for Thee.
Death star'd them in the Face in various Forms,
In Rocks, and Shelves, and in outrageous Storms,
They daringly explor'd the doubtful Seas,
In quest of *Colchos*, and the Golden Fleece.
Oh that no Ship might pass the liquid Waste,
And *Argo*, as the first had been the last.

Corinna

Corinna now prepares to quit her Down,
And leave her well-known Bed, for Waves unknown.
What Winds will blow around the trembling Fair?
No gentle *Zephyrs* then will fan the Air;
But blasts of *Boreas* rend the cracking Sails,
And lash the leaky Ship with hostile Gales.
Nor Houses shalt thou then, nor Groves survey,
Nor any Object meet thy Eyes but Sea;
Nor as thou dost explore the farther Main,
Green shalt thou see, or Shelly Shore again;
Nor on the slipp'ry Pebbles shalt thou slide,
But o'er the Wave in mortal Terror ride.
If thou a Life so dear to us, would'st save,
Walk on the Margin of the Silver Wave,
Content thy self, upon the Coast to stray,
That's safe, but all beyond a dangerous Way.
To thy whole Sex the Caution I address,
Ne'er trust your Beauties to the faithless Seas.
To you the dreadful Tale let others tell,
In Ocean's Depths what horrid Monsters dwell,
What Vessels *Scylla's* greedy Gulph devours,
And how for Prey the fell *Charybdis* roars;
What Ships have perish'd by the foundering Shocks
Of Tempests driving on *Ceraunian* Rocks;
Or what have sunk in *Syrte's* treach'rous Sands,
Or been in Pieces dash'd on *Libyan* Strands:
Hear what they say, and what thou hear'st believes;
Thou can'st no Hurt by easy Faith receive.
When far behind thee thou hast left the Strand,
How wilt thou long in vain and look for Land?
And when the Tempest beats the Vessels Sides,
Admits thro' gaping Leaks the gushing Tides,

The Pilot shall himself begin to fear
The roaring Death, that's now approaching near !
How livid will thy Looks be then, and pale,
How wilt thou start at ev'ry ratling Gale ?
How wilt thou then invoke the lowring Skies,
And *Leda's* Son to hear thy fruitless Cries ?
How wilt thou thy adventurous Fate deplore,
And blest the Feet that tread the solid Shore ?
'Tis safer on your Couch to sit, and sing
Some am'rous Song or touch the *Thracian* String.
But if the Winds should bear my Words away,
Or you despise, what I in Friendship say,
Do thou thy Aid, oh *Galatea*, lend,
Corinna's Ship with prosp'rous Gales befriend.
Ye Nymphs, and you their bearded Sire, beware
Lest any hurt befall the ven'trous Fair,
What Guilt her Death would bring upon the Sea !
Your Waters could not wash the Crime away.
Go then, but ever keep me fresh in Mind,
Full be your Sails of a propitious Wind,
And quickly may the friendly Gales restore
My Mistress to this once forsaken Shoar.
I first shall from our Coast, with searching Eye,
Your Ship returning to our Harbour spy,
And that it brings our Gods, with Rapture cry.
When in mine Arms the landing Fair I catch,
Kisses on Kisses numberless I'll snatch.
The Victim for your safe Return decreed,
To pay my Vows shall on the Altar bleed.
Instead of polish'd Stone, the homely Strand
Shall serve us for a Table, or the Sand.
We'll there refresh, Your Health we there will Drink,
And you shall tell me there, how like you were to sink,

What Risk you ran, how near to suffer Wreck,
 And yet how bold you were to hasten back.
 Nor starless Nights you fear'd, nor stormy Sea,
 Nor Danger dreaded, while you thought on me.
 Tho' 'tis all feign'd, I'll take it to be true,
 And cheat my Hopes, as Lovers use to do.
 Why should I not as Truth the Tale receive?
 'Twill please as well, if I as well believe.
 Let *Phæbus* wing the Hours, and haste the Day,
 In Heav'n distinguish'd by a brighter Ray.



E L E G Y XII.

*The Poet rejoices for the Favours he has received of
 his Mistress.*

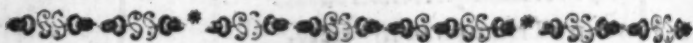
IO *Triumphe!* I have won the Prize,
 For in my Arms the fair *Corinna* lies.
 Nor jealous Husband, nor a Guardian's Care,
 Nor Door defended with a double Bar,
 Cou'd fence against a Lover's Artifice;
 For in my Arms the fair *Corinna* lies.
 With Reason of my Victory I boast,
 The Conquest gain'd, and yet no Blood is lost:
 I scal'd no Walls. I pass'd no Ditch profound,
 Safe were my Wars, and all without a Wound.
 My only Work, a charming Girl to gain,
 The Pleasure well rewards the little Pain.
 Ten Years the *Greeks* did in one Siege employ.
 But level'd were, at length, the Walls of *Troy*;

What

What Glory was there by th' *Atrides* won,
So many Chiefs before a single Town?
Not thus did I my pleasant Toils pursue,
And the whole Glory to my self is due.
My self was Horse, and Foot, my self alone,
The Captain and the Soldier was in one,
And fought beneath no Banner but my own.
Whether by Strength I combated, or Wile,
Fortune did ever on my Actions smile.
I only owe my Triumph to my Care,
And by my Patience only won the Fair.
Nor was my Cause of Quarrel new, the same
Set *Europe*, and proud *Asia* in a Flame.
For *Helen*, ravish'd by the *Dardan* Boy,
Was the War wag'd that sunk the Pride of *Troy*.
The *Centaur*s double-form'd, half Man, half Beast,
Defil'd with horrid War the Nuptial Feast;
Enflam'd by Wine, and Woman's Magick Charms,
They turn'd the jolly Face of Joy to Arms.
'Twas Woman urg'd the Strife, a second Fair
Involv'd the *Trojans* in a second War.
What Wreck, what Ruin, did a Woman bring
On peaceful *Latium*, and their pious King?
When *Rome* was young, and in her Infant State,
What Woes did Woman to our Sires create?
Into what Peril was the City brought,
When *Sabine* Fathers for their Daughters fought;
Two lusty Bulls I in the Meads have view'd
In Combat join'd, and by their side there stood
A Milk-white Heifer, who provok'd the Fight,
By each contended, but the Conqu'ror's Right.

She

She gives them Courage, her they both regard,
 As one that caus'd the War, and must reward.
 Compell'd by *Cupid* in his Host to list,
 And who that has a Heart can Love resist?
 His Soldier I have been, without the Guilt
 Of Blood, in any of our Battles spilt.
 For him I've fought, as many more have done,
 And many Rivals met, but murder'd none.



E L E G Y XIII.

To *Isis*. *A Prayer that the Goddess would assist
 Corinna, and prevent her miscarriage.*

With cruel Art *Corinna* would destroy
 The rip'ning Fruit of our repeated Joy.
 While on herself she practises her Skill,
 She's like the Mother, not the Child, to kill.
 Me she wou'd not acquaint with what she did,
 From me a thing, which I abhorr'd, she hid;
 Well might I now be angry, but I fear,
 Ill as she is, it might endanger her.
 By me, I must confess, she did conceive,
 The Fact is so, or else I so believe.
 We've Cause to think, what may so likely be,
 So is, and then the Babe belongs to me.
 Oh *Isis*, who delight'st to haunt the Fields,
 Where fruitful *Nile* his Golden Harvests yields,
 Where with seven Mouths into the Sea it falls,
 And hast thy Walks around *Canope's* Walls,

Who

Who *Memphis* visit'st, and the *Pharian* Tow'rs,
Assist *Corinna* with thy friendly Pow'rs.
Thee by thy Silver *Sistra* I conjure,
A Life so precious, by thy Aid secure.
So may'st thou with *Osiris* still find Grace;
By *Anubis's* venerable Face,
I pray thee, so may still thy Rights Divine
Flourish, and Serpents round thy Off'rings twine.
May *Apis* with his Horns the Pomp attend,
And beto thee, as thou'rt to her a Friend.
Look down, Oh *Isis*, on the teeming Fair,
And make at once, her Life, and mine thy Care.
Have Pity on her Pains; the Help you give
To her, her Lover saves, in her I live.
From thee this Favour she deserves: She pays
Her Vows to thee, on all thy solemn Days;
And when the *Galli* at thy Altars wait,
She's present at the Feast they celebrate.
And thou, *Lucina*, who the lab'ring Womb
Dost with Compassion view, to her Assistance come,
Nor dost thou, when to thee thy Vot'ries pray
For speedy Help, thy wanted Help delay.
Lucina, listen to *Corinna's* Pray'r,
Thy Vot'ry she, and worthy of thy Care.
I'll with my Off'rings to thy Altar come,
With Votive Myrrh thy sacred Fane perfume.
The Vows I make, that thou my Fair may'st bless,
In Words inscrib'd, I'll on thy Shrine express.
Ovid, the Servant of *Corinna*, pray'd
The Goddesses here, the teeming Dame to aid:
Ah Goddesses, of my humble Suit allow;
Give place to my Inscription and my Vow.

If frighted as I am I may presume,
 Your Conduct to direct in Time to come,
Corinna, since you've suffer'd thus before,
 Ah try the bold Experiment no more.

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ELEGY XIV.

*To his Mistress, who endeavour'd to make herself
 Miscarry.*

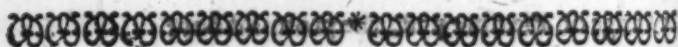
W^Hat boots it, that the Fair are free from War,
 And what, that they're forbid the Shield to bear;
 Against themselves, if they new Arms employ,
 And madly with new Wounds, their Lives destroy?
 The cruel Mother, who did first contrive
 Her Babe to butcher, e'er 'twas scarce alive,
 Who thus from Nature's tender Dictates swerv'd,
 To perish by her proper Hands deserv'd.
 Why do the Sex forget their Softness, why
 Such Projects for a foolish Fancy, try?
 The Belly must be smooth, no Wrinkle there
 To shock the Lover's wanton Glance appear.
 His Touch as well as Sight they fain would please,
 And the Womb early of its Burthen ease.
 Had Women sooner known this wicked Trade,
 Among the Race of Men, what Havock had they made?
 Mankind had been extinct, and lost the Seed,
 Without a Wonder to restore the Breed;
 As when *Deucalion* and his *Phyrrha* hurl'd
 The Stones, that sow'd with Men the delug'd World.

Had

Had *Thetis*, Goddess of the Sea, refus'd
To bear the Burthen, and her Fruit abus'd.
Who would have *Priam's* Royal Seat destroy'd?
Or had the Vestal, whom fierce *Mars* enjoy'd,
Stifled the Twins within her pregnant Womb,
What Founder would have then been born to *Rome*?
Had *Venus*, when she with *Aeneas* teem'd,
To Death, e'er born, *Anchises'* Son condemn'd;
The World had of the *Cæsars* been depriv'd,
Augustus near had reign'd, nor *Julius* liv'd.
And thou, whose Beauty is the Boast of Fame,
Hadst perish'd, had thy Mother done the same;
Nor had I liv'd Love's faithful Slave to be,
Had my own Mother dealt as ill by me.
Ah vile Invention, ah accurst Design,
To rob of rip'ning Fruit the loaden Vine!
Ah let it grow for Nature's Use mature,
Ah let it its full Length of Time endure.
Twill of it self, alas, too soon decay,
And quickly fall, like Autumn Leaves, away.
Why barb'rously dost thou thy Bowels tear,
To kill the human Load that quickens there?
On venom'd Drugs why venture, to destroy
The Pledge of Pleasure past, the promis'd Boy?
Medea, guilty of her Children's Blood,
The Mark of every Age's Curse has stood;
And *Alys* murder'd by his Mother's Rage,
Been pity'd since by each succeeding Age;
There cruel Parents by false Lords abus'd,
Had yet some Plea, tho' none their Crime excus'd.
What, *Jason*, did your dire Revenge provoke?
What, *Tereus*, urge you to the fatal Stroke?

What

What Rage your Reason led so far away,
 As furious Hands upon your self to lay?
 The Tygresses, that haunt th' *Armenian* Wood,
 Will spare their proper Young, tho' pinch'd for Food;
 Nor will the *Libyan* Lyonesses slay
 Their Whelps; but Women are more fierce than they,
 More barb'rous to the tender Fruit they bear,
 Nor Nature's Call, tho' loud she cries, will hear.
 But righteous Vengeance oft their Crimes pursues,
 And they are lost themselves, who wou'd their Children lose;
 The poy's'nous Drugs, with mortal Juices fill
 Their Veins, and undesign'd, themselves they kill.
 Themselves upon the Bier are breathless born,
 With Hair ty'd up, which was in Ringlets worn,
 Thro' weeping Crowds, that on their Corps attend,
 Well may they weep for their unhappy End.
 Forbid it, Heav'n, that what I say may prove
 Prefaging to the Fair; I blame, and love;
 Thus let me ne'er, ye Pow'rs, her Death deplore,
 'Twas her first Fault, and she'll offend no more.
 No Pardon she'll deserve, a second Time,
 But without Mercy, punish then her Crime.



ELEGY XV.

*The Poet speaks to the Ring, which he had sent a
 Presence to his Mistress.*

By an unknown Hand.

GO, happy Ring, who art about to bind
 The Fair One's Finger; may the Fair be kind.

Small

Small is the Present, tho' the Love be great;
May she swift slip thee on thy taper Seat.
As she, and I, may thou with her agree,
And not too large, nor yet too little be.
To touch her Hand, thou wilt the Pleasure have;
I now must envy, what my self I gave.
Oh! would a *Proteus*, or a *Circe* change
Me to thy Form, that I like thee might range!
Then would I wish thee with her Breasts to play,
And her left Hand beneath her Robes to stray.
Tho' strait she thought me, I will then appear
Loose, and unfix'd, and slip I know not where.
When-e'er she writes some secret Lines of Love,
Lest the dry Gemm and Wax should sticking prove;
Me first she moistens: Then sly Care I take,
And but when Lines I like, Impression make.
If in her Pocket fain she would me hide,
Close will I press her Finger, and not slide.
Then cry, My Life, I ne'er shall thee disgrace,
And I am light, give me my proper Place.
Still let me stick, when in the Bath you are;
If I catch Damage, 'tis not worth your Care.
Yea when the Ring thy naked Body spies,
It will transform, and I a Man arise.
Why do I rave? thou little Trifle, go,
And that I die for her, let the dear Creature know.





ELEGY XVI.

He invites his Mistress into the Country.

I'M now at — where my Eyes can view
Their old Delights, but what I want in you:
Here purling Streams cut thro' my pleasing Bowers,
Adorn my Banks, and raise my drooping Flowers:
Here Trees with bending Fruit in Order stand,
Invite my Eye, and tempt my greedy Hand;
But half the Pleasure of Enjoyment's gone;
Since I must pluck them sing'e, and alone:
Why could not Nature's Kindness first contrive
That faithful Lovers should like Spirits live,
Mixt in one Point, and yet divided lye
Enjoying an united Liberty?
But since we must thro' distant Regions go,
Why was not the same Way design'd for two?
One single Care determin'd still for both,
And the kind Virgin joyn'd the loving Youth?
Then should I think it pleasant Way to go
O'er *Alpine* Frost, and trace the Hills of Snow;
Then should I dare to view the horrid *Moors*,
And walk the Desarts of the *Libyan* Shores;
Hear *Scylla* bark, and see *Charybdis* rave,
Suck in, and vomit out the threat'ning Wave:
Fearless thro' all I'd steer my feeble Barge,
Secure, and safe with the celestial Charge:

But now though here my grateful Fields afford
Choice Fruits to cheer their melancholy Lord;
Though here obedient Streams the Gard'ner leads,
In narrow Channels thro' my flow'ry Beds;
Tho' Poplars rise, and spread a shady Grove,
Where I might lye, my little Life improve,
And spend my Minutes 'twixt a Muse and Love.
Yet these contribute little to my Ease,
For without you they lose the Power to please:
I seem to walk o'er Fields of naked Sand,
Or tread an antick Maze in *Fairy-Land*.
Where frightful Spectres, and pale Shades appear,
And hollow Groans invade my troubled Ear:
Where ev'ry Breeze, that thro' my Arbour flies,
First sadly murmurs, and then turns to Sighs.
The Vines love Elms, what Elms from Vines remove?
Then why should I be parted from my Love?
And yet by me you once devoutly swore,
By your own Eyes, those Stars that I adore;
That all my Bus'ness you would make your own,
And never suffer me to be alone;
But faithless Woman nat'rally deceives,
Their frequent Oaths are like the falling Leaves,
Which when a Storm has from the Branches tore,
Are tost by every Blast, and seen no more:
Yet if you will be true, your Vows retrieve,
Be kind, and I can easily forgive;
Prepare your Coach, to me direct your Course,
Drive fiercely on, and lash the lazy Horse;
And while you ride I will prolong the Day,
And try the Power of Verse to smoothe your Way:

Sink down ye Mountains, sink ye lofty Hills,
 Ye Valleys be obedient to her Wheels,
 Ye Streams be dry, ye hindring Woods remove,
 'Tis Love that drives, and all must yield to Love.



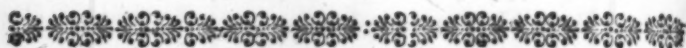
ELEGY XVII.

He tells Corinna, he will always be her Slave.

IF there's a Wretch, who thinks it is a Shame
 To serve a lovely, and a loving Dame;
 If such a Slave he loads with Infamy,
 I'm willing he shou'd judge as hard of me,
 I'm willing all the World should know my Shame,
 If *Venus* will abate my raging Flame:
 Let me a fair, and gentle Mistress have,
 And then proclaim aloud that I'm her Slave.
 Beauty is apt to swell a Maiden's Mind,
 And thus *Corinna* is to Pride inclin'd;
 But as she is above all Maidens fair,
 What's Pride in them, is Insolence in her:
 Less fair I wish she was, or knew it less.
 How learnt she, she is lovely by her Face?
 Her Mirrour tells her so, she often tries
 Her Mirrour, and believes her charming Eyes.
 The Looks she then puts on, are still her best,
 And she ne'er uses it, but when she's drest.
 Tho' wide the Empire of your Beauties spread,
 Beauty to draw my am'rous Glances made,

Compare your Servant's Merit with your Eyes,
You'll find no Cause his Service to despise,
Don't think I press upon your Pride too hard,
For little Things may be with Great compar'd:
We're told *Calypso*, an immortal Pow'r,
Detain'd a Mortal in th' *Ogygian* Bow'r,
And when her Pray'r to stay he would not grant,
So strong her Love, she kept him by Constraint;
A *Nereid* took the *Pithian* to her Arms,
And *Numa* knew divine *Egeria*'s Charms.
Vulcan tho' Lame, and of a Form obscene,
Was oft made happy by the *Paphian* Queen,
She matter'd not his limping, but approv'd
His Flame, and saw no Faults in him she lov'd;
My Verses are unequal, like his Feet,
Yet the long, kindly with the shorter meet.
As they with them, why shou'dst thou not with me,
Comply, my Life, and my Divinity?
My self, when I am in thy Arms, I'll own
Thy Subject, and the Bed shall be thy Throne;
Thou there, my lovely Queen, shalt give me Laws;
Nor in my Absence to rejoice have Cause,
Nor ever shall my Services be blam'd,
Nor shalt thou of thy Servant be ashamed.
My Poetry's my Purse, my Fortune's there;
I have no other way to win the Fair;
Nor is that way the worst: the brightest Dames,
Wou'd in my Verse immortalize their Names:
My Muse the Place of an Estate supplies,
And none that know her Worth, her Wealth despise.

Some tempted by *Corinna's* spreading Fame,
 In Envy rob her, and usurp her Name;
 What wou'd they give, d'ye think, to be the same?
 But neither cool *Eurotas*, nor the *Po*
 With Poplar shaded, in one Channel flow;
 By different, and by distant Banks they glide,
 Are Rivers both, but various is their Tide.
 There are more Beauties, but there's none like thine,
 There are more Verse, but thou hast only mine;
 No other Charms can e'er inspire my Muse,
 And other Theams I with Disdain refuse.



E L E G Y XVIII.

*To Macer, blaming him for not writing of Love as
 he did.*

WHile, *Macer*, you *Achilles'* Choler sing,
 And *Greece* before the Walls of *Ilium* bring,
 While Feats of Arms in *Phrygian* Fields you tell,
 And how Old *Troy* by *Gracian* Vengeance fell;
 I my soft Hours in softer Songs employ,
 And all my Leisure give to Love, and Joy.
 When to high Acts my Voice I strive to raise,
 Love laughs at my Attempt, and mocks my Lays:
 Begone, I often to my Mistress cry,
 But have not Courage yet, my self to fly.
 Whene'er she sees me in this sullen Fit,
 she fondles me, and on my Knee will sit:

Enough

Enough of this, say I, for Shame give o'er,
Enough of Love, we'll play the Fool no more,
Ah, is it then a Shame to love? she cries;
And chides, and melts me with her weeping Eyes:
Around my Neck her snowy Arms she throws,
And to my Lips with stifling Kisses grows:
How can I all this Tenderness refuse?
At once my Wisdom, and my Will I lose.
I'm conquer'd, and renounce the glorious Strain
Of Arms, and War, to sing of Love again:
My Theams are Acts, which I my self have done;
And my Muse sings no Battles, but my own.
Once I confess, I did the Drama try,
And ventur'd with success on Tragedy;
My *Genius* with a moving Scene agrees,
And if I ventur'd farther I might please:
But Love of my Heroicks makes a Jest,
And laughs to see me in my Buskins drest.
Asham'd, and weary of this tragick Whim,
For tender Thoughts I quitted the sublime:
My Mind, my Mistress bends another Way;
Her must my Muse, in all her Songs obey;
Tho' oft I do not what I write approve,
Like, or not like it, I must sing of Love.
Whether for *Ithaca's* illustrious Dame,
To great *Ulysses* I a Letter frame,
Or for *Oenone* tender Things indite,
Or soft Complaints for injur'd *Phyllis* write;
Whether Fair *Canace's* incestuous Care
I sooth, or flatter *Dido's* fierce Despair;
Whether I fan *Medea's* raging Fire,
Or for sweet *Sappho* touch the *Lesbyan* Lyre;

Whether I *Phadra's* lawless Love relate,
 Or *Theseus's* Flight, and *Ariadne's* Fate:
 Oh that *Sabinus*, my departed Friend,
 Cou'd from all Quarters now his Answers send:
Ulysses's Hand shou'd to his Queen be known,
 And wretched *Phadra* hear from *Theseus's* Son;
Dido, *Æneas's* Answer should receive,
 And *Phillis Demophoon's*, if alive.
Jason should to *Hyppispile* return
 A sad Reply, and *Sapho* cease to mourn;
 Nor him whom she can ne'er possess desire,
 But give to *Phœbus's* Fane her Votive Lyre,
 As much as you in lofty Epicks deal,
 You, *Macer*, shew that you Love's Passion feel,
 And sensible of Beauty's pow'rful Charms,
 You hear their Call amid the Noise of Arms.
 A Place for *Paris* in your Verse we find,
 And *Helen's* to the young Adult'rer kind;
 There lovely *Laodamia* mourns her Lord,
 The first that fell by *Hector's* fatal Sword:
 If well I know you, and your Mind can tell,
 The Theam's as grateful, and you like as well,
 To tune your Lyre for *Cupid*, as for *Mars*,
 And *Thracian* Combats change for *Paphian* Wars!
 If well I know you, and your Works design
 Your Will, you often quit your Camp for mine.



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E L E G Y XIX.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

IF for thy self thou wilt not watch thy Whore;
 Watch her for me, that I may love her more.
 What comes with Ease we nauseously receive,
 Who but a Sot, wou'd scorn to love with leave?
 With Hopes and Fears my Flames are blown up higher;
 Make me Despair, and then I can Desire.
 Give me a Jilt to tease my jealous Mind;
 Deceits are Virtues in the Female kind.
Corinna my Fantastick Humour knew,
 Play'd Trick for Trick, and kept her self still new:
 She, that next Night I might the sharper come,
 Fell out with me, and sent me Fasting home;
 Or some Pretence to lie alone wou'd take;
 Whene'er she pleas'd, her Head, and Teeth wou'd ake:
 Till having won me to the highest Strain,
 She took Occasion to be sweet again.
 With what a Gust, ye Gods, we then imbrac'd!
 How ev'ry Kiss was dearer than the last!
 Thou whom I now adore, be edify'd,
 Take care that I may often be deny'd.
 Forget the promis'd Hour, or feign some Fright;
 Make me lie rough on Bunks each other Night.
 These are the Arts that best secure thy Reign,
 And this the Food, that must my Fires maintain.

Q. 5.

Gross

Handwritten signature:
 John Dryden
 To the Honble. the Lord
 Treasurer of the Chamber
 1681

Gross easie Love does like gross Diet, pall,
In squeasie Stomachs Honey turns to Gall.
Had *Danaë* not been kept in brazen Tow'rs,
Jove had not thought her worth his Golden Show'rs.
When *Juno* to a Cow turn'd *Io's* Shape,
The Watchman help'd her to a second Leap.
Let him who loves an easie Whetstone Whore,
Pluck Leaves from Trees, and drink the Common Shore.
The Jilting Harlot strikes the surest Blow,
A Truth which I by sad Experience know.
The kind poor constant Creature we despise;
Man but pursues the Quarry while it flies.

But thou dull Husband of a Wife too Fair,
Stand on thy Guard, and watch the precious Ware;
If creaking Doors, or barking Dogs thou hear,
Or Windows scratch'd, suspect a Rival there.
An Orange-Wench wou'd tempt thy Wife abroad;
Kick her, for she's a Letter-bearing Bawd:
In short, be Jealous as the Devil in Hell;
And set my Wit on work to cheat thee well.
The sneaking City Cuckold is my Foe,
I scorn to strike, but when he wards the Blow.
Look to thy hits, and leave off thy conniving,
I'll be no Drudge to any Wittal living;
I have been patient, and forborn thee long,
In hope thou wou'dst not pocket up thy Wrong;
It no Affront can rouse thee, understand.
I'll take no more Indulgence at thy Hand.
What, next to be forbid thy House, and Wife!
Damn him who loves to lead so ill a Life.
Now I can neither sigh, nor whine, nor pray,
All those Occasions thou hast ta'en away.

Why art thou so incorrigibly Civil?
Do somewhat I may wish thee at the Devil.
For Shame be no Accomplise in my Treason,
A pimping Husband is too much in Reason.
Once more wear Horns, before I quite forsake her,
In Hopes whereof, I rest thy Cuckold-maker.



OVID'S



O V I D's
AMOURS.

BOOK III.

ELEGY I.

*The Poet deliberates with himself, whether he
should continue writing Elegies, or attempt
Tragedy.*



Nhurt by Steel, arose an antient Wood,
A Mansion fit for some retiring God;
With craggy Stones a secret Grot was
hung,
And in the midst a sacred Fountain
sprung;

The courting Birds, repeating Songs of Love;
With soft Complaining sweetly fill'd the Grove;

Here

Here wand'ring Thoughtful, and intent to chuse
Some Theam unsung, to please the busie Muse;
Fair Elegy came on with gentle Pace,
Unforc'd her Air, and easy was her Grace,
Her flaxen Hair in curious Tresses wreath'd,
Ambrosial Sweets and Heav'nly Odours breath'd;
A simple Dress the careless Charmer bore,
And loving Looks, and Smiles unartful wore:
Next came the Goddess of the Tragick Scene,
With stately Tread, and proud majestick Mien;
Her Front severe, with hanging Curls was drown'd,
Her length of Robe was full, and swept the Ground;
Her Hand held out a Regal Sceptre grac'd,
And *Lydian* Buskins half her Legs embrac'd.
She first; "Must Love for ever tune thy Voice,
"Fond idle Bard, and trifling in thy Choice?
"Thy wanton Songs imploy the Drunkard's Tongue;
"In ev'ry Street thy riball'd Lays are sung;
"The Finger marks thee in thy passing by,
"Behold, where goes the Slave of Love, they cry:
"Thy Lewd Exploits, thou Profligate, are grown
"The publick Theam, and Talk of all the Town,
"Whilst unconcern'd, and lost to Sense of Shame,
"Thou still runn'st on, nor mind'st thy ruin'd Fame.
"Enough thou'st told the Plaints of fond Desire,
"Now let a nobler Inspiration fire;
"Thy Matter cramps thy Genius, learn to find
"A manly Subject, and exert thy Mind.
"In Songs for Girls, fond Toys, and idle Play,
"Thy Muse has wanton'd all her Hours away.
"But Youth at length has fill'd its Measure up;
"My Friend, 'tis time to taste of th' other Cup.

"Now

" Now in my Service let thy Force be shown,
 " Assert my Honour, and retrieve thy own;
 " Thy sprightly Fancy, and inventive Wit,
 " Thy lofty Stile of tragick Scenes will fit.
 She said; and proudly rising in her Gate,
 Thrice shook her Tresses, and display'd her State.
 With open Look, (nor was my Sight beguil'd)
 And joyous Eyes her Rival sweetly smil'd;
 Sustain'd her Hand a Myrtle Branch upright?
 Or did my Fancy form the charming Sight?
 " Still so severe, O Tragedy, she cry'd!
 " And canst thou ne'er forego thy sullen Pride?
 " I not compare my lowly Lays to thine;
 " Too weak Materials for the vast Design.
 " The Stile unlabour'd, negligent the Dress,
 " My Verse is humbler, and my Matter less.
 " Gay, wanton, soft, my Business is to move,
 " With melting Strains, the playful God of Love.
 " Bereft of me, Fair *Venus* wants her Charms,
 " I help the Goddess, and prepare her Arms.
 " My luring Arts, and soothing Lays prevail,
 " Where lofty Port, and Tragick Buskins fail.
 " I more deserve, by making that my Care,
 " Thy rigid Pride allows not thee to bear:
 " By me, *Corinna* first was taught to try
 " To break from Prison, and deceive the Spy;
 " I first induc'd the fearful Fair to slide
 " With trembling Caution from her Husband's Side;
 " When to thy Arms, all loose, and dis-array'd,
 " Prepar'd for Pleasure, flew the melting Maid.
 " Fix'd on her Door, how oft I've hung on high,
 " Expos'd, and patient of each gazing Eye!

" How

" How oft, in secret, while the Keeper stay'd,
" Within her Woman's panting Bosom lay'd!
" Once sent a Birth-day Gift, the cruel Dame
" In pieces tore, and gave me to the Flame.
" I taught thee first to cultivate thy Mind;
" Thy Fancy brighten'd, and thy Wit refin'd;
" Thou to my Care those Merits must allow,
" For which my Rival would seduce thee now.
They spoke, I answer'd. " Let me both conjure
" To spare a Mind, with Terrors unsecure;
" Nor to my Charge, when once pronounc'd, be lay'd
" As Crimes, the Words my trembling Tongue has said;
" To gain me Glory, thy Decrees ordain
" The Regal Sceptre, and the tragick Strain;
" With painful Labour need I toil for Fame,
" When easier Tasks already raise my Name?
" Thou mak'st my Love immortal: Thee I chuse;
" Be thou my Queen, and still command my Muse,
" Majestick Pow'r, forgive my simple Choice;
" Thy gentle Rival has obtain'd my Voice.
" Short is the Time, in which her Palm is won;
" Ere thine is gain'd, the Poet's Life is done.
Howly said; She gracious gave Assent,
And diff'rent Ways the parting Rivals went;
Ye gentle Loves, compleat the Work assign'd,
A greater Labour seems to prels behind.



ELEGY



ELEGY II.

To his Mistress at the Horse-Race.

By HENRY CROMWELL, Esq;

NOT in the *Circus* do I sit to view
 The running Horses, but to gaze on you;
 Near you I chuse an advantageous Place,
 And whilst your Eyes are fix'd upon the Race,
 Mine are on you——Thus do we feast our Sight,
 Each alike pleas'd with Objects of Delight;
 In softer Whispers I my Passion move,
 You of the Rider talk, but I of Love.
 When, to please you, I streight my Subject quit,
 And change my Wishes to your Favourite;
 Oh might I ride, and be so much your Care,
 I'd start with Courage from the Barrier,
 And with a swift short Compass brush the Goal——
 Unless the Sight of you my Course restrains,
 And makes my Hands forego the loosen'd Reins;
 As *Pelops* gaz'd on *Hippodamia's* Face,
 'Till he had almost lost th' important Race;
 Yet he his Mistress by her Favour won;
 So may our Prize assist us when we run.

What mean these Starts? you must not, can't remove;
 This kind auspicious Place was fram'd for Love;
 I fear you're crouded,——Gentlemen, forbear,
 Bray, let your Arms and Knees the Lady spare;

Madam, your Gown hangs down—nay, pray let me—
Oh Heav'ns! what fine, what curious Legs I see!
Sure, who *Diana* in a Forest drew,
Copy'd in this the gracefull'st Part from you;
Such *Atalant* discovering as she ran,
What rap'trous Wishes seiz'd *Minalion*.

I burn'd, and rag'd before—what then are these,
But Flames on Flames, and Waters to the Seas?
By these a Thousand other Charms are guest,
Which are so advantageously suppress'd.
Oh for some Air! this scorching Heat remove,
Your Fan would do't—but 'tis the Heat of Love.

But now the Pomp appears, the Sacred Thong
Command Applauses from the Heart and Tongue;
First Vict'ry with expanded Wings does move,
Be near, (O Goddess) to assist my Love;
To *Mars* let Warriors Acclamations raise,
The Merchants Tongues resound with *Neptune's* Praise;
Whilst I, whom neither Seas nor Arms invite,
In Love alone, the Fruit of Peace, delight;
To their *Apollo* let the Prophets pray,
And Hunters to *Diana* Homage pay,
Let the Mechanicks to *Minerva* vow,
Rusticks to *Ceres*, and to *Bacchus* bow;
Whilst I devote my self to thee alone,
Kind *Venus*, and the pow'rful God thy Son;
O be propitious to my Enterprize,
Inform with all thy Softness these fair Eyes,
And to Love's Cause her gentle Breast incline;
She grants, and has confirm'd it with a Sign;
Do you assure it too, you who're to me
(With *Venus'* leave) the mightier Deity.

By all these Heav'nly Witnesses, to you
Will I be ever faithful, ever true.

Now in the open Cirque the Game's begun,
The Prætor gives the Signal, now they run;
I see which way your Wishes are inclin'd,
To him a certain Conquest is design'd,
For ev'n the Horses seem to know your Mind.
He takes too large a Compass to come in,
And lets his Adversary get between;
Recal him, *Romans*, for a second Heat,
And clear the Course,—

Now see your Ground you better do maintain,
This Lady's Favour, and your Fame regain;
The Prize is his,—As yours successful prove,
So let my Wishes, which are all for Love;
I'm yet to conquer, and your Heart's the Prize;
Something she promis'd with her sparkling Eyes,
And smil'd;—Enough, did I transported cry,
The rest I'll leave to Opportunity.



E L E G Y III.

Of his Perjur'd Mistress.

By the same Hand.

CAN there be Gods?—has she not falsely sworn?
Yet is the Beauty that she was before!
The curious Tresses of her dangling Hair,
As long, and graceful still as e'er they were;

That

That same inimitable White, and Red,
Which o'er her Face was so distinctly spread,
The Roses, and the Lillies keep their Place,
And ev'ry Feature still as justly grace;
Her sparkling Eyes their Lustre still retain,
That Form, that perfect Shade does still remain,
As if she ne'er had sinn'd : — And Heav'n ('tis plain)
Suffring the fairer Sex to Break their Vows,
To the Superior Pow'r of Beauty bows.
T' inforce my Credit to her Perjuries,
Oft wou'd she swear by those persuasive Eyes;
As if that Charm had been too weak to move,
Sh' as added mine ; — tell me, ye Pow'rs above,
Why all this Pain ? why are these guiltless Eyes,
For her Offence th' atoning Sacrifice ?
Was't not enough, *Andromeda* has dy'd,
An Expiation for her Mother's Pride ?
Is't not enough, that unconcern'd you see
(Vain Witnesses for Truth, for Faith, for me,) —
Such an Affront put on Divinity ?
Yet no Revenge the daring Crime pursue,
But the Deceiv'd must be her Victim too.
Either the Gods are empty Notions, crept
Into the Minds of Dreamers, as they slept,
In vain are fear'd, are but the Tricks of Law,
To keep the foolish cred'lous World in awe;
Or, if there be a God, he loves the Fair,
And all things at their sole Disposál are.
For us are all the Instruments of War
Design'd, the Sword of *Mars*, and *Pallas*' Spear,
Gainst us alone *Apollo*'s Bows are bent,
And at our Heads *Jove*'s brandish'd Thunder sent;

Yet

Yet of the Ladies, oh! how fond are they!
 Dare not the Inj'ries, they receive, repay,
 But those, who ought to fear 'em, they obey.
Jove to his Votaries is most severe,
 Temples nor Altars does his Light'ning spare,
 Obliging *Semele* in Flames expires,
 But those, who merit, can escape the Fires;
 Is this the Justice of your Pow'rs Divine?
 Who then will offer Incense at a Shrine?
 Why do we thus reproach the Deities?
 Have they not Hearts?—and surely they have Eyes.
 Nay, had I been a God, I had believ'd
 The lovely Criminals, and been deceiv'd;
 Had wav'd the Judgments to their Perj'ries due,
 And sworn my self that all they spoke was true,
 Since then the Gods such ample Gifts bestow,
 As make you absolute o'er Men below;
 Pray let me find some Mercy in your Reign;
 Or spare at least your Lover's Eyes from Pain.



ELEGY IV.

To a Man that lock'd up his Wife.

By Sir CHARLES SEDLEY.

VEX not thy self, and her, vain Man, since all
 By their own Vice, or Virtue, stand, or fall,
 She's truly Chaste, and worthy of that Name,
 Who hates the Ill, as well as fears the Shame.

And that vile Woman whom Restraint keeps in,
Though she forbear the Act has done the Sin.
Spies, Locks, and Bolts may keep her brutal Part,
But thou'rt an odious Cuckold in her Heart.
They that have Freedom use it least, and so
The Power of Ill does the Design o'erthrow.
Provoke not Vice by a too harsh Restraint ;
Sick Men long most to drink, who know they may'nt.
The fiery Courser, whom no Art can stay,
Or rugged Force, does oft fair Means obey :
And he that did the rudest Arm disdain,
Submits with Quiet to the looser Rein.
An hundred Eyes had *Argos*, yet the while
One silly Maid did all those Eyes beguile.
Danae, though shut within a brazen Tow'r,
Felt the Male virtue of the Golden Show'r :
But chaste *Penelope*, left to her own Will,
And free disposal never thought of Ill ;
She to her absent Lord preserv'd her Truth,
For all th' Addresses of the smother Youth :
What's rarely seen, our Fancy magnifies,
Permitted Pleasure who does not despise ?
Thy Care provokes beyond her Face, and more
Men strive to make the Cuckold, than the Whore.
They're wond'rous Charms we think, and long to know,
That in a Wife inchant a Husband so :
Rage, Swear, and Curse, no matter, she alone
Pleases, who sighs, and cries I am undone.
But could thy Spies say we have kept her Chaste ;
Good Servants then but an ill Wife thou hast.
Who fears to be a Cuckold is a Clown,
Not worthy to partake of this Lewd Town ;

Where

Where it is monstrous to be fair, and Chaste,
 And not one Inch of either Sex lies waste.
 Would'st thou be Happy with her Ways comply,
 And in her Case lay Points of Honour by:
 The Friendship she begins wisely improve,
 And a Fair Wife gets one a world of Love:]
 So shalt thou welcome be to every Treat,
 Live high, not pay, and never run in Debt.



ELEGY V.

*The Dream.**By Mr. CROMWELL.*

TWas in the midst and silent dead of Night,
 When heavy Sleep oppress'd my weary Sight,
 This Vision did my troubled Mind affright.
 To Sol expos'd, there stood a rising Ground,
 Which cast beneath a spacious Shade around;
 A gloomy Grove of spreading Oaks below,
 And various Birds were perch'd on ev'ry Bough:
 Just on the Margin of a verdant Mead,
 Where murmur'ing Brooks refreshing Waters spread:
 To shun the Heat, I sought this cool Recess;
 But in this Shade, I felt my Heat no less:
 When browsing o'er the flow'ry Grass appear'd
 A lovely Cow, the fairest of the Herd;
 By spotless White distinguish'd from the rest;
 Whiter than Milk from her own Udders press'd,

Whiter

Whiter than falling, or the driven Snow,
Before descending Mists can make it flow,
She, with a lusty Bull her happy Mate,
Delighted, on the tender Herbage late;
There, as he crops the Flowers, and chews the Cud,
Feasting a second Time upon his Food,
His Limbs with sudden heaviness oppress'd,
He bends his Head, and sinks to pleasing Rest.
A noisic Crow, cleaving the liquid Air,
Thrice with lewd Bill pick'd off the Heifer's Hair;
The glossy White imbib'd a spreading Blot,
But on her Breast appear'd a livid Spot:
The Cow rose slowly from her Consort's Side
But when afar the grazing Bull she spy'd,
Frisk'd to the Herd, with an impetuous haste,
And pleas'd, in new luxuriant Soil, her Taste.
Oh learn'd Diviner!

What may this Visionary Dream portend?
If Dreams in any future Truth can end.
The Prophet nicely weighs what I relate,
And thus denounces in the Voice of Fate:

That Heat you try'd to shun i'th' shady Grove,
But shunn'd in vain, was the fierce heat of Love:
The Cow denotes the Nymph, your only Care;
For White's th' expressive Image of the Fair;
And you the Bull, abandon'd to Despair:
The picking Crow, some busie Bawd implies,
Who with base Arts will soon seduce your Prize.
You saw the Cow to fresher Pastures range:
So will your Nymph for richer Lovers change;
As mixing with the Herd you saw her rove;
So will the fair pursue promiscuous Love:

Soon

Soon will you find a foul incestuous Blot;
As on the Cow you view'd the livid Spot.

At this my Blood retir'd with dismal fright,
And left me pale as Death, my fainting Sight
Was quite o'ercaſt in dusky Shades of Night.



ELEGY VI.

To a River, as he was going to his Mistress.

By Mr. RYMER.

THY Course, thy noble Course a while forbear,
I am in haste now going to my Dear:
Thy Banks how rich, thy Stream how worthy Praise!
Alas my haste! sweet River let me pass.
No Bridges here, no Ferry, not an Oar,
Or Rope to hall me to the farther Shoar?
I have remember'd thee a little one,
Who now with all this Flood com'st blund'ring down.
Did I refuse my Sleep, my Wine, my Friend,
To spur along, and must I here attend?
No Art to help me to my Journey's end!
Ye Lapland Powers make me so far a Witch,
I may a-stride get over on a Switch.
Oh for some Griffin, or that flying Horse,
Or any Monster to assist my Course:
I wish his Art that Mounted to the Moon,
In shorter Journey wou'd my Job be done.

Why rave I for what crack-brain'd Bards devise,
Or name their lewd unconscionable Lies?
Good River, let me find thy Courtesie,
Keep within bounds, and may'st thou ne'er be dry.
Thou can'st not think it such a mighty beast,
A Torrent has a gentle Lover crost.
Rivers should rather take the Lover's side;
Rivers themselves Love's wondrous Pow'r have try'd;
'Twas on this Score *Inachus*, pale, and wan,
Sickly, and green into the Ocean ran:
Long before *Troy* the Ten-years Siege did fear,
Thou, *Xanthus*, thou *Neara's* Chains didst wear,
Ask *Achelaüs* who his Horns did drub,
Streight he complains of *Hercules's* Club.
For *Calydon*, for all *Ætolia*
Was then contested such outrageous Fray?
(It neither was for Gold, nor yet for Fee)
Deianira, it was all for thee.
E'en *Nile* so rich, that rowls through seven wide Doors;
And uppish over all his Country scowrs;
For *Asop's* Daughter did such Flame contract,
As not by all that Stock of Waters slack'd.
I might an hundred goodly Rivers name,
But must not pass by thee, immortal *Thame*;
Ere thou cou'dst *Isis* to thy Bosom take,
How did'st thou wind, and wander for her sake?
The lusty——with broad *Humber* strove,
Was it for Fame? I say, it was for Love.
What makes the noble *Onse* up from the Main
With hideous roar come bristling back again;
He thinks his dearest *Derwent* left behind,
And tears her false, in new Embraces join'd.

Thee also some small Girl has warm'd, we guess,
 Tho Woods and Forests now hide thy soft Place.
 Whilst this I speak, it swells, and broader grows;
 And o'er the hightest Banks impetuous flows.
 Dog-flood, what art to me? Or why do'st check
 Our mutual Joys? And (Churle) my Journey break?
 What wou'dst, if thee indeed some noble Race,
 Or high Descent, and glorious Name did grace?
 When of no ancient House, or certain Seat
 (Nor, known before this Time, untimely, great)
 Rais'd by some sudden Thaw thus high, and proud,
 No holding thee, ill-manner'd upstart Flood.
 Not my Love-Tales can make thee stay thy Course,
 Thou—Zounds, thou art a—River for a Horse.
 Thou hadst no Fountain, but from Bears wert pist,
 From Snows, and Thaws, or *Scotch* unsav'ry Mist.
 Thou crawl'st along, in Winter, foul, and poor,
 In Summer puddl'd like a Common-Shore.
 In all thy Days when did'st a Courtesie?
 Dry Traveller ne'er lay'd a Lip to thee.
 Thee bane to Cattle, to the Meadows worse,
 For something, all, I, for my Sufferings, curse.
 To such unworthy Wretch, how am I sham'd,
 That I the gen'rous am'rous River nam'd?
 When Nile, and *Achelöus* I display'd,
 And *Thame*, and *Ouse*, what Worm was in my Head?
 For thy Reward, discourteous River, I
 Wish, be the Summers hot, the Winters dry.



ELEGY VII.

Ovid laments his imperfect Enjoyment.

By an unknown Hand.

WAS she not Heav'nly Fair, and rich attir'd?
Was she not that, which all my Soul desir'd?

Yet were these Arms around her idly spread,

And with an useless Load I press'd the Bed.

Ev'n to my Wishes was the Pow'r deny'd,

When with my Wishes the kind Nymph comply'd.

I lay without Life's animated Sping,

A dull, enervate, worthless, lumpish Thing.

My Neck she folded with a soft Embrace,

Now kiss'd my Eyes, now wanton'd o'er my Face.

Now lov'd to dart her humid Tongue to mine,

Now would her pliant Limbs around me twine,

And sooth, by thousand ways, the sweet Design.

The moving Blandishments of Sound she try'd,

And my dear Life, my Soul, my All, she cry'd,

In vain, alas! the Nerves were slacken'd still,

And I prov'd only potent in my Will.

A poor, unactive Sign of Man I made,

And might as well for Use have been a Shade.

How old I live, how shall I old prevail,

When in my Youth I thus inglorious fail?

The Bloom of Years becomes my shameful Moan,
 Now in full Growth the ripen'd Man is shown,
 But not the Strength of Man to her was known.
 Untouch'd by Brothers, Sisters thus retire,
 Or Vestals rise to watch th' eternal Fire.
 Yet many a Nymph, whom I forbear to name,
 Have kindly yielded and indulg'd my Flame,
 Nor could the Vigour of their *Ovid* blame.
Corinna knows, when numb'ring the Delight,
 Not less than nine full Transports crown'd the Night.
 Is Verse, or Herbs the Source of present Harms?
 Am I a Captive to *Thessalian* Charms?
 Has some Enchantress this Confusion brought,
 And in soft Wax my tortur'd Image wrought?
 Deep in the Liver is the Needle fix'd?
 Plagues she by Numbers, or by Juices mix'd?
 By Numbers, sudden the ripe Harvests die,
 And fruitful Urns no more their Streams supply:
 Oaks shed, unshook, their Acorns at the Call,
 And the Vine wonders why her Clusters fall.
 Why may not Magick act on me the same,
 Unstring the Nerves, and quite untune the Frame?
 Call'd at the Heart, and longing to perform,
 I rais'd indeed, but rais'd an empty Storm.
 Most disappointed, when the most propense,
 And Shame was second Cause of Impotence.
 What Limbs I touch'd! and only touch'd: Ch'fie,
 Where was the blissful Touch? her Shift can vie
 In Feats, like these, and touch, as well as I:
 Yet to touch her, ev'n *Nestor* might grow young,
 And Centuries, like *Twenty one*, be strong.

Such

Such was the Maid; the Paral'el had ran
Graceful, if I could add, such was the Man.
Some envious Deity with Vengeance glow'd,
So sweet a Gift had been so ill bestow'd.
I burn'd to clasp her naked in my Arms,
Did she not freely open all her Charms?
What boots good Fortune, if we want the Pow'r
To snatch the Pleasures of the favour'd Hour?
I, like a Miser, only could behold,
And brooded o'er an useless Mine of Gold.
So *Tantalus* with Fruit untouch'd, is curs'd,
And dies, amid the gliding Stream, of Thirst.
So rises early from th' untasted Fair,
The grave old Prelate, and kneels down to Pray'r.
Were yet her melting Kisses misemploy'd?
Did she strive vainly to be well enjoy'd?
Sure she has Beauties might dear Rocks enchant,
Bend the proud Oak, and soften Adamant,
She would have mov'd a Man, tho' almost dead,
But with my Manhood the whole Life was fled.
If none should lend an Ear, why is the Song?
Or painted Nymph shown to a blinded Throng?
Ye Gods! what Joys did not my Fancy raise!
I curl'd in Folds of Love a thousand ways.
Strong were my Thoughts, but ah! my Body lay
Languid as Roses pluck'd off Yesterday.
Now all the Blood the circling Spirits fire,
And the lost Field impertinent require:
Begon, untimely Nerves! I trust no more:
Such was the Promise of your Strength before.

Could you the Fair One baulk of her Delight,
 Disgrace your Master by so base a Fright,
 And want the Courage for so sweet a Fight?
 Did she not kindly too your Stay demand,
 And tempt it softly with a soothing Hand?
 But when Solicitings no Life could gain,
 And Inspirations, tho' from her, were vain,
 Who bad thee thus thy self to me to bring?
 Go for a silly, unperforming Thing?
 Art thou a Wretch by some curs'd Spell destroy'd,
 Or here com'st tribling with past Pleasures cloy'd?
 She spoke, and springing from the Bed she flew,
 And secret Beauties so disclos'd to View:
 Yet to conceal the joyless Night's Disgrace,
 She call'd for Water with a smiling Face,
 And wash'd a nameless, unpolluted Place.



E L E G Y VIII.

He complains that his Mistress did not give him a favourable Reception.

WHat Coxcomb will in future Times think fit
 To build, in Love, his Fortune on his Wit?
 Wealth now is Worth, whatever 'twas of Old,
 And Merit valu'd by its Weight in Gold.
 With Male and Female this is now the Rule,
 And he that's poor, of course must be a Fool.
 The Dame to read my am'rous Verse delights,
 My Writings likes, but scorns the Man that writes;

They.

They freely on her Privacy presume,
And find Admittance, where I must not come:
Me, when she does her haunted House exclude,
To them she's civil, as to me she's rude.
Me she exposes to a thousand Harms,
To walk the Streets, while they are in her Arms.
For whom does she my Passion disregard?
And who has intercepted my Reward?
Why is the Beau with so much Joy embrac'd?
His Pocket's full, it seems, his Coat is lac'd:
He won her with his Military Air,
Which cheats as often as it charms the Fair.
Cou'd she her longing Eyes forbear to fix
On his fine Feather, and his Coach and Six?
Enrich'd by Plunder, he cou'd never miss
The Favour, who wou'd buy the venal Bliss.
No Matter how he got his Wealth, by War,
And Blood: She cares not, if she has her Share.
The Upstart forward was, 'tis said, in Fight,
And in the Field of Battle made a Knight:
But had his Honour come without his Gold,
His, sure, had been like my Reception, cold.
To Men of Merit, how could she be coy,
Yet to a Murd'rer prostitute the Joy?
That Head which lolls upon your panting Breast,
Was lately cover'd with a plumy Crest.
Can you the Bully to your Bed admit?
Are his hard Limbs for Ladies Dalliance fit?
His Hands in your Embrace you'll find embru'd,
With clotted, and perhaps with guiltless Blood;
How awkward must it be for you to feel,
Near yours his Thigh, that late was cas'd with Steel?

That Ring, the Token of his Pride, and State,
 Was with a heavy Gauntlet hid of late:
 Canst thou have Commerce with a Thing so foul?
 Where's now the boasted Niceness of thy Soul?
 What Pleasure canst thou in his Roughness find?
 Thou, that wer't once the softest of thy Kind?
 Behold what Marks of brutal Rage he bears,
 And how he's mangled with dishonest Scars.
 Yet to those Scars, dishonest as they are,
 His Wealth he owes, his Fortunes with the Fair.
 No doubt, he makes a Merit of his Guilt,
 And brags what Blood he has in Battle spilt.
 Fine Courtship this, to win a gentle Dame;
 Thou shar'st his Money, and must share his Shame.
 Me, not the meanest of *Apollo's* Train,
 She hates, and I repeat my Verse in vain;
 I sing before her Gate; her Gate I find
 Is less obdurate, than her harden'd Mind.
 Forbear your Songs, *Apollo's* Sons, forbear,
 And bend your future Thoughts to Arms and War.
 Instead of Inspirations, get Commands;
 To Murder, and to Rapine use your Hands,
 And you with Ease reduce the Female Bands.
 Had *Homer* in the *Grecian* Army serv'd,
 We ne'er had heard that he had begg'd, or starv'd.
 Of Gold the Thund'rer shew'd the mighty Pow'r,
 Descending softly thro' the Brazen Tow'r,
 And clasping *Danaë* in a Golden Show'r.
 A Thousand Bars the Virgin Fair did hold,
 But what are Iron Bars, to Bribes of Gold?
 Against this Foe, her Father could not guard,
 Watchmen, and Women keep a fruitless Ward.

The Damsel who her self before was coy,
Melts at the Sight, and meets the dazzling Joy.
When peaceful *Saturn* did Heav'n's Scepter sway,
Deep in Earth's Womb the fatal Metal lay;
None then their teeming Mother's Bowels tore,
In quest of hidden Wealth, in various Ore;
Fed with the Fruits, which bounteous Nature yields,
In painted Gardens, and in Golden Fields,
From her rich Soil are reap'd spontaneous Crops,
And from the Forest Oak sweet Honey drops.
No Hinds as yet did toil their Time away,
Nor with keen Culters wound the Parent Clay;
As yet no Landmark was by Lab'ers set,
And none had learn'd to plow the Sea as yet:
None as yet knew the Use of Sails, and Oars,
Nor ventur'd Voyages beyond their Shores.
The Wit of Men, the Race of Men destroys,
And all its Pow'rs against it self employs.
How subtle's Human Nature to contrive
Its proper Ruin, and it self deceive!
Why didst thou Cities with high Walls surround;
Why Arms invent thy jarring Sons to wound?
What Quarrel hadst thou with the Sea, and why
Didst thou at first the pathless Ocean try?
Cannot the Land content thy restless Pride?
Didst thou with *Saturn*'s Sons the whole divide,
Thou wouldst not with three Worlds be satisfy'd.
'Tis strange thy vast Ambition did not fly
O'er Earth, and Sea, and Air, and scale the Sky.
That Man did not aspire to be a God,
And tread the Paths by *Indian Bacchus* trod,

To give his Name to some distinguish'd Star,
And be what *Heracles*, and *Cæsar* are.
Instead of yellow Harvests, now we seek
For solid Gold, and thro' Earth's Entrails break;
The Wealth we thus acquire's the Soldier's Prey,
And dearly for the Blood he spills we pay.
The Courts deny Admittance to the Poor,
In vain the needy Clients crowd the Door;
The Judges to the Rich decree the Cause,
And Money only gives their Force to Laws.
'Tis Money makes the Judge with Looks severe;
Insult the Poor, and give the Rich his Ear;
'Tis Money buys the Title, makes the Knight,
And dignifies with Quality the Cit:
Let Money do all this, and more; the Bar
Let Money govern, and direct the War;
Let Peace, as Money sets the Terms, be made;
But let it not the Rights of Love invade,
Let us enjoy this Privilege at least,
That if we must be poor, we may with Love be blest'd.
For now-a-days there's not a Dame in Town
So Coy, but if you've Money, she's your own:
What tho' her keeper may an *Argus* be,
Blind him with Money, and he'll nothing see:
What tho' her Husband should by Chance be by,
He'll leave the House, let you your Money fly.
If there's a God above, to whom belongs
The Cause of Love, and slighted Lovers Wrongs,
Revenge the false One's mercenary Scorn,
And let ill-gotten Pelf to Dirt return.

ELEGY



ELEGY IX.

Upon the Death of TIBULLUS.

By Mr. STEPNEY.

IF *Memnon's* Fate, bewail'd with constant Dew,
 Does, with the Day, his Mother's Grief renew;
 If her Son's Death mov'd tender *Thetis'* Mind
 To swell with Tears the Waves, with Sighs the Wind;
 If Mighty Gods can Mortals Sorrow know,
 And be the humble Partners of our Woe;
 Now loose your Tresses, pensive Elegy,
 (Too well your Office and your Name agree.)
Tibullus, once the Joy and Pride of Fame,
 Lies now rich Fuel on the trembling Flame.
 Sad *Cupid* now despairs of conqu'ring Hearts;
 Throws by his empty Quiver, breaks his Darts:
 Eates his useless Bows from idle Strings;
 Nor flies, but humbly creeps with flagging Wings.
 He wants, of which he robb'd fond Lovers, Rest;
 And wounds with furious Hands his pensive Breast.
 Those graceful Curls which wantonly did flow,
 The whiter Rivals of the falling Snow;
 Forget their Beauty, and in Discord lye,
 Drunk with the Fountain from his melting Eye:
 Not more *Aeneas'* Loss the Boy did move;
 Like Passions for them both, prove equal Love.

Tibullus.

Tibullus' Death grieves the fair Goddess more,
More swells her Eyes, than when the savage Boar
Her Beautiful, her lov'd *Adonis* tore.

Poets large Souls, Heav'n's noblest Stamps, do bear;
(Poets, the watchful Angels darling Care)
Yet Death (blind Archer) that no Difference knows,
Without Respect, his roving Arrows throws.
Nor *Phæbus*, nor the Muses Queen could give,
Their Son, their own Prerogative, to live.
Orpheus, the Heir of both his Parents Skill,
Tam'd wond'rous Beasts, not Death's more cruel Will.
Linus' sad Strings on the dumb Lute do lie,
In Silence forc'd to let their Master die.
Homer (the Spring, to whom the Poets owe
Our little All, does in sweet Numbers flow)
Remains immortal only in his Fame,
His Works alone survive the envious Flame.

In vain to Gods (if Godsthere are) we pray,
And needless Victims prodigally pay,
Worship their sleeping Deities: Yet Death
Scorns Votaries, and stops the praying Breath.
To hollow'd Shrines intruding Fate will come,
And drag you from the Altar to the Tomb.

Go frantick Poet, with Delusions fed,
Think Laurels guard your consecrated Head;
Now the sweet Master of your Art is dead.
What can we hope? since that a narrow Span
Can measure the Remains of thee, Great Man.

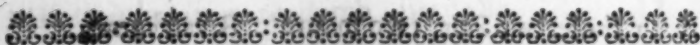
The bold, rash Flame that durst approach so high,
And see *Tibullus*, and not trembling die,
Durst seize on Temples, and their Gods defie.
Fair *Venus* (fair ev'n in such Sorrows) stands,
Closing her heavy Eyes with trembling Hands,
Anon, in vain, officiously she tries
To quench the Flame with Rivers from her Eyes.

His Mother weeping doth his Eye-lids close,
And on his Urn Tears, her last Gift, bestows.
His Sister too, with Hair dishevel'd, bears
Part of her Mother's Nature, and her Tears.

With those, two Fair, two mournful Rivals come,
And add a greater Triumph to his Tomb:
Both hug his Urn, both his lov'd Ashes kiss,
And both contend which reap'd the greatest Bliss.
Thus *Delia* spoke (when Sighs no more could last)
Renewing by Remembrance Pleasures past;
" When Youth with Vigour did for Joy combine,
" I was *Tibullus*'s Lite, *Tibullus* mine:
" I entertain'd his hot, his first Desire,
" And kept alive, till Age, his active Fire.
To her then *Nemesis* (when Groans gave leave)
" As I alone was lov'd, alone I'll grieve.
" Spare your vain Tears, *Tibullus*'s Heart was mine;
" About my Neck his dying Arms did twine;
" I snatch'd his Soul, which true to me did prove;
" Age ended yours, Death only stop'd my Love.

If any poor Remains survive the Flames,
Except thin Shadows, and more empty Names;

Free in *Elysium* shall *Tibullus* rove,
 Nor fear a second Death should cross his Love;
 There shall *Catullus*' crown'd with Bays, impart
 To his far dearer Friend his open Heart.
 There *Gallus* (if Fame's Hundred Tongues all lye)
 Shall, free from Censure, no more rashly die.
 Such shall our Poet's blest'd Companions be,
 And in their Deaths, as in their Lives, agree.
 But thou, rich Urn, obey my strict Commands,
 Guard thy great Charge from Sacrilegious Hands,
 Thou, Earth, *Tibullus*' Ashes gently use,
 And be as soft and easie as his Muse.



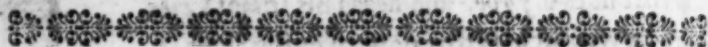
E. L. E. G. Y. X.

NOW *Ceres*' Feast is come, the Trees are blown,
 And my *Corinna* now must lye alone.
 And why, good *Ceres*, must thy Feast destroy
 Man's chief Delight, and why disturb his Joy?
 The World esteems you bountiful, and good,
 You led us from the Field, and from the Wood,
 And gave us fruitful Corn, and wholesome Food.
 'Till then poor wretched Man on Acorns fed;
 Oaks gave him Meat, and flow'ry Fields a Bed.
 First *Ceres* made our Wheat and Barley grow,
 And taught us how to Plow, and how to Mow:
 Who then can think that she designs to prove
 Our Piety, by coldness in our Love?
 Or make poor Lovers sigh, lament, and groan,
 Or charge her Votaries to lye alone?

For *Ceres*, tho' she loves the fruitful Fields,
Yet sometimes feels the force of Love, and yields:
This *Crete* can witness, (*Crete* not always lies,)
Crete that nurs'd *Jove*, and heard his Infant Cries,
There he was suckled that now rules the Skies.
That *Jove* his Education there receiv'd
Will raise her Fame, and make her be believ'd:
Nay she her self will never strive to hide
Her Love, 'tis too well known to be deny'd:
She saw young *Jasius* in the *Cretan* Grove
Pursue the Deer, she saw, and fell in Love.
She then perceiv'd when first she felt the Fire,
On this side Modesty, on that Desire;
Desire prevail'd, and then the Field grew dry,
The Farmer lost his Crop, and knew not why;
When he had toil'd, manur'd his Grounds, and plow'd,
Harrow'd his Fields, and broke his Clods, and sow'd,
No Corn appear'd, none to reward his Pain,
His Labour and his Wishes were in vain.
For *Ceres* wand'ring in the Woods and Groves,
And often heard, and often told her Loves:
Then *Crete* alone a fruitful Summer knew,
Where-e'er the Goddess came, a Harvest grew,
Ida was gray with Corn, the furious Bore
Grew fat with Wheat, and wonder'd at the Store:
The *Cretans* wish'd, that such all Years would prove,
They wish'd that *Ceres* would be long in Love.
Well then, since then 'twas hard for you to lye:
All Night alone, why at your Feast must I?
Why must I mourn, when you rejoice to know
Your Daughter safe, and Queen of all below?

'Tis

'Tis Holy-day, and calls for Wine and Love;
Come let's the height of Mirth and Humour prove,
These Gifts will please our Master Pow'rs above.



E L E G Y XI.

To his Mistress, that he cannot help Loving her.

SO much I've suffer'd, and so long, no more
I'll bear the Wrongs which I have born before:
Begone vile *Cupid*, I'll no more endure
Thy slavish Labours, and Fatigues impure;
From hence, I'll put an End to all the Pains
Thou'lt cost me, and from hence shake off thy Chains.
I hate the Liv'ry, I with Pleasure wore,
And blush at Bonds, which once with Pride I bore:
But this, methinks, should have been done before.
To leave my wicked Courses, I begin,
As Years deprive me of the Gust of Sin.
On *Cupid's* Neck I should have trod when Young,
And vanquish'd him, when my Desires were strong,
In that there had been Virtue; now there's none,
The World will say so; let the World say on.
Much Opposition I shall meet; perhaps,
The Lewd will laugh, and threaten a Relapse:
To bear Reproaches I must be prepar'd,
Easy's the End, when the Beginning's hard;
Content, let me the present Pain endure,
For the sharp Med'cine is the Patient's Cure;

How

How oft have you expos'd me to the Cold,
While in your Arms, you did my Rival hold?
How like a Slave have I been forc'd to wait
All Weathers, and how oft have watch'd the Gate?
As if your House was trusted to my Care,
And I, your Centinel, did Duty there.
Oft have I seen your sated Lover come
With Looks, as if he long'd to be at Home.
But what most grated on my jealous Mind,
Was that he there the waiting Fool should find.
That aggravated most the cruel Curse;
I would not wish my greatest Foe a worse.
How oft have I attended you abroad,
Or in the City, Cirque, or on the Road?
They took me for your Husband by my Care,
Or that your Guardian, or your Slave, I were.
I by the People's Glances, and your own,
Observ'd you were acquainted with the Town;
That of your Love, if I possess'd a Part,
'Twas plain, I shar'd with many more your Heart.
What need I of your Perjuries bring Proof,
Suppose the common Talk was not enough?
What do your Ogles, and your Gestures mean,
Your Carriage at th' Assembly, and the Scene?
There's scarce a Fop you meet with in your Way,
To whom you have not something soft to say;
Some Token which you either understand,
By my stick Words, or Motion of the Hand.
They tell me you are sick; I run to see,
And find, as ill as you pretend to be,
It is not for my Rival, but for me.

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I

I seldom told you of your Faults, but strove,
 To cover all your Failings with my Love.
 Of this I might remind you, and much more,
 But what avails it now? th' Affair is o'er:
 A fond you found me, and a patient Man,
 And get you such another if you can.
 I fear not now your Frowns; my Bark defies,
 The Storm of Words, and Tempests of your Eyes;
 No coaxing now, your hardest Phrases use,
 Your Looks, your Language all their Terrors lose.
 I am not such a Fool as I have been,
 To dread your Spirit, and to sooth your Spleen.
 But ah, by different Passions I'm oppress'd,
 Fierce Love, and Hate contend within my Breast;
 My Soul they thus divide, but Love I fear
 Will prove too strong, and get the Maftry there;
 I'll strive to hate her, but if that should prove
 A fruitless Strife, in spite of me I'll Love.
 The Bull does not affect the Yoke, but still
 He bears the Thing he hates against his Will?
 I hate, I fly the faithless Fair in vain,
 Her Beauty ever brings me back again.
 She always in my Heart will have a Place,
 I hate her Humour but I love her Face.
 No Rest I to my tortur'd Soul can give,
 Nor with her, nor without her can I live.
 Oh that thy Mind we in thy Face did view,
 Less lovely that thou wert, or else more true;
 How different are thy Manners, and thy Sight?
 Thy Deeds forbid us, and thy Eyes invite.
 Thy Actions shock us, and thy Beauty moves,
 And he who hates thy Faults, thy Person loves.

Happy,

Happy, ah ever Happy, should I be,
 If I no Charms, or no Defects could see.
 Thee I conjure, by all our past Delights,
 Our chearful Days, and our transporting Nights,
 By all the imprecated Gods above,
 To whom thou art forsworn, but most by Love,
 By thy fair Face, which I as much adore,
 As all those Gods, and own as much its Pow'r,
 Forgive me this Offence, and I'll offend no more.
 Be what thou wilt, thy Humour good or ill,
 I'll love thee, thou shalt be my Mistress still.
 Ah let my Passion ever Favour find,
 Or be it with, or be't against my Mind,
 But rather let me Sail before the Wind.
 Ah let thy Wishes with my Will agree,
 Since, surely I thy Slave must ever be;
 In thee, since I have center'd all my Joys,
 Oh *Venus* let my Love be still my Choice.

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ELEGY XII.

*He complains that the Praises he has bestow'd on
 his Mistress in his Verses, have occasion'd him
 many Rivals.*

ILL-omen'd Birds, how luckless was the Day,
 When o'er my Love you did your Wings display?
 What wayward Orb, what inauspicious Star
 Did then rule Heav'n, what Gods against me War?

She who so much my faithful Passion wrongs,
Was known, and first made famous by my Songs.
I lov'd her first, and lov'd her then alone,
But now, I fear, I share her with the Town.
Am I deceiv'd? or can she be the same,
Who only to my Verses owes her Fame?
My Verse a Price upon her Beauty laid,
And by my Praises, she her Market made;
Whom but my self can I with Reason blame?
Without me she had never had a Name.
Did I do this, who knew her Soul so well?
Dearly to me she did her Favours sell,
And when the Wares were to the Publick known,
Why should I think she'd sell to me alone?
'Twas I proclaim'd to all the Town her Charms,
And tempted Cullies to her Venal Arms;
I made their Way, I shew'd them where to come,
And there is hardly now a Rake in Rome,
But knows her Rates, and thanks my babling Muse;
Her House is now as Common as the Stews;
For this I'm to the Muse oblig'd, and more,
For all the Mischiefs Envy has in store.
This comes of Gallantry: While some employ
Their Talents on the Fate of *Thebes* and *Troy*,
While others *Caesar's* godlike Acts rehearse,
Corinna is the Subject of my Verse.
Oh that I ne'er had known the Art to please,
But written without Genius and Success,
Why did the Town so readily believe
My Verse, and why to Songs such Credit give?
Sure Poetry's the same it ever was,
And Poets ne'er for Oracles did pass.

Why is such Stress upon my Writings lay'd?
Why such Regard to what by me is said?
I wish the Tales I've of *Corinna* told,
Had been receiv'd, as Fables were of Old:
Of furious *Scylla*'s horrid Shape we read,
And how she scalp'd her hoary Father's Head,
Of her fair Face, and downward how she takes
The Wolf's fierce Form, the Dogs, or curling Snakes;
Serpents for Hair in ancient Song we meet,
And Man, and Horse with Wings instead of Feet,
Huge *Tityon* from the Skies the Poet flung,
Enceladus's Wars with *Jove* they sung,
How by her Spells, and by her Voice to Beasts,
The doubtful Virgin chang'd her wretched Guests;
How *Eolus* did for *Ulysses* keep
The Winds in Bottles, while he plow'd the Deep:
How *Cerebus* Three-headed, guarded Hell;
And from his Car, the Son of *Phæbus* fell.
How thirsty *Tantalus* attempts to sip
The Stream, in vain, that flies his greedy Lip:
How *Niobe* in Marble drops a Tear,
And a bright Nymph was turn'd into a Bear:
How *Progne*, now a Swallow, does bemoan
Her Sister Nightingale, and Pheasant Son.
In *Leda*, *Danaë*, and *Europa*'s Rapes,
They sing the King of Gods in various Shapes;
A Swan he lies on ravish'd *Leda*'s Breast,
And *Danaë*'s by a golden Show'r compress'd.
A Bull does o'er the Waves *Europa* bear;
And *Proteus*, any Form he pleases, wear.
How oft do we the *Theban* Wonders read,
Of Serpents Teeth transform'd to human Seed?

OF

Of dancing Woods, and moving Rocks, that throng
 To hear sweet *Orpheus*, and *Amphion's* Song?
 How oft do the *Heliades* bemoan,
 In Tears of Gum, the Fall of *Phaeton*?
 The Sun from *Atreus'* Table frighted flies,
 And backward drives his Chariot in the Skies.
 Those now are Nymphs that lately were a Fleet;
 Poetick Licence ever was so great:
 But none did Credit to these Fictions give,
 Or for true History such Tales receive.
 And tho' *Corinna* in my Songs is Fair,
 Let none conclude she's like her Picture there.
 The Fable she with hasty Faith receiv'd,
 And what, so very well she lik'd, believ'd.
 But since so ill she does the Poet use,
 'Tis Time her Vanity to disabuse.



E L E G Y XIII.

Of Juno's Feast.

MY Wife, a Native of *Phaliscan* Plains,
 Where the rich Soil enrich the lab'ring Swains,
 Where Purple Grapes, and Golden Apples grow,
 A Conquest we to great *Camillus* owe,
 When once to *Juno's* Feast she thither went,
 My Mind to know the secret Rites was bent:
 The pious Priests the solemn Sports prepare,
 And purifie the Fane with Holy Care.

A Heiter of the Place they Sacrifice,
But ne'er to Men expose their Mysteries.
I mark'd the hidden Way my Consort went,
And follow'd down the deep and dark Descent,
To an old Wood at last I came, whose Shade
Imprest a Horror on the Gloom it made,
And ev'ry Step with trembling Feet I trod,
Profan'd, I thought, the Dwelling of a God.
An Altar there was rais'd by Hands Divine,
And fragrant Incense flam'd around the Shrine.
Chast Matrons there their vow'd Oblations pay,
And celebrate with joyful Hymns the Day.
Soon as the Fife the Signal gives, they move
In long Procession thro' the sacred Grove,
Branches and Flow'rs are with Devotion spread
O'er all their Way, and Priestly Vestments laid.
Next after these, thro' loud Acclaims, they lead
A Cow Milk-white, and of *Phaliscan* Breed;
Then a young Steer, whose Forehead ne'er has born
The crooked Honours of the butting Horn,
The least of all the Victims was a Swine,
And then a Ram, whose Horns around his Temples twine.
A Goat, whom most the Goddesses hates, comes last,
The Present feels her Vengeance for the Past,
When in a Wood to hide herself she try'd,
She by the bleating of a Goat was spy'd;
For this the Beast is by the Boys pursu'd;
For this she's even greedy of its Blood,
And he, who first the Letcher wounds in Play,
Claims by her Law, and bears the Prize away.
The tender Youth, and tim'rous Virgins strow,
With Robes the Ground the Goddesses is to go.

The Virgins Locks with Golden Fillets bound,
 And sparkling Diamonds glitt'ring all around;
 Buskinsembroider'd on their Feet they wear,
 And spreading Trains with Pride uneasy bear.
 Here, as in *Greece* the Custom was of Old,
 The Image of the Goddess we behold,
 Born on Heads of Maidens, and behind
 The Priestesses in beauteous Ranks you find.
 An awful Silence reigns; the Goddess last
 Approaches, and with her the Pomp is past.
 The Dress was *Greek*, and such *Halesus* wore,
 When in a Fright he fled the *Grecian* Shoar;
 His Father kill'd, an *Argive* Ship he fraught,
 And to this Coast the Royal Treasure brought.
 Much Peril had he past, much Labour known,
 O'er Lands, and Seas, before he reach'd our own,
 And landing built, with happy Hand, the Town,
 Where first he did this Festival revive,
 And its *Greek* Rules to the *Phaliscans* give;
 The Rites and Sacrifices first he shew'd,
 As practis'd now within this antient Wood.
 Ah, may these Rites to all propitious be,
 Nor more to those that serve them than to me.



ELEGY

E L E G Y XIV.

*He desires his Mistress, if she does Cuckold him
not to let him know it.*

I Do not ask wou'd you to me prove true,
Since you're a Woman, and a Fair one too;
Act what you please, yet study to disguise
The wanton Scenes from my deluded Eyes.
A stiff Denial will attenuate
That Crime which your Confession would make great:
And 'twere unwise to trust the Tell-Tale Light,
With the dark Secrets of the silent Night.
Tho' bought to be enjoy'd, a common Whore,
Ere she begins, will shut the Chamber Door.
And will you turn debauch'd, then vainly own
How lewd you are, to this malicious Town?
At least seem virtuous, and tho' false it be,
Say you are honest, and I'll credit thee.
Conceal your Actions, and while I am by,
Let modest Words your looser Thoughts bely:
When to your private Chamber you retire,
Unmask your Lust, and vent each warm Desire:
Throw off affected Coyness, and remove
The bold Intruder between thee and Love:
Talk not of Honour, lay that Toy aside,
In Men 'tis Folly, and in Women Pride:
There without Blushes you may naked lye,
Clasping his Body with your tender Thigh;

Q

Shoot

Shoot your moist Dart into his Mouth, to show
The Sense you have of what he Acts below.
Try all the ways, your pliant Bodies twine
In Folds more strange, than those of *Aretine*:
With melting Looks fierce Joys you may excite,
And with thick dying Accents urge Delight.
But when you're drest, then look as innocent
As if you knew not what such Matters meant:
And tho' just now a perfect Fiend you were,
Hide the true Woman, and a Saint appear.
Cozen the prying Town, and put a Cheat
On it, and me, I'll favour the Deceit.
False as thou art, why must I daily see
Th' intriguing Billet-Doux he sends to thee?
The wanton Sonnet, or soft Elegy?
Why does your Bed all tumbled seem to say,
See what they've done, see where the Lovers lay?
Why do your Locks, and rumpled Head-Cloaths shew
'Twas more than usual Sleep that made 'em so?
Why are the Kisses which he gave betray'd,
By the Impression which his Teeth had made?
Yet say you're Chaste, and I'll be still deceiv'd;
What much is wish'd for, is with ease believ'd.
But when you own what a lewd Wretch thou art,
My Blood grows cold, and freezes at my Heart.
Then do I curse thee, and thy Crimes reprove,
But curse in vain, for still I find I love.
Since she is false, oft to my self I cry,
Wou'd I were dead, yet 'tis with thee I'd dye.
I will not see your Maid, to let me know
Who visits you, where, and with whom you go;

Nor by your Lodgings send my Boy to scout,
And bring me word who passes in, and out.
Enjoy the Pleasure of the present Times.
But let not me be knowing of your ^{times.}
Do you forswear't tho' in ^{fact} you're caught,
I'll trust the Oath, and think my Eyes in fault.

E L E G Y XV.

To Venus, that he may have done writing Elegies.

} Parent of tender Love, and soft Desire,
The Breast of some new Poet now inspire;
Howe'er my Muse has been thy Slave before,
I've done with Elegies; I'll write no more.
When in *Pelignian* Groves of Love I writ,
The Subject was not for my Years unfit,
I was then Young, and fond to shew my Wit,
As in my Veins a generous Stream did flow,
Well might my Heart with gallant Wishes glow.
By Birth, and by Command I was a Knight,
And in all Wantonneſs might well delight,
As Honour, and Deſcent enflam'd my Breast,
Well what I wiſh'd be in my Works expreſs'd.
To *Virgil Mantua* owes immortal Fame,
Catullus to *Verona* gives a Name;
Why mayn't, if I attempt ſome great Deſign,
Peligna be as much oblig'd to mine?
Why mayn't my Muſe a glorious Toil purſue,
And as much Honour to my Country do?

By foreign who when Rome has been alarm'd
A Stranger who her Defence have arm'd;
Surrounded by a Flood, whose Tow'rs surveys
Watry the City from her Waters
Would cry, Hadst thou been for some Poet arm'd,
As little as thou art, as nameless now,
Great in Renown thou by his Muse shou'dst grow.
Ah Boy, and thou his Mother, ah forbear,
Lest me not longer in ignoble War.
Beneath your Golden Banners I have fought
So long, your Discipline so much have taught,
'Tis Time to give me a Discharge, to prove
Some other, some more glorious Theme than Love.
See Bacchus broken, use my Voice to raise,
Of lofty Deeds to sing, in lofty lays,
To mount my Muse on some more generous Horse,
And try her Courage in some daring Course.
Adieu, my fighting Elegies, Adieu,
I'll be no more concern'd with Love, or you,
But what I write my Being shall survive,
And in his Verse the Poet ever live.

